VATHEK

AN ARABIAN TALE



VATHEK

AN ARABIAN TALE

BY

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WITH NOTES BY HENLEY

AN INTRODUCTION BY

DR. GARNETT AND ETCHINGS BY

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INTRODUCTION

"VATHEK" has hitherto been regarded as an exception to the maxim,

"Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus."

All who have written upon it since the publication of Redding's Memoirs of Beckford, including the present editor in the "Dictionary of National Biography," have accepted the statement which Redding affirms to have been made to him by the author, and which there is no reasonable ground for doubting to have been actually made:—

"I wrote 'Vathek' when I was twenty-two years old.* I wrote it at one sitting, and in

* He should have said twenty-one, for although the date of his birth has hitherto been given as Sept. 29, 1759, it is proved to have been Oct. 1, 1760, by the contemporary notices in the *Public Advertiser* and *Gentleman's Magazine*. The error as regards the day was probably occasioned by the celebration of his majority on Michaelmas Day, which fell

French. It cost me three days and two nights of hard labour. I never took my clothes off the whole time. This severe application made me very ill." (*Memoirs of William Beckford*, vol. i., p. 243.)

Another illusion to be resigned! Clear evidence is now attainable, that although Beckford undoubtedly addressed himself to the composition of "Vathek" in an access of enthusiasm, which, when Redding conversed with him, the septuagenarian may have remembered more exactly than the actual time employed in its production, it was, nevertheless, a work of care and labour, whose production, with whatever interruptions, occupied several months, probably almost a year. This evidence exists in Beckford's contemporary correspondence with the Rev. Samuel Henley, the translator, the annotator, and, as now appears, the original inspirer of "Vathek." These letters, after being unknown for more than a century, have been recently added to the magnificent collection of autographs formed

on a Saturday, the most convenient day for a country *fête*. As regards the year, Redding, though he correctly gives the date of this festival as 1781, was misled by a letter from the elder Beckford to Pitt on occasion of Beckford's christening, which is dated Jan. 7th, 1760, by an error not uncommon at the beginning of a new year.

by Alfred Morrison, Esq., of Fonthill House, who has most kindly allowed the Editor the free use of the as yet unissued second part of the catalogue of his treasures—no less *facile princeps* among catalogues of autograph letters than "Vathek" among the Oriental tales of European writers. Of Henley we shall have more to say, for the moment it will suffice to state that Beckford's acquaintance with him must have been formed after the young man's return from his travels in 1781, and no doubt originated in Henley's position as tutor of his cousins, on the mother's side, who seem to have lived with their preceptor at Harrow. The correspondence begins with a letter from Beckford of Jan. 21, 1782, which shows "Vathek" not yet in being, but about to be:—

"The spirit has moved me this eve, and, shut up in my apartment as you advised, I have given way to fancies and inspirations. What will be the consequence of this mood I am not bold enough to determine."

By Jan. 29 "Vathek" is apparently in course of composition. Beckford writes:—

"I suppose, my dear Sir, I am indebted to you for the capital epistle which Hamilton has written to me, and which amused me not a little,

though my imagination, the evening it arrived, was wrapped in the thickest gloom. You are answerable for having set me to work upon a story so horrid that I tremble whilst relating it, and have not a nerve in my frame but vibrates like an aspen.

"There will be no proceeding in our work without many long consultations; therefore I shall trouble you with myself as soon as I can escape the plagues of London with any decorum."

Nothing that Beckford is known or reported to have written at all answers this description except "Vathek." The mental excitement into which the conception instilled into his mind by Henley had thrown him must have impressed his memory more powerfully than the external circumstances connected with the composition, and half a century afterwards he may have really persuaded himself that this substantially took place during the first burst of inspiration, and that all the rest was mere literary polish. That such, nevertheless, was not the case, is proved by the reliance on Henley's aid expressed in this letter, and still more decisively by the next in the series, April 25 :—

"My Arabian tales go on prodigiously, and I think Count Hamilton will smile upon me when we are introduced to each other in paradise."

"Vathek" is first expressly named in a letter written six days afterwards, May 1, which contains enough of family particulars, otherwise uninteresting, to show that the author's time cannot have been exclusively devoted to his fiction:—

"The tale of the Caliph Vathec goes on surprisingly."

In another letter, unfortunately undated, Beckford says, "My caliph advances on his journey to Persepolis, but want of time, I believe, will force me to stop his ulterior proceedings." He went abroad in May, and "Vathek" is not again spoken of until Jan. 30, 1783, when it seems to have been complete in the original French text, as only the episodes are mentioned:—

"I go on bravely with the episodes of Vathec, and hope in a few weeks to wind up his adventures."

Beckford told Redding that the episodes written for insertion in "Vathek" were three in number—"the histories of Alasi and Firouz, of Prince Barkiarokh, of Kalilah and Zulkais, who were shut up in the palace of subterranean fire. He had destroyed one of the MSS. as too wild, but the others might some day see

the light." This was in 1835, but the episodes have never appeared. A fourth had been contemplated, but probably remained unwritten. The names and subjects of the episodes are indicated in the French text of "Vathek," but not in the English version; which proves that Henley had not seen them.

The remainder of the correspondence, in so far as it relates to "Vathek," is occupied with Henley's translation and commentary, and here a few words concerning Henley himself will be appropriate. The place of his birth is not known, the year was 1740. It is uncertain what circumstances took him as a young man to America, where, in 1771, he held a professorship in William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia. His return to England must undoubtedly have been occasioned by his adherence to the loyalist cause. About 1778, probably, he became a master at Harrow, and Beckford's young cousins appear to have boarded in his house. This procured him Beckford's acquaintance. His knowledge of Arabic and Persian enabled him to foster that innate love of Orientalism against which Beckford had been solemnly warned by Lord Chatham; the original impulse to "Vathek" proceeded from him; and his own admiration

for the work he had inspired produced the translation, without which it would have ranked among French instead of English books.

On May 5, 1783, Beckford married his cousin, Lady Margaret Gordon, and immediately went abroad with her. His first letter to Henley after his departure is dated from Cologny, near Geneva, Nov. 18, 1783:—

"You proposed likewise to translate 'Vathec,' which I left in your hands. Could I show a greater mark of confidence? You have the only copy which exists of the only production of mine which I am not ashamed of, or with which I am not disgusted. Thank God, 'Vathec,' at least, has produced no misunderstanding, and I may still dwell upon its recollection with pleasure; but how can I endure my book of Dreams * when I

* "Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents, in a series of letters from various parts of Europe," 1783. This was the original form of Beckford's Letters of Travel. All the copies except six are said to have been destroyed, and when Beckford republished his Travels in 1834 the passages descriptive of his dreams were entirely omitted. One of the copies preserved found its way to the British Museum, and became the subject of an article by the present writer in the *Universal Review*, which led to the restoration of the omitted passages in the edition of the Travels published in the "Minerva Library" by the late Mr. Bettany. From a passage in Moore's Diary it appears that Beckford even then proposed to reprint his Travels, and that Rogers thought

reflect what disagreeable waking thoughts it has occasioned us? If you have a mind to reconcile me to it, by me be assured you are not less my affectionate friend than when you silenced the hiss of serpents at Fonthill. Neither Orlando nor Brandimarte was ever more tormented by dæmons and spectres in an enchanted castle than William Beckford in his own hall by his nearest relations. . . . Our abode, a strange antiquated mansion, with the lake fretting and tormenting itself amongst loose fragments below, and a steep bank *jaundiced* with fallen leaves above, is not formed to inspire the most cheerful ideas. However, my spirits are tolerably lively, my health good, and my mind serene. I shall bring you some caliphs, not unworthy to succeed your beloved Vathec."

By a letter dated Jan. 25, 1784, it would appear that Henley is reading "Vathek," but has not yet begun to translate it. At the date of the next letter, May 19, 1784, Beckford is

he would gladly enlist, and munificently remunerate, Moore's services in preparing them for the press. Moore, however, on grounds easily intelligible, declined to have anything to do with them. Neither he nor Rogers, however, felt any scruple in stealing from the copy to which Beckford allowed them access. See Lockhart in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. li.; *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Series, vol. iv., p. 14, and Beckford's own sarcastic allusion in the preface to the edition of 1834.

again in London, and Henley has obtained the living of Rendlesham, in Suffolk, where he is apparently about to receive as pupil a young friend of Beckford's, concerning whom the latter writes with interest, and adds:—

"Pray introduce him to Vathec, whom at present he hardly knows by name. I suppose you are deep in the [*letter torn*] Halls of Damnation, hearing the melancholy voice of Eblis in the dead of night, and catch moonlight glimpses of Nouronihar. I long eagerly to read your translation, and feel more grateful for the pains you must have taken with it than I can express."

By the next letter, written from Fonthill on Oct. 19, 1784, it would appear that the episodes of "Vathek" were not yet completed, but that the translation was.

"Mr. Lane is *rockifying*, not on the high places, but in a snug copse by the river side, where I spend many an hour dreaming about my unfortunate princes, and contriving reasonable ways and means of sending them to the devil. What are you about now? Have you got a fair copy of your translation?"

The fair copy cannot have been ready, for it is not until Feb. 26, 1785, that Beck-

ford acknowledges the arrival of a portion of it:—

"Your translation has all the spirit of the caliphs and their dæmons. I long for the continuation, and hope you will soon gratify my impatience."

"*March* 21, 1785.

"You make me proud of 'Vathek.' * The blaze just at present is so overpowering that I can see no faults; but you may depend upon my hunting diligently after them. Pray send the continuation. I know not how it happens, but the original when first born scarce gave me so much rapture as your translation. Were I well and in spirits, I should run wild amongst my rocks and forests, telling stones, trees, and labourers how gloriously you have succeeded. My imagination is again on fire. I have been giving the last trimmings to one episode, and sown the seeds of another, which I trust will bring forth fruit in due season. I eagerly hope you will one day or other introduce

* It will be observed that Beckford here, for the first time, spells "Vathek" in the accepted manner. It must be remembered that the original text of the romance was French, in which language the letter *k* is but a naturalised foreigner. Henley. in his version, had evidently substituted *k* for *c*, as more agreeable to the genius of the Oriental languages, and Beckford followed his example both in the Paris and the Lausanne edition of the French original.

these plants to their English soil. We have had a dismal winter, ground cracked and shrubs pinched, &c., workmen numbed, but I have gone on sinking my princes to hell with active perseverance."

"*April* 9.

"I shall sit down immediately to revise 'Vathek,' and much approve of your idea of prefacing the tale with some explanation of its costume."

"*April* 23.

"I have given my attention for several days past to 'Vathek,' and have made several little alterations which you will not perhaps disapprove. The 'Arabian Nights' will furnish some illustrations, particularly as to Goules, &c.; but much more may be learned from Herbelot's 'Bibliothèque Orientale' and Richardson's 'Dissertations.' I know not how to make the damnations you advise. I have always thought Nouronihar too severely punished,* and if I knew how conveniently, would add a crime or two to her share. What say you? Let me know."

It would seem by the next letter, June 11, 1785, that the original French manuscript from which the translation was made had been returned in the interval.

* Every reader must have thought so too.

"The caliph Vathec is safe in my possession, and had I not been engaged in the very manner you conjecture, notice would have been long since sent to Rendlesham of his arrival.

"As I have some things of importance to say to you, I must beg the favour of seeing you here immediately, as the preparations for our journey are in great forwardness. I suppose you can easily come in a couple of days, and I will detain you no longer than is absolutely necessary for the revisal of 'Vathec,' the selection of notes and the explanation of doubtful passages."

The visit did not take place, for on July 22, Beckford writes on the eve of departure:—

"I am surprisingly sorry at not having had an opportunity of seeing you. . . . I would send the episodes, but have not a second copy. 'Vathec' I have delivered to the care of Mr. Thornton. . . . Leave the description of the evening scene as it was originally—we have already more description than we know what to do with."

The next epistle, dated from Vevay, Feb. 9, 1786, strikes the first note of disagreement, and indicates the rock on which Beckford's friendship with Henley was to split:—

"The publication of 'Vathek' must be suspended at least another year. I would not on

any account have him precede the French edition. . . . The episodes are nearly finished, and the whole work will be completed within a twelvemonth. You must be sensible that notwithstanding my eagerness to see 'Vathek' in print, I cannot sacrifice the French edition to my impatience. The anticipation of so principal a tale as that of the Caliph would be tearing the proudest feather from my turban. I must repeat therefore my desire that you will not give your translation to the world till the original has made its appearance, and we have talked more on the subject. You may imagine how I long for the moment of enjoying your notes and the preliminary dissertation, which I doubt not will be received with the honours due to so valuable a morsel of Orientalism."

By April 13, 1786, Beckford, now returned to England, had received Henley's preliminary dissertation; and had discovered that the writer laboured under the general infirmity of commentators; "they study rather to display themselves than to explain their author." His remarks evince much good sense:—

"Upon my word, you pay 'Vathek' much more attention than he deserves; and do you not think we shall usher him too pompously into the world with a dissertation on his *fable and machinery?* Notes are necessary, and the dis-

sertation I myself should very much approve, but fear the world might imagine I fancied myself the author not of an Arabian tale, but an epic poem. Supposing you limit your preface and preliminary discourse, I make no doubt your good taste will suggest to you a light easy style. Misses, &c., may not be scared, for after all a poor Arabian story teller can only pretend to say *Virginibus puerisque canto.* As for the Rhapsody, it deserves to be pushed, not only into the margin of the book, but quite out of it. Though you have given it some pointed touches, it still limps in a manner to excite compassion; and as for instruction, don't fancy it contains any. The river Kalismer never flowed but in my brain. The nine pillars are entirely my erection, &c. &c. After this confession, you will not wish, I should think, to insert the poetical whine to Thelminar. I believe in most respects I have been discreet in my *costume.* The domes of Shadukiam and Amberabad you will find explained in Richardson.* The Cocknos is a bird whose bill is much esteemed in Persia for its beautiful polish. See 'Persian Tales,' History of the Sorrowful Vizir and Zelica Begum. The butterflies of Cachemire

* "Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am,
To thee, sweet Eden, how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!"
Paradise and the Peri.

are celebrated in a poem of Meschi I slaved at with Zemir, the old Mahometan who assisted me in translating Wortley Montagu's MS.; but they are hardly worth a note.* I suppose you will prepare a tolerably long comment on the Simorgue, and that most respectable bird deserves all you can say of her. Soliman Daki and Soliman Gian-ben-Gian will furnish ample field for a display of Oriental erudition. The miscellany of Eastern learning and the history of Bababaloukism may partly help to enlighten your researches.

"The catastrophe of Carathis had better remain as you first intended. I am perfectly at a loss how to deepen Vathek's damnation; and as for the end where mention is made of Gulchenrouz, be assured we cannot improve it. The period runs admirably, and for my part I think the contrast between the boisterous caliph and the peaceable Gulchenrouz not ill imagined."

The introductory dissertation never appeared, and its merits or demerits must remain food for conjecture. Respecting the annotations, the reader of "Vathek" in this edition will be able to judge for himself. It may be remarked here that a few hitherto unnoticed misprints in Henley's text and notes have been silently

* This shows that part of the Oriental lore in Henley's notes was supplied by Beckford himself.

corrected, but that no endeavour has been made to reduce his Oriental orthography to the modern standard.

Beckford's wife, Lady Margaret Beckford, died at Vevay on May 26, 1786, of miliary fever, twelve days after giving birth to a daughter. On June 12, Henley wrote him a letter of condolence, to which Beckford replied from some unnamed part of Switzerland on Aug. 1:—

"I thank you for your letter of the 12th June, and the sentiments so feelingly expressed in it. My spirits and rest is broken, and it is with difficulty I hold my pen. The slow fever which has been preying upon me almost without interruption since the latter end of May has most disagreeably diverted my attention from 'Vathec'; but upon reading over your letter, it appears you had sent the MS. for my inspection. If you *have*, Heaven knows its fate; certainly it has not reached my hands, any more than a letter to which you allude as immediately preceding your last. I beg you will clear up these doubts, being anxious to receive your notes and illustrations.

"I fear the dejection of mind into which I am plunged will prevent my finishing the other stories, and of course Vathek's making his appearance in any language this winter. I would not have him upon any account come forth without his companions."

Everything that Beckford here pronounces impossible or undesirable was to happen. Vathek did appear in both languages, and his companions never appeared at all. Late in 1786,* J. Johnson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, published "The History of the Caliph Vathek, an Arabian tale from an unpublished manuscript, with notes critical and explanatory." † We can only conjecture Henley's motives for so unpardonable a breach of confidence. Cupidity was probably among the least, as the emolument must have been small, and he might have been deprived even of this by legal proceedings. Vanity was most likely a more powerful agent, combined with impatience to see his labours in print, and a perhaps not ill-grounded apprehension that Beckford's caprice might prevent the English version from ever seeing the light. Had this indeed been the case, England would have lost a classic without France gaining one, for the place of the original text in French literature has always been that of a literary curiosity. Henley's

* And, as the above correspondence alone would establish, not in 1784, as asserted by all recent writers, who have been misled by Cyrus Redding.

† We take this title from the half-title, for the title-page has only "An Arabian Tale," &c.

translation,* on the other hand, though not without traces of its Gallic extraction, such as the employment of "superb" instead of "proud," and mistakes such as the rendering of *figure* by "figure," where "countenance" is evidently intended, and of *clōus* by "grape-shot" centuries before the invention of artillery,† is sufficiently idiomatic to have ranked from the first as an English book. It does, indeed, profess itself a translation, but from the Arabic. "Nothing," says Henley, very coolly in one of his notes, "can impress a greater awe upon the mind than does this passage *in the original*." This denial of Beckford's originality must have angered him even more than the breach of trust, and he protested against it when publishing the French text. It probably obtained little credence. Stephen Weston, an intrepid meddler with Arabic, Chinese, Etruscan, and such other simple and familiar

* The text of the third English edition (1816) has been followed in the present volume. This text (which differs considerably from the text of the first edition) was retained in the edition of 1834, which was the last edition published during Beckford's lifetime.

† One of his phrases fairly confounds the present editor. Among the mendicants whom Vathek encounters in the domain of Fakreddin are mentioned "*smarts* without noses." The French has *messieurs*.

languages, propounded the theory in the *Gentleman's Magazine* that the tale had been written for the sake of the notes, which he evidently deemed much the more valuable.* Henley, who may not have widely dissented from this view, nevertheless rejected the apparent implication that the tale and the notes were by the same writer, and assured Weston that the former was really and truly translated from a foreign language, diplomatically avoiding the acknowledgment that this was neither more nor less than French. His connection with it must soon have transpired. In the British Museum copy, the book is attributed to him in a MS. note, imperfectly erased by a later librarian, who has substituted Beckford's name.

In what manner Henley may have sought to excuse his breach of confidence to Beckford never will be known. Beckford's reply, if he vouchsafed any, was too withering for Henley to retain, it does not appear in the correspondence. The impression produced on Beckford is best indicated by the haste with which

* In the catalogue of Beckford's library appears a copy of "Vathek" with MS. notes by Weston, "correcting Mr. Henley's ignorance of Arabic."

he proceeded to publish the French text of his romance, both in Lausanne and Paris. In issuing these, he spoke in measured terms of the "indiscretion" which had occasioned the premature publication of the English version, and flatly contradicted the assertion of its Arabic origin. His anger eventually subsided into contemptuous indifference; when questioned by Redding, he affected not to know who the translator was, but admitted that "it was tolerably well done," and afterwards that "on the whole it did him justice." One more trace of his relations with Henley exists in the correspondence. In 1797 the latter, who had fallen into embarrassed circumstances, mustered up resolution to apply to Beckford for assistance, and has preserved his negative reply. It is couched in very cold terms, but magnanimously abstains from allusion to the applicant's unfaithfulness, and grounds the refusal on Beckford's obligations to his immediate connections and dependants. Our own obligations to Henley as suggester, translator, and possibly preserver of "Vathek" are after all so considerable, that it is satisfactory to find reason for believing that he ultimately escaped from his embarrassments. In 1805 he obtained the highly important and

responsible office of Principal of the East India Company's College at Haileybury, which he held until within a short time of his death in 1815.

Beckford's first care was now to vindicate his claim to originality by bringing out the French version of his work. He obtained the approbation of the Paris censor on January 26, 1787; and in the course of the year two editions were published, one at Paris and the other at Lausanne. It has hitherto been impossible to determine the priority of these editions, nor is the point yet perfectly clear, notwithstanding the light thrown upon it by the following extremely interesting MS. note, first published by Mr. Julian Marshall in *Notes and Queries*, April 20, 1889, written by M. Chavannes, to whom the publication of the Lausanne edition had been entrusted by Beckford, upon the title of a copy of this extremely rare book, sold on March 29, 1889, in a London auction-room.

"À la demande de M. Beckford je me suis chargé de corriger son manuscrit et de le faire imprimer à Lausanne. Je me suis repenti d'avoir cédé à sa solicitation, l'ouvrage ne me paraissant ni moral ni intéressant. J'ai de plus des desagrémens. M. Beckford en quittant Lausanne se

hâta de le faire imprimer à Paris au préjudice de l'imprimeur de Lausanne, et je dus, menacer M. Beckford de mettre dans les papiers son infidélité,* qui fît qu'on arrêta à la douane de Frace l'envoy de l'imprimeur Hignon, les trois exemplairesn qu'il envoyait à Paris, et M. B. se hâta de dédommager l'imprimeur pour éviter la publicité."

At first sight this seems to establish the priority of the Lausanne edition, which certainly was the first commissioned by Beckford. But the three copies sent to Paris would in all probability be despatched as soon as printed, and it appears that they found the Paris edition already in possession of the field. They could not have been seized as contraband if the French edition had not existed; it is, nevertheless, possible that, although protected by royal privilege, it had not actually left the press. The privilege bears date Aug. 22, and the registration Sept. 4.† It may also be the case that, prior to the registration of the Paris

* Mr. Marshall remarks on the oddity of this phrase, which alone seems sufficient to establish that M. Chavannes' correction of "Vathek" was confined to the correction of the press.

† These documents are given in M. Mallarmé's reprint of the Paris edition. The British Museum copy of the latter, to which alone we have access, does not contain them, but no doubt wants a preliminary leaf.

privilege, the Lausanne edition had circulated freely in France; though this seems hardly reconcilable with M. Chavannes' expressions, "se hâta," "*les* trois exemplaires." It scarcely seems possible to determine the question of priority with absolute certainty, unless it could be exactly ascertained when the Swiss edition reached France. That it *ought* to have been the *editio princeps* is unquestionable, and Beckford's conduct doubtless appeared very shocking in the eyes of the worthy Genevan. We, better acquainted with "England's wealthiest son," may feel certain that the sublunary question of copyright never entered his mind, and that he did not need the threat of exposure in the newspapers to incline him to remedy the wrong he had inadvertently committed. It is further to be remarked that the publication of the Paris edition took place when Beckford was far away, he having sailed for Portugal in the March preceding.

An extraordinary fact respecting these French editions remains to be pointed out—the texts do not always correspond. So far as can be ascertained, this has not hitherto been noticed, save by a casual remark of the late Rev. W. E. Buckley in *Notes and Queries*,

doubtless because no editor till now has had both the rare Paris and the even rarer Lausanne edition* before him at the same time. The discrepancies are not always important,† but they are numerous, and extend entirely through the book. Their general character will be sufficiently indicated by a brief comparative table.

Lausanne Edition.	*Paris Edition.*
P. 2, l. 6.	P. 4, l. 2.
Il n'étoit nullement scrupuleux.	These words are omitted.
Ib. l. 21.	*Ib.* l. 15.
A mesure qu'ils étoient consumés.	A mesure qu'ils se refroidissoient.
P. 6, l. 12.	P. 7, l. 7.
Pour éviter d'être noyé.	Pour se sauver d'un nouveau déluge.
P. 9, l. 20.	P. 9, l. 22.
Ce que celui-ci fit assez modérément.	Celui-ci prit peu de chose.

* No copy of the Lausanne edition appears in the sale catalogue of Beckford's own library.

† The most important is perhaps the alteration of "le quatrième prince," near the end, into "le troisième," showing that Beckford had intended to write four episodes, but that the fourth was not begun when publication was forced upon him.

Lausanne Edition.	*Paris Edition.*
P. 11, l. 6.	P. 11, l. 1.
Quoiqu'il eut les yeux fixés sur l'œil terrible et meurtrier.	L'œil terrible et meurtrier ne fit aucun effet sur lui.
P. 16, l. 19.	P. 15. l. 12.
Ou lui brûlera jusqu'au moindre poil de la barbe.	Ou lui brûlera la barbe jusqu'au moindre poil.
P. 23, l. 2.	P. 20, l. 2.
Là.	Sur leurs bords verdoyants.

It will be seen that no alteration is made without a reason, and the same is the case with the hundreds of others which might be adduced. All are preserved in the definitive edition of 1815, which adds a few more, evidently the result of careful revision. The eleven thousand steps of Vathek's tower, for example, have become fifteen hundred, Beckford having doubtless reflected that at a height so far surpassing the clouds, cities would not have been visible even as shells, or, as the new edition has it, mole-hills.* Unfortunately this handsome volume is inaccurately printed,

* Perhaps the double meaning of *coquilles* had occurred to him.

and not all the misprints are corrected in the list of errata.

The question now arises, which of these versions is to be regarded as the more authentic text? Internal and external evidence combine to decide the point in favour of the Paris edition. Its variations are almost always improvements, and such as could have been introduced by no one but the author. They are also, as we have seen, maintained in the London edition of 1815, stated by Beckford himself to reproduce "*ce petit ouvrage tel que je l'ai composé.*" "With my final revisions and corrections" would have been more accurate, for the Paris edition, and still more the London, certainly fails to represent the book as originally written. This original can only be identified with the text which Henley had had in his hands three years before the appearance of the French editions, and upon comparison of these with his version, it will be found to agree far more closely with the Lausanne than with the Paris impression. Some conclusions of considerable literary interest result.

1. The Lausanne text substantially represents "Vathek" as originally written.

2. Beckford gave his book a thorough

revision sometime between placing it in the hands of M. Chavannes to bring out in Switzerland, probably late in 1786, and his departure for Portugal in 1787. This may have been before or after his obtaining the licence of the French censor on Jan. 26, but was probably before.

3. When Henley's translation is compared with the French original, it must be remembered that he had not the latter before him in the form in which alone it is now most generally accessible. The only fair comparison is with the Lausanne text.

4. Though M. Chavannes says, "*Je me suis chargé de corriger son manuscrit*," the almost exact agreement of his text with that which Henley had in his possession three years earlier proves that his corrections, if any, must have been of the slightest.

The pretensions of "Vathek" as a French literary composition are thus estimated by M. Mallarmé. After remarking that, although Voltaire is evidently the model, Beckford frequently appears a precursor of Chateaubriand, he adds:—

"Tout coule de source, avec une limpidité vive avec un ondoiement large de périodes; et l'éclat tend à se fondre dans la pureté totale du cours,

qui charrie maintes richesses de diction inaperçues d'abord; cas naturel avec un étranger inquiet que quelque expression trop audacieuse ne le trahisse en arrêtant le regard."

It only remains to be added, that the Lausanne edition has no notes, but that the Paris edition is accompanied by a selection from Henley's. Did Beckford translate these himself?

Not much need be or can be said about the literary qualities of "Vathek." Alive with undiminished vitality after a century's existence, it has proved its claim to a permanent place in literature by obtaining it; nor, at any period of its history, has it been a book which criticism could greatly help or hinder, or which allowed sound criticism much scope for controversy. Its beauties are by no means of the recondite order; and inability to appreciate them is one of those innate distastes, not for the book but its *genre*, against which expostulation is impotent. A man may be reasoned into admiring Wordsworth, but not into liking the "Arabian Nights." Criticism can only be usefully exercised in analysing the psychology of the author, a curious and attractive study. The most remarkable feature is perhaps the singular doubleness of

character evinced throughout the book. As has been elsewhere said, the peculiar distinction of "Vathek" is its alliance of the fantastic and the sublime. The former attains an unsurpassed pinnacle in the early scenes between Vathek and the Indian; the latter almost challenges comparison with Milton in the description of the Hall of Eblis. Between these summits lies a deep depression, for a time the story flags, seems almost in peril of becoming tedious. The same doubleness pervades the whole; the book is at once very French and very English, very Oriental and very European, very frivolous and very tragic, very shallow and very profound. In this it represents its author, a child of the eighteenth century unconsciously inspired with the emotions of the nineteenth; who, as M. Mallarmé justly says, in imitating Voltaire, announces Chateaubriand. While few books display more either of the lucidity of the eighteenth century or of its sarcastic persiflage, it is equally animated by the spirit of vague unrest and yearning melancholy which were to attain such proportions in "René" and "Childe Harold." The same is true of Beckford's Travels, that remarkable picture of a society on the eve of transformation. There are brighter stars in the literary

firmament than Beckford, but few which can with equal propriety be likened to the evening star and the morning star. Nor is there, probably, any modern Oriental story except "Vathek" which might appear without disadvantage in the "Arabian Nights," with Aladdin on its right hand and Ali Baba on its left. Its Gallicisms, as it happens, rather help the illusion, for, after modern translators have done their best, it is through the English rendering of Galland's French version that these tales will always be popularly known.

It seems hardly possible that it should be left to us to point out the derivation of one of the most striking passages in modern English poetry from "Vathek"; but we have not met with this observation as respects the catastrophe of Southey's "Curse of Kehama"; a noble poem at present so unjustly neglected that it may be expedient to cite the entire passage:—

"He did not know the holy mystery
Of that divinest cup, that as the lips,
Which touch it, even such its quality,
Good or malignant: Madman! and he thinks
The blessed prize is won, and joyfully he drinks.

"Then Seeva opened on the Accursed One
His Eye of Anger: upon him alone

The wrath-beam fell. He shudders—but too late.
The deed is done,
The dreadful liquor works the will of Fate.
Immortal he would be,
Immortal he is made, but through his veins,
Torture at once and immortality,
A stream of poison doth the Amreeta run,
And while within the burning anguish flows,
His outward body glows
Like molten ore, beneath the avenging Eye,
Doomed thus to live and burn eternally.

"The fiery Three,
Beholding him, set up a fiendish cry,
A song of jubilee;
Come, Brother, come! they sung; too long
Have we expected thee.
Henceforth we bear no more
The unequal weight; Come, Brother, we are Four!

"Vain his almightiness, for mightier pain
Subdued all power; pain ruled supreme alone;
And yielding to the bony hand
The unemptied cup, he moved toward the Throne,
And at the vacant corner took his stand.
Behold the golden Throne at length complete,
And Yamen silently ascends the Judgment seat."

Part of Kehama's penalty is perpetual immobility, part of Vathek's perpetual unrest, but the thought is the same—the fruition of the sinner's desire is the sinner's punish-

ment—and the virtual identity of the catastrophes is obvious. Southey claims originality for his story, but if he did not unearth this particular incident from some nook of the myriad-chambered Hindu Pantheon, he must have found it in "Vathek," with which his correspondence proves him to have been acquainted at least as early as 1804. The three upholders of Yamen's throne, moreover, are manifest though far from servile copies of Soliman Ben Daoud and the pre-Adamite sultans.

"After the Bastile was destroyed he came home; and, in 1791, visited Paris again. *He was there at the death of the king.*" Louis XVI. was executed in Jan. 1793, thus this cursory remark of Redding's is an independent confirmation of the following remarkable anecdote of Beckford's life, which has not hitherto appeared in an English book, but will be found in the preface to the catalogue of M. Brunet's library, sold at Paris in 1868. The writer is probably M. Potier.

"En 1793, l'amour des livres rares et précieux avait retenu à Paris un Anglais de distinction et

riche, William Beckford, de Fonthill Abbey, qui poursuivait avec ardeur les dépouilles opimes que la Révolution jetait dans les rues. Chardin entretenait de fréquents rapports avec le riche amateur, auquel il revendait les curiosités tombées entre ses mains et dont il ne voulait pas. Chardin, me dit M. Brunet, ne tarda pas à savoir que les jours de l'honorable sir Beckford étaient menacés ; il courut chez lui et l'en informa, lui fit, séance tenante, changer ses vêtements contre ceux d'un commis libraire, le conduisit chez Mérigot, bouquiniste célèbre de cette époque, et l'y installa à titre de commis. Après quelques semaines, Chardin trouva le moyen de faire délivrer un passe-port sous un nom d'emprunt à sir Beckford qui put retourner en Angleterre. Celui-ci témoigna généreusement sa reconnoissance à son sauveur, il lui fit passer tous les ans une rente de deux mille quatre cents francs, qui lui fût payée jusque vers 1820, époque à laquelle mourut Chardin."

If M. Brunet related this story as true, he certainly believed it, and there seems no sufficient reason for rejecting it. Its truth is indirectly confirmed by the amount of the pension stated to have been bestowed upon Chardin, which seems curious at this day, but would have been perfectly natural in 1793, when the gold piece contained twenty-

four francs instead of twenty as at present. A pension of 2400 francs, therefore, would have been equivalent to one of a hundred louis.

R. GARNETT.

March 8, 1893.

VATHEK

VATHEK, ninth caliph of the race of the Abassides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic: but when he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible, that no person could bear to behold it; and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions, and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger.

Being much addicted to women and the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded and his indulgences unrestrained: for he did not think, with the Caliph Omar Ben

Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next.

He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoremi, which his father, Motassem, had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah, was, in his idea, far too scanty: he added, therefore, five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of the senses.

In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties; which were supplied both by night and by day, according to their constant consumption; whilst the most delicious wines and the choicest cordials flowed forth from a hundred fountains that were never exhausted. This palace was called *The Eternal or Unsatiating Banquet.*

The second was styled *The Temple of Melody*, or *The Nectar of the Soul.* It was inhabited by the most skilful musicians and admired poets of the time; who not only displayed their talents within, but dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession.

The palace named *The Delight of the Eyes,*

or *The Support of Memory*, was one entire enchantment. Rarities, collected from every corner of the earth, were there found in such profusion as to dazzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mani, and statues, that seemed to be alive. Here a well-managed perspective attracted the sight; there the magic of optics agreeably deceived it; whilst the naturalist, on his part, exhibited in their several classes the various gifts that Heaven had bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vathek omitted nothing in this palace that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own; for, of all men, he was the most curious.

The Palace of Perfumes, which was termed likewise *The Incentive to Pleasure*, consisted of various halls, where the different perfumes which the earth produces were kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flambeaux and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day. But the too powerful effects of this agreeable delirium might be alleviated by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odours.

The fifth palace, denominated *The Retreat of Mirth, or the Dangerous*, was frequented by troops of young females, beautiful as the Houris, and not less seducing; who never failed to receive, with caresses, all whom the caliph allowed to approach them, and enjoy a few hours of their company.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign giving himself up to pleasure was as able to govern as one who declared himself an enemy to it. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the caliph would not allow him to rest there. He had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father, as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know everything; even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but did not allow them to push their opposition with warmth. He stopped with presents the mouths of those whose mouths could be stopped; whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood, a remedy that often succeeded.

Vathek discovered also a predilection for

theological controversy; but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return; for he resolved, at any rate, to have reason on his side.

The great prophet, Mahomet, whose vicars the caliphs are, beheld with indignation from his abode, in the seventh heaven, the irreligious conduct of such a vicegerent. "Let us leave him to himself," said he to the Genii, who are always ready to receive his commands: "let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety will carry him: if he run into excess, we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to complete the tower, which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun; not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the secrets of heaven:—he will not divine the fate that awaits him."

The Genii obeyed; and, when the workmen had raised their structure a cubit in the day-time, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek: he fancied that even insensible matter showed a forwardness to subserve his

designs; not considering that the successes of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of chastisement.

His pride arrived at its height, when having ascended, for the first time, the fifteen hundred stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below, and beheld men not larger than pismires; mountains, than shells; and cities, than bee-hives. The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him: he was almost ready to adore himself; till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this intruding and unwelcome perception of his littleness with the thought of being great in the eyes of others, and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and extort from the stars the decrees of his destiny.

With this view, the inquisitive prince passed most of his nights on the summit of his tower, till becoming an adept in the mysteries of astrology, he imagined that the planets had disclosed to him the most marvellous adventures, which were to be accomplished by an extraordinary personage, from a country

altogether unknown. Prompted by motives of curiosity, he had always been courteous to strangers; but, from this instant, he redoubled his attention, and ordered it to be announced, by sound of trumpet, through all the streets of Samarah, that no one of his subjects, on peril of his displeasure, should either lodge or detain a traveller, but forthwith bring him to the palace.

Not long after this proclamation, arrived in his metropolis a man so abominably hideous, that the very guards who arrested him were forced to shut their eyes as they led him along: the caliph himself appeared startled at so horrible a visage; but joy succeeded to this emotion of terror, when the stranger displayed to his view such rarities as he had never before seen, and of which he had no conception.

In reality, nothing was ever so extraordinary as the merchandise this stranger produced; most of his curiosities, which were not less admirable for their workmanship than splendour, had, besides, their several virtues described on a parchment fastened to each. There were slippers which, by spontaneous springs, enabled the feet to walk; knives that cut without motion of the hand; sabres that dealt the blow at the person they were wished

to strike; and the whole enriched with gems that were hitherto unknown.

The sabres especially, the blades of which emitted a dazzling radiance, fixed, more than all the rest, the caliph's attention; who promised himself to decipher, at his leisure, the uncouth characters engraven on their sides. Without, therefore, demanding their price, he ordered all the coined gold to be brought from his treasury, and commanded the merchant to take what he pleased. The stranger obeyed, took little, and remained silent.

Vathek, imagining that the merchant's taciturnity was occasioned by the awe which his presence inspired, encouraged him to advance, and asked him, with an air of condescension, who he was? whence he came? and where he obtained such beautiful commodities? The man, or rather monster, instead of making a reply, thrice rubbed his forehead, which, as well as his body, was blacker than ebony; four times clapped his paunch, the projection of which was enormous; opened wide his huge eyes, which glowed like firebrands; began to laugh with a hideous noise, and discovered his long amber-coloured teeth, bestreaked with green.

The caliph, though a little startled, renewed

his inquiries, but without being able to procure a reply. At which, beginning to be ruffled, he exclaimed: "Knowest thou, wretch, who I am, and at whom thou art aiming thy gibes?" Then addressing his guards, "Have ye heard him speak?—is he dumb?" "He hath spoken," they replied, "but to no purpose." "Let him speak then again," said Vathek, "and tell me who he is, from whence he came, and where he procured these singular curiosities; or I swear, by the ass of Balaam, that I will make him rue his pertinacity."

This menace was accompanied by one of the caliph's angry and perilous glances, which the stranger sustained without the slightest emotion; although his eyes were fixed on the terrible eye of the prince.

No words can describe the amazement of the courtiers when they beheld this rude merchant withstand the encounter unshocked. They all fell prostrate with their faces on the ground, to avoid the risk of their lives; and would have continued in the same abject posture, had not the caliph exclaimed, in a furious tone: "Up, cowards! seize the miscreant! see that he be committed to prison, and guarded by the best of my soldiers! Let him, however, retain the money I gave him; it is not

my intent to take from him his property; I only want him to speak."

No sooner had he uttered these words, than the stranger was surrounded, pinioned, and bound with strong fetters, and hurried away to the prison of the great tower, which was encompassed by seven empalements of iron bars, and armed with spikes in every direction, longer and sharper than spits. The caliph, nevertheless, remained in the most violent agitation. He sat down indeed to eat; but, of the three hundred dishes that were daily placed before him, he could taste of no more than thirty-two.

A diet, to which he had been so little accustomed, was sufficient of itself to prevent him from sleeping; what then must be its effect when joined to the anxiety that preyed upon his spirits? At the first glimpse of dawn he hastened to the prison, again to importune this intractable stranger; but the rage of Vathek exceeded all bounds on finding the prison empty, the gates burst asunder, and his guards lying lifeless around him. In the paroxysm of his passion he fell furiously on the poor carcases, and kicked them till evening without intermission. His courtiers and vizirs exerted their efforts to soothe his extravagance;

but, finding every expedient ineffectual, they all united in one vociferation: "The caliph is gone mad! the caliph is out of his senses!"

This outcry, which soon resounded through the streets of Samarah, at length reached the ears of Carathis, his mother, who flew in the utmost consternation to try her ascendency on the mind of her son. Her tears and caresses called off his attention; and he was prevailed upon, by her entreaties, to be brought back to the palace.

Carathis, apprehensive of leaving Vathek to himself, had him put to bed; and, seating herself by him, endeavoured by her conversation to appease and compose him. Nor could any one have attempted it with better success; for the caliph not only loved her as a mother, but respected her as a person of superior genius. It was she who had induced him, being a Greek herself, to adopt the sciences and systems of her country which all good Mussulmans hold in such thorough abhorrence.

Judiciary astrology was one of those sciences in which Carathis was a perfect adept. She began, therefore, with reminding her son of the promise which the stars had made him; and intimated an intention of consulting them

again. "Alas!" said the caliph as soon as he could speak, "what a fool I have been! not for having bestowed forty thousand kicks on my guards, who so tamely submitted to death, but for never considering that this extraordinary man was the same that the planets had foretold; whom, instead of ill-treating, I should have conciliated by all the arts of persuasion."

"The past," said Carathis, "cannot be recalled; but it behoves us to think of the future: perhaps you may again see the object you so much regret; it is possible the inscriptions on the sabres will afford information. Eat, therefore, and take thy repose, my dear son. We will consider, to-morrow, in what manner to act."

Vathek yielded to her counsel as well as he could, and arose in the morning with a mind more at ease. The sabres he commanded to be instantly brought; and, poring upon them, through a coloured glass, that their glittering might not dazzle, he set himself in earnest to decipher the inscriptions; but his reiterated attempts were all of them nugatory; in vain did he beat his head, and bite his nails; not a letter of the whole was he able to ascertain. So unlucky a disappointment would have un-

done him again, had not Carathis, by good fortune, entered the apartment.

"Have patience, my son!" said she; "you certainly are possessed of every important science; but the knowledge of languages is a trifle at best; and the accomplishment of none but a pedant. Issue a proclamation, that you will confer such rewards as become your greatness upon any one that shall interpret what you do not understand, and what is beneath you to learn; you will soon find your curiosity gratified."

"That may be," said the caliph; "but, in the meantime, I shall be horribly disgusted by a crowd of smatterers, who will come to the trial as much for the pleasure of retailing their jargon, as from the hope of gaining the reward. To avoid this evil, it will be proper to add, that I will put every candidate to death who shall fail to give satisfaction; for, thank Heaven! I have skill enough to distinguish whether one translates or invents."

"Of that I have no doubt," replied Carathis; "but to put the ignorant to death is somewhat severe, and may be productive of dangerous effects. Content yourself with commanding their beards to be burnt: beards in a state are not quite so essential as men."

The caliph submitted to the reasons of his mother; and, sending for Morakanabad, his prime vizir, said: "Let the common criers proclaim, not only in Samarah, but throughout every city in my empire, that whosoever will repair hither and decipher certain characters which appear to be inexplicable, shall experience that liberality for which I am renowned; but that all who fail upon trial shall have their beards burnt off to the last hair. Let them add, also, that I will bestow fifty beautiful slaves, and as many jars of apricots from the Isle of Kirmith, upon any man that shall bring me intelligence of the stranger."

The subjects of the caliph, like their sovereign, being great admirers of women and apricots from Kirmith, felt their mouths water at these promises, but were totally unable to gratify their hankering; for no one knew what had become of the stranger.

As to the caliph's other requisition, the result was different. The learned, the half learned, and those who were neither, but fancied themselves equal to both, came boldly to hazard their beards, and all shamefully lost them. The exaction of these forfeitures, which found sufficient employment for the eunuchs, gave them such a smell of singed

hair as greatly to disgust the ladies of the seraglio, and to make it necessary that this new occupation of their guardians should be transferred to other hands.

At length, however, an old man presented himself, whose beard was a cubit and a half longer than any that had appeared before him. The officers of the palace whispered to each other, as they ushered him in: "What a pity, oh! what a great pity that such a beard should be burnt!" Even the caliph, when he saw it, concurred with them in opinion; but his concern was entirely needless. This venerable personage read the characters with facility, and explained them verbatim as follows:—"We were made where everything is well made: we are the least of the wonders of a place where all is wonderful, and deserving the sight of the first potentate on earth."

"You translate admirably!" cried Vathek; "I know to what these marvellous characters allude. Let him receive as many robes of honour and thousands of sequins of gold as he hath spoken words. I am in some measure relieved from the perplexity that embarrassed me!" Vathek invited the old man to dine, and even to remain some days in the palace.

Unluckily for him, he accepted the offer; for the caliph having ordered him next morning to be called, said: "Read again to me what you have read already: I cannot hear too often the promise that is made me—the completion of which I languish to obtain." The old man forthwith put on his green spectacles, but they instantly dropped from his nose, on perceiving that the characters he had read the day preceding had given place to others of different import. "What ails you?" asked the caliph; "and why these symptoms of wonder?" "Sovereign of the world!" replied the old man, "these sabres hold another language to-day from that they yesterday held." "How say you?" returned Vathek: "but it matters not; tell me, if you can, what they mean." "It is this, my lord," rejoined the old man: "Woe to the rash mortal who seeks to know that of which he should remain ignorant; and to undertake that which surpasseth his power!" "And woe to thee!" cried the caliph, in a burst of indignation: "to-day thou art void of understanding: begone from my presence, they shall burn but the half of thy beard, because thou wert yesterday fortunate in guessing: my gifts I never resume." The old man, wise

enough to perceive he had luckily escaped, considering the folly of disclosing so disgusting a truth, immediately withdrew and appeared not again.

But it was not long before Vathek discovered abundant reason to regret his precipitation; for though he could not decipher the characters himself, yet, by constantly poring upon them, he plainly perceived that they every day changed: and, unfortunately, no other candidate offered to explain them. This perplexing occupation inflamed his blood, dazzled his sight, and brought on such a giddiness and debility that he could hardly support himself. He failed not, however, though in so reduced a condition, to be often carried to his tower, as he flattered himself that he might there read in the stars, which he went to consult, something more congruous to his wishes: but in this his hopes were deluded; for his eyes, dimmed by the vapours of his head, began to subserve his curiosity so ill, that he beheld nothing but a thick, dun cloud, which he took for the most direful of omens.

Agitated with so much anxiety, Vathek entirely lost all firmness; a fever seized him, and his appetite failed. Instead of being one

of the greatest eaters, he became as distinguished for drinking. So insatiable was the thirst which tormented him, that his mouth, like a funnel, was always open to receive the various liquors that might be poured into it, and especially cold water, which calmed him more than any other.

This unhappy prince, being thus incapacitated for the enjoyment of any pleasure, commanded the palaces of the five senses to be shut up; forbore to appear in public, either to display his magnificence or administer justice, and retired to the inmost apartment of his harem. As he had ever been an excellent husband, his wives, overwhelmed with grief at his deplorable situation, incessantly supplied him with prayers for his health, and water for his thirst.

In the meantime the Princess Carathis, whose affliction no words can describe, instead of confining herself to sobbing and tears, was closeted daily with the vizir Morakanabad, to find out some cure, or mitigation, of the caliph's disease. Under the persuasion that it was caused by enchantment, they turned over together, leaf by leaf, all the books of magic that might point out a remedy; and caused the horrible stranger, whom they

accused as the enchanter, to be everywhere sought for, with the strictest diligence.

At the distance of a few miles from Samarah stood a high mountain, whose sides were swarded with wild thyme and basil, and its summit overspread with so delightful a plain, that it might have been taken for the paradise destined for the faithful. Upon it grew a hundred thickets of eglantine and other fragrant shrubs; a hundred arbours of roses, entwined with jessamine and honeysuckle; as many clumps of orange trees, cedar, and citron; whose branches, interwoven with the palm, the pomegranate, and the vine, presented every luxury that could regale the eye or the taste. The ground was strewed with violets, harebells, and pansies; in the midst of which numerous tufts of jonquils, hyacinths, and carnations perfumed the air. Four fountains, not less clear than deep, and so abundant as to slake the thirst of ten armies, seemed purposely placed here, to make the scene more resemble the garden of Eden watered by four sacred rivers. Here, the nightingale sang the birth of the rose, her well-beloved, and, at the same time, lamented its short-lived beauty; whilst the dove deplored the loss of more substantial pleasures; and the wakeful lark

hailed the rising light that reanimates the whole creation. Here, more than anywhere, the mingled melodies of birds expressed the various passions which inspired them; and the exquisite fruits which they pecked at, pleasure seemed to have given them a double energy.

To this mountain Vathek was sometimes brought, for the sake of breathing a purer air; and, especially, to drink at will of the four fountains. His attendants were his mother, his wives, and some eunuchs, who assiduously employed themselves in filling capacious bowls of rock crystal, and emulously presenting them to him. But it frequently happened that his avidity exceeded their zeal, insomuch that he would prostrate himself upon the ground to lap the water, of which he could never have enough.

One day, when this unhappy prince had been long lying in so debasing a posture, a voice, hoarse but strong, thus addressed him: "Why dost thou assimilate thyself to a dog, O caliph, proud as thou art of thy dignity and power?" At this apostrophe, he raised up his head, and beheld the stranger that had caused him so much affliction. Inflamed with anger at the sight, he exclaimed: "Accursed

Giaour! what comest thou hither to do? is it not enough to have transformed a prince, remarkable for his agility, into a water budget? Perceivest thou not that I may perish by drinking to excess, as well as by thirst?"

"Drink, then, this draught," said the stranger, as he presented to him a phial of a red and yellow mixture: "and, to satiate the thirst of thy soul, as well as of thy body, know, that I am an Indian; but from a region of India which is wholly unknown."

The caliph delighted to see his desires accomplished in part, and flattering himself with the hope of obtaining their entire fulfilment, without a moment's hesitation swallowed the potion, and instantaneously found his health restored, his thirst appeased, and his limbs as agile as ever. In the transports of his joy, Vathek leaped upon the neck of the frightful Indian, and kissed his horrid mouth and hollow cheeks, as though they had been the coral lips and the lilies and roses of his most beautiful wives.

Nor would these transports have ceased had not the eloquence of Carathis repressed them. Having prevailed upon him to return to Samarah, she caused a herald to proclaim as loudly as possible: "The wonderful stranger

hath appeared again; he hath healed the caliph; he hath spoken! he hath spoken!"

Forthwith, all the inhabitants of this vast city quitted their habitations, and ran together in crowds to see the procession of Vathek and the Indian, whom they now blessed as much as they had before execrated, incessantly shouting: "He hath healed our sovereign; he hath spoken! he hath spoken!" Nor were these words forgotten in the public festivals, which were celebrated the same evening, to testify the general joy; for the poets applied them as a chorus to all the songs they composed on this interesting subject.

The caliph, in the meanwhile, caused the palaces of the senses to be again set open; and, as he found himself naturally prompted to visit that of taste in preference to the rest, immediately ordered a splendid entertainment, to which his great officers and favourite courtiers were all invited. The Indian, who was placed near the prince, seemed to think that, as a proper acknowledgment of so distinguished a privilege, he could neither eat, drink, nor talk too much. The various dainties were no sooner served up than they vanished, to the great mortification of Vathek,

who piqued himself on being the greatest eater alive; and at this time in particular was blessed with an excellent appetite.

The rest of the company looked round at each other in amazement; but the Indian, without appearing to observe it, quaffed large bumpers to the health of each of them; sang in a style altogether extravagant; related stories, at which he laughed immoderately, and poured forth extemporaneous verses, which would not have been thought bad, but for the strange grimaces with which they were uttered. In a word, his loquacity was equal to that of a hundred astrologers; he ate as much as a hundred porters, and caroused in proportion.

The caliph, notwithstanding the table had been thirty-two times covered, found himself incommoded by the voraciousness of his guest, who was now considerably declined in the prince's esteem. Vathek, however, being unwilling to betray the chagrin he could hardly disguise, said in a whisper to Bababalouk, the chief of his eunuchs: "You see how enormous his performances are in every way; what would be the consequence should he get at my wives! Go! redouble your vigilance, and be sure look well to my Circassians, who

would be more to his taste than all of the rest."

The bird of the morning had thrice renewed his song when the hour of the divan was announced. Vathek, in gratitude to his subjects, having promised to attend, immediately arose from table, and repaired thither, leaning upon his vizir, who could scarcely support him; so disordered was the poor prince by the wine he had drunk, and still more by the extravagant vagaries of his boisterous guest.

The vizirs, the officers of the crown and of the law, arranged themselves in a semicircle about their sovereign, and preserved a respectful silence; whilst the Indian, who looked as cool as if he had been fasting, sat down without ceremony on one of the steps of the throne, laughing in his sleeve at the indignation with which his temerity had filled the spectators.

The caliph, however, whose ideas were confused, and whose head was embarrassed, went on administering justice at hap-hazard; till at length the prime vizir, perceiving his situation, hit upon a sudden expedient to interrupt the audience and rescue the honour of his master, to whom he said in a whisper: "My lord, the Princess Carathis, who hath passed the night in consulting the planets, informs you that

they portend you evil, and the danger is urgent. Beware lest this stranger whom you have so lavishly recompensed for his magical gewgaws should make some attempt on your life: his liquor, which at first had the appearance of affecting your cure, may be no more than a poison, the operation of which will be sudden. Slight not this surmise; ask him, at least, of what it was compounded, whence he procured it; and mention the sabres which you seem to have forgotten."

Vathek, to whom the insolent airs of the stranger became every moment less supportable, intimated to his vizir, by a wink of acquiescence, that he would adopt his advice; and at once turning towards the Indian, said: "Get up, and declare in full divan of what drugs was compounded the liquor you enjoined me to take, for it is suspected to be poison: give also that explanation I have so earnestly desired, concerning the sabres you sold me, and thus show your gratitude for the favours heaped on you."

Having pronounced these words in as moderate a tone as he well could, he waited in silent expectation for an answer. But the Indian, still keeping his seat, began to renew his loud shouts of laughter, and exhibit the

same horrid grimaces he had shown them before, without vouchsafing a word in reply. Vathek, no longer able to brook such insolence, immediately kicked him from the steps; instantly descending, repeated his blow; and persisted, with such assiduity, as incited all who were present to follow his example. Every foot was up and aimed at the Indian, and no sooner had any one given him a kick, than he felt himself constrained to reiterate the stroke.

The stranger afforded them no small entertainment; for, being both short and plump, he collected himself into a ball, and rolled round on all sides, at the blows of his assailants, who pressed after him, wherever he turned, with an eagerness beyond conception, whilst their numbers were every moment increasing. The ball, indeed, in passing from one apartment to another, drew every person after it that came in its way; insomuch, that the whole palace was thrown into confusion, and resounded with a tremendous clamour. The women of the harem, amazed at the uproar, flew to their blinds to discover the cause; but no sooner did they catch a glimpse of the ball, than, feeling themselves unable to refrain, they broke from the clutches of their eunuchs, who, to



stop their flight, pinched them till they bled; but in vain: whilst themselves, though trembling with terror at the escape of their charge, were as incapable of resisting the attraction.

After having traversed the halls, galleries, chambers, kitchens, gardens, and stables of the palace, the Indian at last took his course through the courts; whilst the caliph, pursuing him closer than the rest, bestowed as many kicks as he possibly could; yet not without receiving now and then a few which his competitors, in their eagerness, designed for the ball.

Carathis, Morakanabad, and two or three old vizirs, whose wisdom had hitherto withstood the attraction, wishing to prevent Vathek from exposing himself in the presence of his subjects, fell down in his way to impede the pursuit: but he, regardless of their obstruction, leaped over their heads, and went on as before. They then ordered the Muezins to call the people to prayers; both for the sake of getting them out of the way, and of endeavouring, by their petitions, to avert the calamity: but neither of these expedients was a whit more successful. The sight of this fatal ball was alone sufficient to draw after it every beholder. The Muezins themselves,

though they saw it but at a distance, hastened down from their minarets, and mixed with the crowd; which continued to increase in so surprising a manner that scarce an inhabitant was left in Samarah except the aged; the sick, confined to their beds; the infants at the breast, whose nurses could run more nimbly without them. Even Carathis, Morakanabad, and the rest, were all become of the party. The shrill screams of the females, who had broken from their apartments, and were unable to extricate themselves from the pressure of the crowd, together with those of the eunuchs jostling after them, and terrified lest their charge should escape from their sight; the execrations of husbands, urging forward and menacing each other; kicks given and received; stumblings and overthrows at every step; in a word, the confusion that universally prevailed rendered Samarah like a city taken by storm, and devoted to absolute plunder. At last, the cursed Indian, who still preserved his rotundity of figure, after passing through all the streets and public places, and leaving them empty, rolled onwards to the plain of Catoul, and entered the valley at the foot of the mountain of the four fountains.

As a continual fall of water had excavated

an immense gulf in the valley, whose opposite side was closed in by a steep acclivity, the caliph and his attendants were apprehensive lest the ball should bound into the chasm, and, to prevent it, redoubled their efforts, but in vain. The Indian persevered in his onward direction; and, as had been apprehended glancing from the precipice with the rapidity of lightning, was lost in the gulf below.

Vathek would have followed the perfidious Giaour, had not an invisible agency arrested his progress. The multitude that pressed after him were at once checked in the same manner, and a calm instantaneously ensued. They all gazed at each other with an air of astonishment; and notwithstanding that the loss of veils and turbans, together with torn habits, and dust blended with sweat, presented a most laughable spectacle, yet there was not one smile to be seen. On the contrary, all with looks of confusion and sadness returned in silence to Samarah, and retired to their inmost apartments, without ever reflecting that they had been impelled by an invisible power into the extravagance for which they reproached themselves; for it is but just that men, who so often arrogate to their own merit the good of which they are but instruments, should also

attribute to themselves absurdities which they could not prevent.

The caliph was the only person who refused to leave the valley. He commanded his tents to be pitched there, and stationed himself on the very edge of the precipice, in spite of the representations of Carathis and Morakanabad, who pointed out the hazard of its brink giving way, and the vicinity to the magician that had so cruelly tormented him. Vathek derided all their remonstrances; and having ordered a thousand flambeaux to be lighted, and directed his attendants to proceed in lighting more, lay down on the slippery margin, and attempted, by the help of this artificial splendour, to look through that gloom, which all the fires of the empyrean had been insufficient to pervade. One while he fancied to himself voices arising from the depth of the gulf; at another, he seemed to distinguish the accents of the Indian; but all was no more than the hollow murmur of waters, and the din of the cataracts that rushed from steep to steep down the sides of the mountain.

Having passed the night in this cruel perturbation, the caliph, at daybreak, retired to his tent; where, without taking the least sustenance, he continued to doze till the dusk of

evening began again to come on. He then resumed his vigils as before, and persevered in observing them for many nights together. At length, fatigued with so fruitless an employment, he sought relief from change. To this end, he sometimes paced with hasty strides across the plain; and as he wildly gazed at the stars, reproached them with having deceived him; but, lo! on a sudden, the clear blue sky appeared streaked over with streams of blood, which reached from the valley even to the city of Samarah. As this awful phenomenon seemed to touch his tower, Vathek at first thought of repairing thither to view it more distinctly; but, feeling himself unable to advance, and being overcome with apprehension, he muffled up his face in the folds of his robe.

Terrifying as these prodigies were, this impression upon him was no more than momentary, and served only to stimulate his love of the marvellous. Instead, therefore, of returning to his palace, he persisted in the resolution of abiding where the Indian had vanished from his view. One night, however, while he was walking as usual on the plain, the moon and stars were eclipsed at once, and a total darkness ensued. The earth trembled

beneath him, and a voice came forth, the voice of the Giaour, who, in accents more sonorous than thunder, thus addressed him: "Wouldest thou devote thyself to me? adore the terrestrial influences, and abjure Mahomet? On these conditions I will bring thee to the Palace of Subterranean Fire. There shalt thou behold, in immense depositories, the treasures which the stars have promised thee; and which will be conferred by those intelligences, whom thou shalt thus render propitious. It was from thence I brought my sabres, and it is there that Soliman Ben Daoud reposes, surrounded by the talismans that control the world."

The astonished caliph trembled as he answered, yet he answered in a style that showed him to be no novice in preternatural adventures: "Where art thou? be present to my eyes; dissipate the gloom that perplexes me, and of which I deem thee the cause. After the many flambeaux I have burnt to discover thee, thou mayest, at least, grant a glimpse of thy horrible visage." "Abjure then Mahomet!" replied the Indian, "and promise me full proofs of thy sincerity: otherwise, thou shalt never behold me again."

The unhappy caliph, instigated by insatiable curiosity, lavished his promises in the utmost

profusion. The sky immediately brightened; and, by the light of the planets which seemed almost to blaze, Vathek beheld the earth open; and, at the extremity of a vast black chasm, a portal of ebony, before which stood the Indian, holding in his hand, a golden key, which he sounded against the lock.

"How," cried Vathek, "can I descend to thee? Come, take me, and instantly open the portal." "Not so fast," replied the Indian, "impatient caliph! Know that I am parched with thirst, and cannot open this door till my thirst be thoroughly appeased; I require the blood of fifty children. Take them from among the most beautiful sons of thy vizirs and great men; or, neither can my thirst nor thy curiosity be satisfied. Return to Samarah; procure for me this necessary libation, come back hither; throw it thyself into this chasm, and then shalt thou see!"

Having thus spoken, the Indian turned his back on the caliph, who, incited by the suggestions of demons, resolved on the direful sacrifice. He now pretended to have regained his tranquillity, and set out for Samarah amidst the acclamation of a people who still loved him, and forebore not to rejoice, when they believed him to have recovered his reason.

So successfully did he conceal the emotion of his heart, that even Carathis and Morakanabad were equally deceived with the rest. Nothing was heard of but festivals and rejoicings. The fatal ball, which no tongue had hitherto ventured to mention, was brought on the tapis. A general laugh went round, though many, still smarting under the hands of the surgeon, from the hurts received in that memorable adventure, had no great reason for mirth.

The prevalence of this gay humour was not a little grateful to Vathek, who perceived how much it conduced to his project. He put on the appearance of affability to every one; but specially to his vizirs and the grandees of his court, whom he failed not to regale with a sumptuous banquet, during which he insensibly directed the conversation to the children of his guests. Having asked, with a good-natured air, which of them were blessed with the handsomest boys, every father at once asserted the pretensions of his own; and the contest imperceptibly grew so warm, that nothing could have withholden them from coming to blows but their profound reverence for the person of the caliph. Under the pretence, therefore, of reconciling the disputants, Vathek took upon him

to decide; and, with this view, commanded the boys to be brought.

It was not long before a troop of these poor children made their appearance, all equipped by their fond mothers with such ornaments as might give the greatest relief to their beauty or most advantageously display the graces of their age. But, whilst this brilliant assemblage attracted the eyes and hearts of every one besides, the caliph scrutinised each, in his turn, with a malignant avidity that passed for attention, and selected from their number the fifty whom he judged the Giaour would prefer.

With an equal show of kindness as before, he proposed to celebrate a festival on the plain, for the entertainment of his young favourites, who, he said, ought to rejoice still more than all at the restoration of his health, on account of the favours he intended for them.

The caliph's proposal was received with the greatest delight, and soon published through Samarah. Litters, camels, and horses were prepared. Women and children, old men and young, every one placed himself as he chose. The cavalcade set forward, attended by all the confectioners in the city and its precincts; the populace, following on foot, composed an amazing crowd, and occasioned no little noise. All

was joy; nor did any one call to mind what most of them had suffered, when they lately travelled the road they were now passing so gaily.

The evening was serene, the air refreshing, the sky clear, and the flowers exhaled their fragrance. The beams of the declining sun, whose mild splendour reposed on the summit of the mountain, shed a glow of ruddy light over its green declivity, and the white flocks sporting upon it. No sounds were heard, save the murmurs of the four fountains; and the reeds and voices of the shepherds, calling to each other from different eminences.

The lovely innocents, destined for the sacrifice, added not a little to the hilarity of the scene. They approached the plain full of sportiveness, some coursing butterflies, others culling flowers, or picking up the shining little pebbles that attracted their notice. At intervals they nimbly started from each other for the sake of being caught again, and mutually imparting a thousand caresses.

The dreadful chasm, at whose bottom the portal of ebony was placed, began to appear at a distance. It looked like a black streak that divided the plain. Morakanabad and his companions took it for some work which the

caliph had ordered. Unhappy men! little did they surmise for what it was destined. Vathek, unwilling that they should examine it too nearly, stopped the procession, and ordered a spacious circle to be formed on this side, at some distance from the accursed chasm. The body-guard of eunuchs was detached, to measure out the lists intended for the games, and prepare the rings for the arrows of the young archers. The fifty competitors were soon stripped, and presented to the admiration of the spectators the suppleness and grace of their delicate limbs. Their eyes sparkled with a joy, which those of their fond parents reflected. Every one offered wishes for the little candidate nearest his heart, and doubted not of his being victorious. A breathless suspense awaited the contests of these amiable and innocent victims.

The caliph, availing himself of the first moment to retire from the crowd, advanced towards the chasm; and there heard, yet not without shuddering, the voice of the Indian; who, gnashing his teeth, eagerly demanded: "Where are they? — Where are they? — perceivest thou not how my mouth waters?" "Relentless Giaour!" answered Vathek, with emotion; "can nothing content thee but the massacre of these lovely victims? Ah! wert

thou to behold their beauty, it must certainly move thy compassion." "Perdition on thy compassion, babbler!" cried the Indian: "give them me; instantly give them, or my portal shall be closed against thee for ever!" "Not so loudly," replied the caliph, blushing. "I understand thee," returned the Giaour, with the grin of an ogre; "thou wantest no presence of mind: I will, for a moment, forbear."

During this exquisite dialogue, the games went forward with all alacrity, and at length concluded, just as the twilight began to overcast the mountains. Vathek, who was still standing on the edge of the chasm, called out, with all his might: "Let my fifty little favourites approach me separately; and let them come in the order of their success. To the first, I will give my diamond bracelet; to the second, my collar of emeralds; to the third, my aigret of rubies; to the fourth, my girdle of topazes; and to the rest, each a part of my dress, even down to my slippers."

This declaration was received with reiterated acclamations; and all extolled the liberality of a prince who would thus strip himself for the amusement of his subjects and the encouragement of the rising generation. The caliph, in the meanwhile, undressed himself by degrees;

and, raising his arm as high as he was able, made each of the prizes glitter in the air; but, whilst he delivered it, with one hand, to the child, who sprang forward to receive it, he, with the other, pushed the poor innocent into the gulf; where the Giaour, with a sullen muttering, incessantly repeated, "More! more!"

This dreadful device was executed with so much dexterity, that the boy who was approaching him remained unconscious of the fate of his forerunner; and, as to the spectators, the shades of evening, together with their distance, precluded them from perceiving any object distinctly. Vathek, having in this manner thrown in the last of the fifty, and, expecting that the Giaour, on receiving him, would have presented the key, already fancied himself as great as Soliman, and, consequently, above being amenable for what he had done; when, to his utter amazement, the chasm closed, and the ground became as entire as the rest of the plain.

No language could express his rage and despair. He execrated the perfidy of the Indian; loaded him with the most infamous invectives; and stamped with his foot, as resolving to be heard. He persisted in this till his strength failed him and then fell on the

earth like one void of sense. His vizirs and grandees, who were nearer than the rest, supposed him, at first, to be sitting on the grass, at play with their amiable children; but, at length, prompted by doubt, they advanced towards the spot, and found the caliph alone, who wildly demanded what they wanted. "Our children! our children!" cried they. "It is, assuredly, pleasant," said he, "to make me accountable for accidents. Your children, while at play, fell from the precipice, and I should have experienced their fate, had I not suddenly started back."

At these words, the fathers of the fifty boys cried out aloud; the mothers repeated their exclamations an octave higher; whilst the rest, without knowing the cause, soon drowned the voices of both, with still louder lamentations of their own. "Our caliph," said they, and the report soon circulated—"our caliph has played us this trick to gratify his accursed Giaour. Let us punish him for perfidy! let us avenge ourselves! let us avenge the blood of the innocent! let us throw this cruel prince into the gulf that is near, and let his name be mentioned no more!"

At this rumour and these menaces, Carathis, full of consternation, hastened to Morakanabad,

and said: "Vizir, you have lost two beautiful boys, and must necessarily be the most afflicted of fathers; but you are virtuous, save your master." "I will brave every hazard," replied the vizir, "to rescue him from his present danger; but, afterwards, will abandon him to his fate. Bababalouk," continued he, "put yourself at the head of your eunuchs: disperse the mob, and, if possible, bring back this unhappy prince to his palace." Bababalouk and his fraternity, felicitating each other in a low voice on their having been spared the cares as well as the honour of paternity, obeyed the mandate of the vizir; who, seconding their exertions to the utmost of his power, at length accomplished his generous enterprise; and retired, as he resolved, to lament at his leisure.

No sooner had the caliph re-entered his palace than Carathis commanded the doors to be fastened; but perceiving the tumult to be still violent, and hearing the imprecations which resounded from all quarters, she said to her son: "Whether the populace be right or wrong, it behoves you to provide for your safety; let us retire to your own apartment, and, from thence, through the subterranean passage, known only to ourselves, into your tower: there, with the assistance of the mutes

who never leave it, we may be able to make a powerful resistance. Bababalouk, supposing us to be still in the palace, will guard its avenues for his own sake; and we shall soon find, without the counsels of that blubberer Morakanabad, what expedient may be the best to adopt."

Vathek, without making the least reply, acquiesced in his mother's proposal, and repeated as he went: "Nefarious Giaour! where art thou? hast thou not yet devoured those poor children? where are thy sabres; thy golden key? thy talismans?" Carathis, who guessed from these interrogations a part of the truth, had no difficulty to apprehend in getting at the whole as soon as he should be a little composed in his tower. This princess was so far from being influenced by scruples, that she was as wicked as woman could be, which is not saying a little; for the sex pique themselves on their superiority in every competition. The recital of the caliph, therefore, occasioned neither terror nor surprise to his mother: she felt no emotion but from the promises of the Giaour, and said to her son: "This Giaour, it must be confessed, is somewhat sanguinary in his taste; but the terrestrial powers are always terrible; nevertheless,

what the one hath promised, and the others can confer, will prove a sufficient indemnification. No crimes should be thought too dear for such a reward: forbear, then, to revile the Indian; you have not fulfilled the conditions to which his services are annexed; for instance, is not a sacrifice to the subterranean Genii required? and should we not be prepared to offer it as soon as the tumult is subsided? This charge I will take on myself, and have no doubt of succeeding, by means of your treasures, which, as there are now so many others in store, may without fear be exhausted." Accordingly, the princess, who possessed the most consummate skill in the art of persuasion, went immediately back through the subterranean passage; and, presenting herself to the populace from a window of the palace, began to harangue them with all the address of which she was mistress; whilst Bababalouk showered money from both hands amongst the crowd, who by these united means were soon appeased. Every person retired to his home, and Carathis returned to the tower.

Prayer at break of day was announced, when Carathis and Vathek ascended the steps which led to the summit of the tower, where

they remained for some time, though the weather was lowering and wet. This impending gloom corresponded with their malignant dispositions; but when the sun began to break through the clouds, they ordered a pavilion to be raised, as a screen against the intrusion of his beams. The caliph, overcome with fatigue, sought refreshment from repose, at the same time hoping that significant dreams might attend on his slumbers; whilst the indefatigable Carathis, followed by a party of her mutes, descended to prepare whatever she judged proper for the oblation of the approaching night.

By the secret stairs, contrived within the thickness of the wall, and known only to herself and her son, she first repaired to the mysterious recesses in which were deposited the mummies that had been wrested from the catacombs of the ancient Pharaohs. Of these she ordered several to be taken. From thence she resorted to a gallery, where, under the guard of fifty female negroes mute and blind of the right eye, were preserved the oil of the most venomous serpents, rhinoceros' horns, and woods of a subtile and penetrating odour, procured from the interior of the Indies, together with a thousand other horrible rarities.

This collection had been formed for a purpose like the present by Carathis herself, from a presentiment that she might, one day, enjoy some intercourse with the infernal powers, to whom she had ever been passionately attached, and to whose taste she was no stranger.

To familiarise herself the better with the horrors in view, the princess remained in the company of her negresses, who squinted in the most amiable manner from the only eye they had; and leered, with exquisite delight, at the skulls and skeletons which Carathis had drawn forth from her cabinets; all of them making the most frightful contortions, and uttering such shrill chatterings, that the princess, stunned by them and suffocated by the potency of the exhalations, was forced to quit the gallery, after stripping it of a part of its abominable treasures.

Whilst she was thus occupied, the caliph, who, instead of the visions he expected, had acquired in these unsubstantial regions a voracious appetite, was greatly provoked at the mutes. For having totally forgotten their deafness, he had impatiently asked them for food; and seeing them regardless of his demand, he began to cuff, pinch, and bite them, till Carathis arrived to terminate a scene so

indecent, to the great content of these miserable creatures. "Son! what means all this?" said she, panting for breath. "I thought I heard as I came up the shrieks of a thousand bats, torn from their crannies in the recesses of a cavern; and it was the outcry only of these poor mutes, whom you were so unmercifully abusing. In truth, you but ill deserve the admirable provision I have brought you." "Give it me instantly," exclaimed the caliph; "I am perishing for hunger!" "As to that," answered she, "you must have an excellent stomach if it can digest what I have brought." "Be quick," replied the caliph; "but, oh heavens! what horrors! what do you intend?" "Come, come," returned Carathis, "be not so squeamish; but help me to arrange everything properly; and you shall see that what you reject with such symptoms of disgust will soon complete your felicity. Let us get ready the pile for the sacrifice of to-night; and think not of eating till that is performed: know you not that all solemn rites ought to be preceded by a rigorous abstinence?"

The caliph, not daring to object, abandoned himself to grief and the wind that ravaged his entrails, whilst his mother went forward with the requisite operations. Phials of serpents'



oil, mummies, and bones were soon set in order on the balustrade of the tower. The pile began to rise; and in three hours was twenty cubits high. At length darkness approached; and Carathis, having stripped herself to her inmost garment, clapped her hands in an impulse of ecstasy; the mutes followed her example; but Vathek, extenuated with hunger and impatience, was unable to support himself, and fell down in a swoon. The sparks had already kindled the dry wood; the venomous oil burst into a thousand blue flames; the mummies, dissolving, emitted a thick dun vapour; and the rhinoceros' horns, beginning to consume, all together diffused such a stench, that the caliph, recovering, started from his trance, and gazed wildly on the scene in full blaze around him. The oil gushed forth in a plenitude of streams; and the negresses, who supplied it without intermission, united their cries to those of the princess. At last the fire became so violent, and the flames reflected from the polished marble so dazzling, that the caliph, unable to withstand the heat and the blaze, effected his escape, and took shelter under the imperial standard.

In the meantime, the inhabitants of Samarah,

scared at the light which shone over the city, arose in haste, ascended their roofs, beheld the tower on fire, and hurried, half naked, to the square. Their love for their sovereign immediately awoke; and, apprehending him in danger of perishing in his tower, their whole thoughts were occupied with the means of his safety. Morakanabad flew from his retirement, wiped away his tears, and cried out for water like the rest. Bababalouk, whose olfactory nerves were more familiarised to magical odours, readily conjecturing that Carathis was engaged in her favourite amusements, strenuously exhorted them not to be alarmed. Him, however, they treated as an old poltroon, and styled him a rascally traitor. The camels and dromedaries were advancing with water; but no one knew by which way to enter the tower. Whilst the populace was obstinate in forcing the doors, a violent north-east wind drove an immense volume of flame against them. At first they recoiled, but soon came back with redoubled zeal. At the same time, the stench of the horns and mummies increasing, most of the crowd fell backward in a state of suffocation. Those that kept their feet mutually wondered at the cause of the smell, and admonished each other to retire.

Morakanabad, more sick than the rest, remained in a piteous condition. Holding his nose with one hand, every one persisted in his efforts with the other to burst open the doors and to obtain admission. A hundred and forty of the strongest and most resolute at length accomplished their purpose. Having gained the staircase, by their violent exertions they attained a great height in a quarter of an hour.

Carathis, alarmed at the signs of her mutes, advanced to the staircase, went down a few steps, and heard several voices calling out from below, "You shall in a moment have water!" Being rather alert, considering her age, she presently regained the top of the tower, and bade her son suspend the sacrifice for some minutes; adding, "We shall soon be enabled to render it more grateful. Certain dolts of your subjects, imagining, no doubt, that we were on fire, have been rash enough to break through those doors which had hitherto remained inviolate, for the sake of bringing up water. They are very kind, you must allow, so soon to forget the wrongs you have done them; but that is of little moment. Let us offer them to the Giaour—let them come up; our mutes, who neither want strength

nor experience, will soon despatch them, exhausted as they are with fatigue." "Be it so," answered the caliph, "provided we finish, and I dine." In fact, these good people, out of breath from ascending fifteen hundred stairs in such haste, and chagrined at having spilt by the way the water they had taken, were no sooner arrived at the top, than the blaze of the flames and the fumes of the mummies at once overpowered their senses. It was a pity! for they beheld not the agreeable smile with which the mutes and negresses adjusted the cord to their necks: these amiable personages rejoiced, however, no less at the scene. Never before had the ceremony of strangling been performed with so much facility. They all fell, without the least resistance or struggle: so that Vathek, in the space of a few moments, found himself surrounded by the dead bodies of the most faithful of his subjects; all of which were thrown on the top of the pile. Carathis, whose presence of mind never forsook her, perceiving that she had carcases sufficient to complete her oblation, commanded the chains to be stretched across the staircase, and the iron doors barricaded, that no one might come up.

No sooner were these orders obeyed, than

the tower shook; the dead bodies vanished in the flames; which, at once, changed from a swarthy crimson to a bright rose colour; an ambient vapour emitted the most exquisite fragrance; the marble columns rang with harmonious sounds, and the liquefied horns diffused a delicious perfume. Carathis, in transports, anticipated the success of her enterprise; whilst her mutes and negresses, to whom these sweets had given the colic, retired grumbling to their cells.

Scarcely were they gone, when, instead of the pile, horns, mummies, and ashes, the caliph both saw and felt, with a degree of pleasure which he could not express, a table covered with the most magnificent repast: flagons of wine and vases of exquisite sherbet reposing on snow. He availed himself, without scruple, of such an entertainment; and had already laid hands on a lamb stuffed with pistachios, whilst Carathis was privately drawing from a filigree urn a parchment that seemed to be endless, and which had escaped the notice of her son. Totally occupied in gratifying an importunate appetite, he left her to peruse it without interruption; which having finished, she said to him in an authoritative tone: "Put an end to your gluttony, and hear the splendid

promises with which you are favoured!". She then read as follows:—"Vathek, my well-beloved, thou hast surpassed my hopes: my nostrils have been regaled by the savour of thy mummies, thy horns, and, still more, by the lives devoted on the pile. At the full of the moon, cause the bands of thy musicians, and thy tymbals, to be heard; depart from thy palace, surrounded by all the pageants of majesty, thy most faithful slaves, thy best-beloved wives, thy most magnificent litters, thy richest-loaden camels, and set forward on thy way to Istakhar. There I await thy coming: that is the region of wonders: there shalt thou receive the diadem of Gian Ben Gian, the talismans of Soliman, and the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans: there shalt thou be solaced with all kinds of delight. But beware how thou enterest any dwelling on thy route; or thou shalt feel the effects of my anger."

The caliph, notwithstanding his habitual luxury, had never before dined with so much satisfaction. He gave full scope to the joy of these golden tidings; and betook himself to drinking anew. Carathis, whose antipathy to wine was by no means insuperable, failed not to pledge him at every bumper he ironically

quaffed to the health of Mahomet. This infernal liquor completed their impious temerity, and prompted them to utter a profusion of blasphemies. They gave a loose to their wit, at the expense of the ass of Balaam, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, and the other animals admitted into the paradise of Mahomet. In this sprightly humour, they descended the fifteen hundred stairs, diverting themselves, as they went, at the anxious faces they saw on the square, through the barbacans and loopholes of the tower; and at length arrived at the royal apartments, by the subterranean passage. Bababalouk was parading to and fro, and issuing his mandates with great pomp to the eunuchs, who were snuffing the lights and painting the eyes of the Circassians. No sooner did he catch sight of the caliph and his mother, than he exclaimed: "Hah! you have then, I perceive, escaped from the flames; I was not, however, altogether out of doubt." "Of what moment is it to us what you thought or think?" cried Carathis: "go, speed, tell Morakanabad that we immediately want him; and take care not to stop by the way to make your insipid reflections."

Morakanabad delayed not to obey the summons, and was received by Vathek and

his mother with great solemnity. They told him, with an air of composure and commiseration, that the fire at the top of the tower was extinguished, but that it had cost the lives of the brave people who sought to assist them.

"Still more misfortunes!" cried Morakanabad, with a sigh. "Ah, commander of the faithful, our holy Prophet is certainly irritated against us! it behoves you to appease him." "We will appease him, hereafter," replied the caliph, with a smile that augured nothing of good. "You will have leisure sufficient for your supplications during my absence, for this country is the bane of my health. I am disgusted with the mountain of the four fountains, and am resolved to go and drink of the stream of Rocnabad. I long to refresh myself in the delightful valleys which it waters. Do you, with the advice of my mother, govern my dominions, and take care to supply whatever her experiments may demand; for you well know that our tower abounds in materials for the advancement of science."

The tower but ill suited Morakanabad's taste. Immense treasures had been lavished upon it; and nothing had he ever seen carried hither but female negroes, mutes, and abominable drugs. Nor did he know well what to

think of Carathis, who, like a chameleon, could assume all possible colours. Her cursed eloquence had often driven the poor Mussulman to his last shifts. He considered, however, that if she possessed but few good qualities, her son had still fewer; and that the alternative, on the whole, would be in her favour. Consoled, therefore, with this reflection, he went in good spirits to soothe the populace, and make the proper arrangements for his master's journey.

Vathek, to conciliate the spirits of the subterranean palace, resolved that his expedition should be uncommonly splendid. With this view he confiscated on all sides the property of his subjects; whilst his worthy mother stripped the seraglios she visited of the gems they contained. She collected all the sempstresses and embroiderers of Samarah and other cities, to the distance of sixty leagues, to prepare pavilions, palanquins, sofas, canopies, and litters for the train of the monarch. There was not left in Masulipatan a single piece of chintz; and so much muslin had been bought up to dress out Bababalouk and the other black eunuchs, that there remained not an ell of it in the whole Irak of Babylon.

During these preparations, Carathis, who

never lost sight of her great object, which was to obtain favour with the powers of darkness, made select parties of the fairest and most delicate ladies of the city; but in the midst of their gaiety she contrived to introduce vipers amongst them, and to break pots of scorpions under the table. They all bit to a wonder; and Carathis would have left her friends to die, were it not that, to fill up the time, she now and then amused herself in curing their wounds, with an excellent anodyne of her own invention; for this good princess abhorred being indolent.

Vathek, who was not altogether so active as his mother, devoted his time to the sole gratification of his senses, in the palaces which were severally dedicated to them. He disgusted himself no more with the divan or the mosque. One half of Samarah followed his example, whilst the other lamented the progress of corruption.

In the midst of these transactions, the embassy returned which had been sent, in pious times, to Mecca. It consisted of the most reverend moullahs who had fulfilled their commission, and brought back one of those precious besoms which are used to sweep the sacred Cahaba; a present truly worthy of the greatest potentate on earth!

The caliph happened at this instant to be engaged in an apartment by no means adapted to the reception of embassies. He heard the voice of Bababalouk calling out from between the door and the tapestry that hung before it: "Here are the excellent Edris al Shafei, and the seraphic Al Mouhateddin, who have brought the besom from Mecca, and, with tears of joy, entreat they may present it to your majesty in person." "Let them bring the besom hither, it may be of use," said Vathek. "How?" answered Bababalouk, half aloud and amazed. "Obey," replied the caliph, "for it is my sovereign will; go instantly, vanish; for here will I receive the good folk who have thus filled thee with joy."

The eunuch departed muttering, and bade the venerable train attend him. A sacred rapture was diffused amongst these reverend old men. Though fatigued with the length of their expedition, they followed Bababalouk with an alertness almost miraculous, and felt themselves highly flattered, as they swept along the stately porticos, that the caliph would not receive them like ambassadors in ordinary in his hall of audience. Soon reaching the interior of the harem (where, through blinds of Persian, they perceived large soft

eyes, dark and blue, that came and went like lightning), penetrated with respect and wonder, and full of their celestial mission, they advanced in procession towards the small corridors that appeared to terminate in nothing, but nevertheless led to the cell where the caliph expected their coming.

"What! is the commander of the faithful sick?" said Edris al Shafei, in a low voice to his companion. "I rather think he is in his oratory," answered Al Mouhateddin. Vathek, who heard the dialogue, cried out: "What imports it you how I am employed? approach without delay." They advanced, whilst the caliph, without showing himself, put forth his hand from behind the tapestry that hung before the door, and demanded of them the besom. Having prostrated themselves as well as the corridor would permit, and even in a tolerable semicircle, the venerable Al Shafei, drawing forth the besom from the embroidered and perfumed scarves in which it had been enveloped, and secured from the profane gaze of vulgar eyes, arose from his associates, and advanced, with an air of the most awful solemnity, towards the supposed oratory; but with what astonishment, with what horror was he seized! Vathek, bursting

out into a villainous laugh, snatched the besom from his trembling hand, and fixing upon some cobwebs that hung from the ceiling, gravely brushed them away till not a single one remained. The old men, overpowered with amazement, were unable to lift their beards from the ground; for, as Vathek had carelessly left the tapestry between them half drawn, they were witnesses of the whole transaction. Their tears bedewed the marble. Al Mouhateddin swooned through mortification and fatigue, whilst the caliph, throwing himself backward on his seat, shouted and clapped his hands without mercy. At last, addressing himself to Bababalouk, "My dear black," said he, "go, regale these pious poor souls with my good wine from Shiraz, since they can boast of having seen more of my palace than any one beside." Having said this, he threw the besom in their face, and went to enjoy the laugh with Carathis. Bababalouk did all in his power to console the ambassadors; but the two most infirm expired on the spot: the rest were carried to their beds, from whence, being heart-broken with sorrow and shame, they never arose.

The succeeding night, Vathek, attended by his mother, ascended the tower to see if every-

thing were ready for his journey; for he had great faith in the influence of the stars. The planets appeared in their most favourable aspects. The caliph, to enjoy so flattering a sight, supped gaily on the roof, and fancied that he heard, during his repast, loud shouts of laughter resound through the sky, in a manner that inspired the fullest assurance.

All was in motion at the palace; lights were kept burning through the whole of the night: the sound of implements, and of artisans finishing their work; the voices of women and their guardians, who sang at their embroidery;—all conspired to interrupt the stillness of nature, and infinitely delighted the heart of Vathek, who imagined himself going in triumph to sit upon the throne of Soliman. The people were not less satisfied than himself: all assisted to accelerate the moment which should rescue them from the wayward caprices of so extravagant a master.

The day preceding the departure of this infatuated prince was employed by Carathis in repeating to him the decrees of the mysterious parchment, which she had thoroughly gotten by heart, and in recommending him not to enter the habitation of any one by the way:

"For well thou knowest," added she, "how liquorish thy taste is after good dishes and young damsels: let me, therefore, enjoin thee to be content with thy old cooks, who are the best in the world; and not to forget that, in thy ambulatory seraglio, there are at least three dozen of pretty faces which Bababalouk has not yet unveiled. I myself have a great desire to watch over thy conduct, and visit the subterranean palace, which, no doubt, contains whatever can interest persons like us. There is nothing so pleasing as retiring to caverns: my taste for dead bodies, and everything like mummy, is decided; and, I am confident, thou wilt see the most exquisite of their kind. Forget me not then, but the moment thou art in possession of the talismans which are to open the way to the mineral kingdoms and the centre of the earth itself, fail not to despatch some trusty genius to take me and my cabinet; for the oil of the serpents I have pinched to death will be a pretty present to the Giaour, who cannot but be charmed with such dainties."

Scarcely had Carathis ended this edifying discourse, when the sun, setting behind the mountain of the four fountains, gave place to the rising moon. This planet, being that

evening at full, appeared of unusual beauty and magnitude in the eyes of the women, the eunuchs, and the pages, who were all impatient to set forward. The city re-echoed with shouts of joy and flourishing of trumpets. Nothing was visible but plumes nodding on pavilions, and aigrets shining in the mild lustre of the moon. The spacious square resembled an immense parterre variegated with the most stately tulips of the East.

Arrayed in the robes which were only worn at the most distinguished ceremonials, and supported by his vizir and Bababalouk, the caliph descended the great staircase of the tower in the sight of all his people. He could not forbear pausing, at intervals, to admire the superb appearance which everywhere courted his view; whilst the whole multitude, even to the camels with their sumptuous burdens, knelt down before him. For some time a general stillness prevailed, which nothing happened to disturb but the shrill screams of some eunuchs in the rear. These vigilant guards, having remarked certain cages of the ladies swagging somewhat awry, and discovered that a few adventurous gallants had contrived to get in, soon dislodged the enraptured culprits, and consigned

them, with good commendations, to the surgeons of the serail. The majesty of so magnificent a spectacle was not, however, violated by incidents like these. Vathek, meanwhile, saluted the moon with an idolatrous air, that neither pleased Mohakanabad nor the doctors of the law, any more than the vizirs and grandees of his court, who were all assembled to enjoy the last view of their sovereign.

At length, the clarions and trumpets from the top of the tower announced the prelude of departure. Though the instruments were in unison with each other, yet a singular dissonance was blended with their sounds. This proceeded from Carathis, who was singing her direful orisons to the Giaour, whilst the negresses and mutes supplied thorough-bass, without articulating a word. The good Mussulmans fancied that they heard the sullen hum of those nocturnal insects which presage evil, and importuned Vathek to beware how he ventured his sacred person.

On a given signal, the great standard of the Califat was displayed: twenty thousand lances shone around it; and the caliph, treading royally on the cloth of gold which had been spread for his feet, ascended his litter amidst the general acclamations of his subjects.

The expedition commenced with the utmost order, and so entire a silence, that even the locusts were heard from the thickets on the plain of Catoul. Gaiety and good humour prevailing, they made full six leagues before the dawn; and the morning star was still glittering in the firmament when the whole of this numerous train had halted on the banks of the Tigris, where they encamped to repose for the rest of the day.

The three days that followed were spent in the same manner; but on the fourth the heavens looked angry: lightnings broke forth in frequent flashes; re-echoing peals of thunder succeeded; and the trembling Circassians clung with all their might to their ugly guardians. The caliph himself was greatly inclined to take shelter in the large town of Ghulchissar, the governor of which came forth to meet him, and tendered every kind of refreshment the place could supply. But, having examined his tablets, he suffered the rain to soak him almost to the bone, notwithstanding the importunity of his first favourites. Though he began to regret the palace of the senses, yet he lost not sight of his enterprise, and his sanguine expectation confirmed his resolution. His geographers were ordered to attend him; but the

weather proved so terrible that these poor people exhibited a lamentable appearance: and their maps of the different countries, spoiled by the rain, were in a still worse plight than themselves. As no long journey had been undertaken since the time of Haroun al Raschid, every one was ignorant which way to turn; and Vathek, though well versed in the course of the heavens, no longer knew his situation on earth. He thundered even louder than the elements, and muttered forth certain hints of the bow-string, which were not very soothing to literary ears. Disgusted at the toilsome weariness of the way, he determined to cross over the craggy heights, and follow the guidance of a peasant, who undertook to bring him in four days to Rocnabad. Remonstrances were all to no purpose: his resolution was fixed.

The females and eunuchs uttered shrill wailings at the sight of the precipices below them, and the dreary prospects that opened in the vast gorges of the mountains. Before they could reach the ascent of the steepest rock, night overtook them, and a boisterous tempest arose, which, having rent the awnings of the palanquins and cages, exposed to the raw gusts the poor ladies within, who had never

before felt so piercing a cold. The dark clouds that overcast the face of the sky deepened the horrors of this disastrous night, insomuch that nothing could be heard distinctly but the mewling of pages and lamentations of sultanas.

To increase the general misfortune, the frightful uproar of wild beasts resounded at a distance; and there was soon perceived in the forest they were skirting the glaring of eyes, which could belong only to devils or tigers. The pioneers, who, as well as they could, had marked out a track, and a part of the advanced guard, were devoured before they had been in the least apprised of their danger. The confusion that prevailed was extreme. Wolves, tigers, and other carnivorous animals, invited by the howling of their companions, flocked together from every quarter. The crushing of bones was heard on all sides, and a fearful rush of wings overhead; for now vultures also began to be of the party.

The terror at length reached the main body of the troops, which surrounded the monarch and his harem at the distance of two leagues from the scene. Vathek (voluptuously reposed in his capacious litter upon cushions

of silk, with two little pages beside him of complexions more fair than the enamel of Franguistan, who were occupied in keeping off flies) was soundly asleep, and contemplating in his dreams the treasures of Soliman. The shrieks, however, of his wives awoke him with a start; and, instead of the Giaour with his key of gold, he beheld Bababalouk full of consternation. "Sire," exclaimed this good servant of the most potent of monarchs, "misfortune is arrived at its height; wild beasts, who entertain no more reverence for your sacred person than for a dead ass, have beset your camels and their drivers; thirty of the most richly laden are already become their prey, as well as your confectioners, your cooks and purveyors; and unless our holy Prophet should protect us, we shall have all eaten our last meal." At the mention of eating, the caliph lost all patience. He began to bellow, and even beat himself (for there was no seeing in the dark). The rumour every instant increased; and Bababalouk, finding no good could be done with his master, stopped both his ears against the hurlyburly of the harem, and called out aloud: "Come, ladies and brothers! all hands to work: strike light in a moment! never shall it be said that

the commander of the faithful served to regale these infidel brutes." Though there wanted not in this bevy of beauties a sufficient number of capricious and wayward, yet, on the present occasion, they were all compliance. Fires were visible, in a twinkling, in all their cages. Ten thousand torches were lighted at once. The caliph himself seized a large one of wax: every person following his example; and by kindling ropes' ends, dipped in oil, and fastened on poles, an amazing blaze was spread. The rocks were covered with the splendour of sunshine. The trails of sparks, wafted by the wind, communicated to the dry fern, of which there was plenty. Serpents were observed to crawl forth from their retreats with amazement and hissings; whilst the horses snorted, stamped the ground, tossed their noses in the air, and plunged about without mercy.

One of the forests of cedar that bordered their way took fire; and the branches that overhung the path, extending their flames to the muslins and chintzes which covered the cages of the ladies, obliged them to jump out, at the peril of their necks. Vathek, who vented on the occasion a thousand blasphemies, was himself compelled to touch with his sacred feet the naked earth.

Never had such an incident happened before. Full of mortification, shame, and despondence, and not knowing how to walk, the ladies fell into the dirt. "Must I go on foot?" said one. "Must I wet my feet?" cried another. "Must I soil my dress?" asked a third. "Execrable Bababalouk!" exclaimed all. "Outcast of hell! what hast thou to do with torches? Better were it to be eaten by tigers than to fall into our present condition! we are for ever undone! Not a porter is there in the army, nor a currier of camels, but hath seen some part of our bodies; and, what is worse, our very faces!" On saying this the most bashful amongst them hid their foreheads on the ground, whilst such as had more boldness flew at Bababalouk; but he, well apprised of their humour, and not wanting in shrewdness, betook himself to his heels along with his comrades, all dropping their torches and striking their tymbals.

It was not less light than in the brightest of the dog-days, and the weather was hot in proportion; but how degrading was the spectacle, to behold the caliph bespattered, like an ordinary mortal! As the exercise of his faculties seemed to be suspended, one of his Ethiopian wives (for he delighted in variety) clasped him

in her arms, threw him upon her shoulder like a sack of dates, and, finding that the fire was hemming them in, set off with no small expedition, considering the weight of her burden. The other ladies, who had just learned the use of their feet, followed her: their guards galloped after; and the camel-drivers brought up the rear, as fast as their charge would permit.

They soon reached the spot where the wild beasts had commenced the carnage, but which they had too much good sense not to leave at the approaching of the tumult, having made besides a most luxurious supper. Bababalouk, nevertheless, seized on a few of the plumpest, which were unable to budge from the place, and began to flay them with admirable adroitness. The cavalcade having proceeded so far from the conflagration that the heat felt rather grateful than violent, it was immediately resolved on to halt. The tattered chintzes were picked up, the scraps left by the wolves and tigers interred, and vengeance was taken on some dozens of vultures that were too much glutted to rise on the wing. The camels, which had been left unmolested to make sal ammoniac, being numbered, and the ladies once more enclosed in their cages, the imperial

tent was pitched on the levellest ground they could find.

Vathek, reposing upon a mattress of down, and tolerably recovered from the jolting of the Ethiopian, who, to his feelings, seemed the roughest trotting jade he had hitherto mounted, called out for something to eat. But, alas! those delicate cakes which had been baked in silver ovens for his royal mouth, those rich manchets, amber comfits, flagons of Shiraz wine, porcelain vases of snow, and grapes from the banks of the Tigris, were all irremediably lost! And nothing had Bababalouk to present in their stead but a roasted wolf, vultures *à la daube*, aromatic herbs of the most acrid poignancy, rotten truffles, boiled thistles, and such other wild plants as must ulcerate the throat and parch up the tongue. Nor was he better provided in the article of drink; for he could procure nothing to accompany these irritating viands but a few phials of abominable brandy which had been secreted by the scullions in their slippers. Vathek made wry faces at so savage a repast; and Bababalouk answered them with shrugs and contortions. The caliph, however, ate with tolerable appetite, and fell into a nap that lasted six hours.

The splendour of the sun, reflected from the

white cliff of the mountains, in spite of the curtains that enclosed Vathek, at length disturbed his repose. He awoke terrified, and stung to the quick by wormwood-coloured flies, which emitted from their wings a suffocating stench. The miserable mònarch was perplexed how to act, though his wits were not idle in seeking expedients; whilst Bababalouk lay snoring amidst a swarm of those insects that busily thronged to pay court to his nose. The little pages, famished with hunger, had dropped their fans on the ground, and exerted their dying voices in bitter reproaches on the caliph, who now, for the first time, heard the language of truth.

Thus stimulated, he renewed his imprecations against the Giaour, and bestowed upon Mahomet some soothing expressions. "Where am I?" cried he: "what are these dreadful rocks—these valleys of darkness? Are we arrived at the horrible Kaf? Is the Simurgh coming to pluck out my eyes, as a punishment for undertaking this impious enterprise?" Having said this, he turned himself towards an outlet in the side of his pavilion; but, alas! what objects occurred to his view? On one side, a plain of black sand, that appeared to be unbounded; and, on the other, perpén-

dicular crags, bristled over with those abominable thistles which had so severely lacerated his tongue. He fancied, however, that he perceived amongst the brambles and briars some gigantic flowers, but was mistaken; for these were only the dangling palampores and variegated tatters of his gay retinue. As there were several clefts in the rock from whence water seemed to have flowed, Vathek applied his ear with the hope of catching the sound of some latent torrent; but could only distinguish the low murmurs of his people who were repining at their journey, and complaining for the want of water. "To what purpose," asked they, "have we been brought hither? hath our caliph another tower to build? or have the relentless afrits, whom Carathis so much loves, fixed their abode in this place."

At the name of Carathis, Vathek recollected the tablets he had received from his mother, who assured him they were fraught with preternatural qualities, and advised him to consult them as emergencies might require. Whilst he was engaged in turning them over, he heard a shout of joy and a loud clapping of hands. The curtains of his pavilion were soon drawn back, and he beheld Bababalouk,

followed by a troop of his favourites, conducting two dwarfs, each a cubit high, who brought between them a large basket of melons, oranges, and pomegranates. They were singing in the sweetest tones the words that follow: "We dwell on the top of these rocks, in a cabin of rushes and canes; the eagles envy us our nest: a small spring supplies us with water for the Abdest, and we daily repeat prayers, which the Prophet approves. We love you, O commander of the faithful! Our master, the good Emir Fakreddin, loves you also: he reveres, in your person, the vicegerent of Mahomet. Little as we are, in us he confides: he knows our hearts to be as good as our bodies are contemptible; and hath placed us here to aid those who are bewildered on these dreary mountains. Last night, whilst we were occupied within our cell in reading the holy Koran, a sudden hurricane blew out our lights, and rocked our habitation. For two whole hours a palpable darkness prevailed; but we heard sounds at a distance, which we conjectured to proceed from the bells of a cafila passing over the rocks. Our ears were soon filled with deplorable shrieks, frightful roarings, and the sound of tymbals. Chilled with

terror, we concluded that the Deggial, with his exterminating angels, had sent forth his plagues on the earth. In the midst of these melancholy reflections, we perceived flames of the deepest red glow in the horizon, and found ourselves, in a few moments, covered with flakes of fire. Amazed at so strange an appearance, we took up the volume dictated by the blessed Intelligence, and, kneeling by the light of the fire that surrounded us, we recited the verse which says, 'Put no trust in anything but the mercy of Heaven: there is no help save in the holy Prophet. The mountain of Kaf itself may tremble; it is the power of Alla only that cannot be moved.' After having pronounced these words, we felt consolation, and our minds were hushed into a sacred repose. Silence ensued, and our ears clearly distinguished a voice in the air, saying, 'Servants of my faithful servant, go down to the happy valley of Fakreddin; tell him that an illustrious opportunity now offers to satiate the thirst of his hospitable heart. The commander of true believers is this day bewildered amongst these mountains, and stands in need of thy aid.' We obeyed with joy the angelic mission; and our master, filled with pious zeal, hath culled with his

own hands these melons, oranges, and pomegranates. He is following us, with a hundred dromedaries, laden with the purest waters of his fountains; and is coming to kiss the fringe of your consecrated robe, and implore you to enter his humble habitation, which, placed amidst these barren wilds, resembles an emerald set in lead." The dwarfs, having ended their address, remained still standing, and, with hands crossed upon their bosoms, preserved respectful silence.

Vathek, in the midst of this curious harangue, seized the basket; and, long before it was finished, the fruits had dissolved in his mouth. As he continued to eat, his piety increased; and, in the same breath, he recited his prayers and called for the Koran and sugar.

Such was the state of his mind when the tablets, which were thrown by at the approach of the dwarfs, again attracted his eye. He took them up, but was ready to drop on the ground when he beheld, in large red characters, inscribed by Carathis, these words—which were, indeed, enough to make him tremble: "Beware of old doctors and their puny messengers of but one cubit high: distrust their pious frauds; and, instead of eating their melons, empale on a spit the bearers

of them. Shouldest thou be such a fool as to visit them, the portal of the subterranean palace will shut in thy face with such force as shall shake thee asunder: thy body shall be spit upon, and bats will nestle in thy belly."

"To what tends this ominous rhapsody?" cried the caliph; "and must I, then, perish in these deserts with thirst, whilst I may refresh myself in the delicious valley of melons and cucumbers? Accursed be the Giaour with his portal of ebony! he hath made me dance attendance too long already. Besides, who shall prescribe laws to me? I, forsooth, must not enter any one's habitation? Be it so; but what one can I enter that is not my own?" Bababalouk, who lost not a syllable of this soliloquy, applauded it with all his heart; and the ladies, for the first time, agreed with him in opinion.

The dwarfs were entertained, caressed, and seated with great ceremony on little cushions of satin. The symmetry of their persons was the subject of admiration; not an inch of them was suffered to pass unexamined. Knick-knacks and dainties were offered in profusion, but all were declined with respectful gravity. They climbed up the sides of the caliph's seat,

and, placing themselves each on one of his shoulders, began to whisper prayers in his ears. Their tongues quivered like aspen leaves; and the patience of Vathek was almost exhausted, when the acclamations of the troops announced the approach of Fakreddin, who was come with a hundred old greybeards, and as many Korans and dromedaries. They instantly set about their ablutions, and began to repeat the Bismillah. Vathek, to get rid of these officious monitors, followed their example, for his hands were burning.

The good emir, who was punctiliously religious, and likewise a great dealer in compliments, made an harangue five times more prolix and insipid than his little harbingers had already delivered. The caliph, unable any longer to refrain, exclaimed: "For the love of Mahomet, my dear Fakreddin, have done! let us proceed to your valley, and enjoy the fruits that Heaven hath vouchsafed you." The hint of proceeding put all into motion. The venerable attendants of the emir set forward somewhat slowly, but Vathek having ordered his little pages in private to goad on the dromedaries, loud fits of laughter broke forth from the cages; for the unwieldy curvetting of these poor beasts, and the ridiculous

distress of their superannuated riders, afforded the ladies no small entertainment.

They descended, however, unhurt into the valley by the easy slopes which the emir had ordered to be cut in the rock; and already the murmuring of streams and the rustling of leaves began to catch their attention. The cavalcade soon entered a path, which was skirted by flowering shrubs, and extended to a vast wood of palm-trees, whose branches overspread a vast building of freestone. This edifice was crowned with nine domes, and adorned with as many portals of bronze, on which was engraven the following inscription: "This is the asylum of pilgrims, the refuge of travellers, and the depository of secrets from all parts of the world."

Nine pages, beautiful as the day, and decently clothed in robes of Egyptian linen, were standing at each door. They received the whole retinue with an easy and inviting air. Four of the most amiable placed the caliph on a magnificent tecthtrevan; four others, somewhat less graceful, took charge of Bababalouk, who capered for joy at the snug little cabin that fell to his share: the pages that remained waited on the rest of the train.

Every man being gone out of sight, the gate

of a large enclosure on the right turned on its harmonious hinges, and a young female of a slender form came forth. Her light brown hair floated in the hazy breeze of the twilight. A troop of young maidens, like the Pleiades, attended her on tiptoe. They hastened to the pavilions that contained the sultanas; and the young lady, gracefully bending, said to them: "Charming princesses! everything is ready; we have prepared beds for your repose, and strewed your apartments with jasmine. No insects will keep off slumber from visiting your eyelids; we will dispel them with a thousand plumes. Come then, amiable ladies! refresh your delicate feet and your ivory limbs in baths of rose-water; and, by the light of perfumed lamps, your servants will amuse you with tales." The sultanas accepted with pleasure these obliging offers, and followed the young lady to the emir's harem; where we must, for a moment, leave them, and return to the caliph.

Vathek found himself beneath a vast dome, illuminated by a thousand lamps of rock crystal: as many vases of the same material, filled with excellent sherbet, sparkled on a large table, where a profusion of viands were spread. Amongst others were rice boiled in

milk of almonds, saffron soups, and lamb *à la crême;* of all which the caliph was amazingly fond. He took of each as much as he was able, testified his sense of the emir's friendship by the gaiety of his heart, and made the dwarfs dance against their will—for these little devotees durst not refuse the commander of the faithful. At last he spread himself on the sofa, and slept sounder than he ever had before.

Beneath this dome a general silence prevailed; for there was nothing to disturb it but the jaws of Bababalouk, who had untrussed himself to eat with greater advantage, being anxious to make amends for his fast in the mountains. As his spirits were too high to admit of his sleeping, and hating to be idle, he proposed with himself to visit the harem, and repair to his charge of the ladies: to examine if they had been properly lubricated with the balm of Mecca; if their eyebrows and tresses were in order; and, in a word, to perform all the little offices they might need. He sought for a long time together, but without being able to find out the door. He durst not speak aloud, for fear of disturbing the caliph; and not a soul was stirring in the precincts of the palace. He almost despaired of effecting his purpose, when a low whispering just reached

his ear. It came from the dwarfs who were returned to their old occupation, and for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time in their lives were reading over the Koran. They very politely invited Bababalouk to be of their party; but his head was full of other concerns. The dwarfs, though not a little scandalised at his dissolute morals, directed him to the apartments he wanted to find. His way thither lay through a hundred dark corridors, along which he groped as he went, and at last began to catch from the extremity of a passage the charming gossiping of the women, which not a little delighted his heart. "Ah, ha! what, not yet asleep?" cried he; and, taking long strides as he spoke, "did you not suspect me of abjuring my charge?" Two of the black eunuchs, on hearing a voice so loud, left their party in haste, sabre in hand, to discover the cause; but presently was repeated on all sides: "'Tis only Bababalouk! no one but Bababalouk!" This circumspect guardian, having gone up to a thin veil of carnation-colour silk that hung before the doorway, distinguished, by means of the softened splendour that shone through it, an oval bath of dark porphyry, surrounded by curtains festooned in large folds. Through the aper-

tures between them, as they were not drawn close, groups of young slaves were visible; amongst whom Bababalouk perceived his pupils indulgingly expanding their arms, as if to embrace the perfumed water and refresh themselves after their fatigues. The looks of tender languor, their confidential whispers, and the enchanting smiles with which they were imparted, the exquisite fragrance of the roses—all combined to inspire a voluptuousness which even Bababalouk himself was scarce able to withstand.

He summoned up, however, his usual solemnity; and, in a peremptory tone of authority, commanded the ladies instantly to leave the bath. Whilst he was issuing these mandates, the young Nouronihar, daughter of the emir, who was as sprightly as an antelope, and full of wanton gaiety, beckoned one of her slaves to let down the great swing which was suspended to the ceiling by cords of silk; and whilst this was being done, she winked to her companions in the bath, who, chagrined to be forced from so soothing a state of indolence, began to twist and entangle their hair to plague and detain Bababalouk, and teased him, besides, with a thousand vagaries.

Nouronihar, perceiving that he was nearly

out of patience, accosted him with an arch air of respectful concern, and said: "My lord! it is not by any means decent that the chief eunuch of the caliph, our sovereign, should thus continue standing; deign but to recline your graceful person upon this sofa, which will burst with vexation if it have not the honour to receive you." Caught by these flattering accents, Bababalouk gallantly replied: "Delight of the apple of my eye! I accept the invitation of your honied lips; and, to say the truth, my senses are dazzled with the radiance that beams from your charms." "Repose, then, at your ease," replied the beauty, as she placed him on the pretended sofa, which, quicker than lightning, flew up all at once. The rest of the women, having aptly conceived her design, sprang naked from the bath, and plied the swing with such unmerciful jerks that it swept through the whole compass of a very lofty dome, and took from the poor victim all power of respiration. Sometimes his feet rased the surface of the water; and, at others, the skylight almost flattened his nose. In vain did he fill the air with the cries of a voice that resembled the ringing of a cracked jar; their peals of laughter were still predominant.

Nouronihar, in the inebriety of youthful spirits, being used only to eunuchs of ordinary harems, and having never seen anything so eminently disgusting, was far more diverted than all of the rest. She began to parody some Persian verses, and sang, with an accent most demurely piquant, "Oh, gentle white dove! as thou soar'st through the air, vouchsafe one kind glance on the mate of thy love: melodious Philomel, I am thy rose; warble some couplet to ravish my heart!"

The sultanas and their slaves, stimulated by these pleasantries, persevered at the swing with such unremitted assiduity that at length the cord which had secured it snapped suddenly asunder, and Bababalouk fell, floundering like a turtle, to the bottom of the bath. This accident occasioned a universal shout. Twelve little doors, till now unobserved, flew open at once, and the ladies in an instant made their escape; but not before having heaped all the towels on his head, and put out the lights that remained.

The deplorable animal, in water to the chin, overwhelmed with darkness, and unable to extricate himself from the wrappers that embarrassed him, was still doomed to hear, for his further consolation, the fresh bursts of merri-

ment his disaster occasioned. He bustled, but in vain, to get from the bath; for the margin was become so slippery with the oil spilt in breaking the lamps that, at every effort, he slid back with a plunge which resounded aloud through the hollow of the dome. These cursed peals of laughter were redoubled at every relapse, and he, who thought the place infested rather by devils than women, resolved to cease groping, and abide in the bath; where he amused himself with soliloquies, interspersed with imprecations, of which his malicious neighbours, reclining on down, suffered not an accent to escape. In this delectable plight the morning surprised him. The caliph, wondering at his absence, had caused him to be sought for everywhere. At last, he was drawn forth almost smothered from under the wisp of linen, and wet even to the marrow. Limping, and his teeth chattering with cold, he approached his master; who inquired what was the matter, and how he came soused in so strange a pickle. "And why did you enter this cursed lodge?" answered Bababalouk gruffly. "Ought a monarch like you to visit with his harem the abode of a grey-bearded emir, who knows nothing of life? And with what gracious damsels doth the place too abound! Fancy to

yourself how they have soaked me like a burnt crust; and made me dance like a jack-pudding the livelong night through, on their damnable swing. What an excellent lesson for your sultanas, into whom I have instilled such reserve and decorum!" Vathek, comprehending not a syllable of all this invective, obliged him to relate minutely the transaction: but instead of sympathising with the miserable sufferer, he laughed immoderately at the device of the swing and the figure of Bababalouk mounted upon it. The stung eunuch could scarcely preserve the semblance of respect. "Ay, laugh, my lord! laugh," said he; "but I wish this Nouronihar would play some trick on you; she is too wicked to spare even majesty itself." These words made for the present but a slight impression on the caliph, but they not long after recurred to his mind.

This conversation was cut short by Fakreddin, who came to request that Vathek would join in the prayers and ablutions, to be solemnised on a spacious meadow watered by innumerable streams. The caliph found the waters refreshing, but the prayers abominably irksome. He diverted himself, however, with the multitude of calenders, santons, and dervishes who were continually coming and

going; but especially with the Bramins, faquirs, and other enthusiasts, who had travelled from the heart of India, and halted on their way with the emir. These latter had each of them some mummery peculiar to himself. One dragged a huge chain wherever he went; another an orang-outang; whilst a third was furnished with scourges; and all performed to a charm. Some would climb up trees, holding one foot in the air; others poise themselves over a fire, and without mercy fillip their noses. There were some amongst them that cherished vermin, which were not ungrateful in requiting their caresses. These rambling fanatics revolted the hearts of the dervishes, the calenders, and santons; however, the vehemence of their aversion soon subsided, under the hope that the presence of the caliph would cure their folly, and convert them to the Mussulman faith. But, alas! how great was their disappointment; for Vathek, instead of preaching to them, treated them as buffoons, bade them present his compliments to Visnow and Ixhora, and discovered a predilection for a squat old man from the Isle of Serendib, who was more ridiculous than any of the rest. "Come!" said he, "for the love of your gods, bestow a few slaps on your chops to amuse

me." The old fellow, offended at such an address, began loudly to weep; but, as he betrayed a villainous drivelling in shedding tears, the caliph turned his back and listened to Bababalouk, who whispered, whilst he held the umbrella over him: "Your majesty should be cautious of this odd assembly, which hath been collected I know not for what. Is it necessary to exhibit such spectacles to a mighty potentate, with interludes of talapoins more mangy than dogs? Were I you, I would command a fire to be kindled, and at once rid the estates of the emir, of his harem, and all his menagerie." "Tush, dolt!" answered Vathek; "and know that all this infinitely charms me. Nor shall I leave the meadow till I have visited every hive of these pious mendicants."

Wherever the caliph directed his course objects of pity were sure to swarm round him; the blind, the purblind, smarts without noses, damsels without ears, each to extol the munificence of Fakreddin, who, as well as his attendant grey-beards, dealt about, gratis, plasters and cataplasms to all that applied. At noon, a superb corps of cripples made its appearance; and soon after advanced, by platoons, on the plain, the completest associa-

tion of invalids that had ever been embodied till then. The blind went groping with the blind, the lame limped on together, and the maimed made gestures to each other with the only arm that remained. The sides of a considerable waterfall were crowded by the deaf; amongst whom were some from Pegû, with ears uncommonly handsome and large, but who were still less able to hear than the rest. Nor were there wanting others in abundance with hump-backs, wenny necks, and even horns of an exquisite polish.

The emir, to aggrandise the solemnity of the festival, in honour of his illustrious visitant, ordered the turf to be spread on all sides with skins and table-cloths, upon which were served up for the good Mussulmans pilaus of every hue, with other orthodox dishes; and, by the express order of Vathek, who was shamefully tolerant, small plates of abominations were prepared, to the great scandal of the faithful. The holy assembly began to fall to. The caliph, in spite of every remonstrance from the chief of his eunuchs, resolved to have a dinner dressed on the spot. The complaisant emir immediately gave orders for a table to be placed in the shade of the willows. The first service consisted of fish, which they drew

from a river flowing over sands of gold at the foot of a lofty hill. These were broiled as fast as taken, and served up with a sauce of vinegar, and small herbs that grew on Mount Sinai; for everything with the emir was excellent and pious.

The dessert was not quite set on, when the sound of lutes from the hill was repeated by the echoes of the neighbouring mountains. The caliph, with an emotion of pleasure and surprise, had no sooner raised up his head, than a handful of jasmine dropped on his face. An abundance of tittering succeeded the frolic, and instantly appeared, through the bushes, the elegant forms of several young females, skipping and bounding like roes. The fragrance diffused from their hair struck the sense of Vathek, who, in an ecstasy, suspending his repast, said to Bababalouk, "Are the Peris come down from their spheres? Note her, in particular, whose form is so perfect, venturously running on the brink of the precipice, and turning back her head, as regardless of nothing but the graceful flow of her robe. With what captivating impatience doth she contend with the bushes for her veil? Could it be her who threw the jasmine at me?" "Ay! she it was; and you, too, would she throw from the

top of the rock," answered Bababalouk. "For that is my good friend Nouronihar, who so kindly lent me her swing. My dear lord and master," added he, wresting a twig from a willow, "let me correct her for her want of respect. The emir will have no reason to complain; since (bating what I owe to his piety) he is much to be blamed for keeping a troop of girls on the mountains, where the sharpness of the air gives their blood too brisk a circulation."

"Peace! blasphemer," said the caliph; "speak not thus of her who, over these mountains, leads my heart a willing captive. Contrive rather that my eyes may be fixed upon hers; that I may respire her sweet breath as she bounds panting along these delightful wilds!" On saying these words, Vathek extended his arms towards the hill; and, directing his eyes with an anxiety unknown to him before, endeavoured to keep within view the object that enthralled his soul. But her course was as difficult to follow as the flight of one of those beautiful blue butterflies of Cachemire, which are at once so volatile and rare.

The caliph, not satisfied with seeing, wished also to hear Nouronihar, and eagerly turned

to catch the sound of her voice. At last he distinguished her whispering to one of her companions behind the thicket from whence she had thrown the jasmine. "A caliph, it must be owned, is a fine thing to see; but my little Gulchenrouz is much more amiable. One lock of his hair is of more value to me than the richest embroidery of the Indies. I had rather that his teeth should mischievously press my finger than the richest ring of the imperial treasure. Where have you left him, Sutlememe? and why is he not here?"

The agitated caliph still wished to hear more; but she immediately retired, with all her attendants. The fond monarch pursued her with his eyes till she was gone out of sight; and then continued, like a bewildered and benighted traveller, from whom the clouds had obscured the constellation that guided his way. The curtain of night seemed dropped before him: everything appeared discoloured. The falling waters filled his soul with dejection, and his tears trickled down the jasmines he had caught from Nouronihar and placed in his inflamed bosom. He snatched up a few shining pebbles, to remind him of the scene where he felt the first tumults of love. Two hours were elapsed, and evening drew on,

before he could resolve to depart from the place. He often, but in vain, attempted to go: a soft languor enervated the powers of his mind. Extending himself on the brink of the stream, he turned his eyes towards the blue summits of the mountain, and exclaimed, "What concealest thou behind thee, pitiless rock? what is passing in thy solitudes? Whither is she gone? O Heaven! perhaps she is now wandering in thy grottoes with her happy Gulchenrouz!"

In the meantime, the damps began to descend; and the emir, solicitous for the health of the caliph, ordered the imperial litter to be brought. Vathek, absorbed in his reveries, was imperceptibly removed and conveyed back to the saloon that received him the evening before. But let us leave the caliph immersed in his new passion, and attend Nouronihar beyond the rocks where she had again joined her beloved Gulchenrouz.

This Gulchenrouz was the son of Ali Hassan, brother to the emir, and the most delicate and lovely creature in the world. Ali Hassan, who had been absent ten years on a voyage to the unknown seas, committed, at his departure, this child, the only survivor of many, to the care and protection of his

brother. Gulchenrouz could write in various characters with precision, and paint upon vellum the most elegant arabesques that fancy could devise. His sweet voice accompanied the lute in the most enchanting manner; and when he sang the loves of Megnoun and Leilah, or some unfortunate lovers of ancient days, tears insensibly overflowed the cheeks of his auditors. The verses he composed (for, like Megnoun, he, too, was a poet) inspired that unresisting languor so frequently fatal to the female heart. The women all doted upon him, and though he had passed his thirteenth year, they still detained him in the harem. His dancing was light as the gossamer waved by the zephyrs of spring; but his arms, which twined so gracefully with those of the young girls in the dance, could neither dart the lance in the chase, nor curb the steeds that pastured in his uncle's domains. The bow, however, he drew with a certain aim, and would have excelled his competitors in the race could he have broken the ties that bound him to Nouronihar.

The two brothers had mutually engaged their children to each other, and Nouronihar loved her cousin more than her own beautiful eyes. Both had the same tastes and amuse-

ments; the same long, languishing looks, the same tresses, the same fair complexions; and when Gulchenrouz appeared in the dress of his cousin, he seemed to be more feminine than even herself. If at any time he left the harem to visit Fakreddin, it was with all the bashfulness of a fawn that consciously ventures from the lair of its dam; he was, however, wanton enough to mock the solemn old grey-beards, though sure to be rated without mercy in return. Whenever this happened, he would hastily plunge into the recesses of the harem, and, sobbing, take refuge in the fond arms of Nouronihar, who loved even his faults beyond the virtues of others.

It fell out this evening that, after leaving the caliph in the meadow, she ran with Gulchenrouz over the green sward of the mountain that sheltered the vale where Fakreddin had chosen to reside. The sun was dilated on the edge of the horizon, and the young people, whose fancies were lively and inventive, imagined they beheld in the gorgeous clouds of the west the domes of Shaddukian and Amberabad, where the Peris have fixed their abode. Nouronihar, sitting on the slope of the hill, supported on her knees the perfumed head of Gulchenrouz. The unexpected arrival



of the caliph, and the splendour that marked his appearance, had already filled with emotion the ardent soul of Nouronihar. Her vanity irresistibly prompted her to pique the prince's attention, and this she before took good care to effect, whilst he picked up the jasmine she had thrown upon him. But when Gulchenrouz asked after the flowers he had culled for her bosom, Nouronihar was all in confusion. She hastily kissed his forehead, arose in a flutter, and walked with unequal steps on the border of the precipice. Night advanced, and the pure gold of the setting sun had yielded to a sanguine red, the glow of which, like the reflection of a burning furnace, flushed Nouronihar's animated countenance. Gulchenrouz, alarmed at the agitation of his cousin, said to her, with a supplicating accent: "Let us begone; the sky looks portentous, the tamarisks tremble more than common, and the raw wind chills my very heart. Come! let us begone; 'tis a melancholy night!" Then taking hold of her hand, he drew it towards the path he besought her to go. Nouronihar unconsciously followed the attraction; for a thousand strange imaginations occupied her spirits. She passed the large round of honeysuckles, her favourite resort, without ever vouchsafing it a glance;

yet Gulchenrouz could not help snatching off a few shoots in his way, though he ran as if a wild beast were behind.

The young females seeing them approach in such haste, and, according to custom, expecting a dance, instantly assembled in a circle and took each other by the hand; but Gulchenrouz, coming up out of breath, fell down at once on the grass. This accident struck with consternation the whole of this frolicsome party; whilst Nouronihar, half distracted and overcome, both by the violence of her exercise and the tumult of her thoughts, sank feebly down at his side, cherished his cold hands in her bosom, and chafed his temples with a fragrant perfume. At length he came to himself, and, wrapping up his head in the robe of his cousin, entreated that she would not return to the harem. He was afraid of being snapped at by Shaban, his tutor, a wrinkled old eunuch of a surly disposition; for, having interrupted the wonted walk of Nouronihar, he dreaded lest the churl should take it amiss. The whole of this sprightly group, sitting round upon a mossy knoll, began to entertain themselves with various pastimes, whilst their superintendents, the eunuchs, were gravely conversing at a distance. The

nurse of the emir's daughter, observing her pupil sit ruminating with her eyes on the ground, endeavoured to amuse her with diverting tales; to which Gulchenrouz, who had already forgotten his inquietudes, listened with a breathless attention. He laughed, he clapped his hands, and passed a hundred little tricks on the whole of the company, without omitting the eunuchs, whom he provoked to run after him, in spite of their age and decrepitude.

During these occurrences, the moon arose, the wind subsided, and the evening became so serene and inviting that a resolution was taken to sup on the spot. One of the eunuchs ran to fetch melons, whilst others were employed in showering down almonds from the branches that overhung this amiable party. Sutlememe, who excelled in dressing a salad, having filled large bowls of porcelain with eggs of small birds, curds turned with citron juice, slices of cucumber, and the inmost leaves of delicate herbs, handed it round from one to another, and gave each their shares with a large spoon of cocknos. Gulchenrouz, nestling, as usual, in the bosom of Nouronihar, pouted out his vermilion little lips against the offer of Sutlememe, and would take it only

from the hand of his cousin, on whose mouth he hung, like a bee inebriated with the nectar of flowers.

In the midst of this festive scene, there appeared a light on the top of the highest mountain, which attracted the notice of every eye. This light was not less bright than the moon when at full, and might have been taken for her, had not the moon already risen. The phenomenon occasioned a general surprise, and no one could conjecture the cause. It could not be a fire, for the light was clear and bluish; nor had meteors ever been seen of that magnitude or splendour. This strange light faded for a moment, and immediately renewed its brightness. It first appeared motionless, at the foot of the rock, whence it darted in an instant, to sparkle in a thicket of palm-trees; from thence it glided along the torrent, and at last fixed in a glen that was narrow and dark. The moment it had taken its direction, Gulchenrouz, whose heart always trembled at anything sudden or rare, drew Nouronihar by the robe, and anxiously requested her to return to the harem. The women were importunate in seconding the entreaty; but the curiosity of the emir's daughter prevailed. She not only refused

to go back, but resolved, at all hazards, to pursue the appearance.

Whilst they were debating what was best to be done, the light shot forth so dazzling a blaze that they all fled away shrieking. Nouronihar followed them a few steps, but coming to the turn of a little by-path, stopped, and went back alone. As she ran with an alertness peculiar to herself, it was not long before she came to the place where they had just been supping. The globe of fire now appeared stationary in the glen, and burned in majestic stillness. Nouronihar, pressing her hands upon her bosom, hesitated for some moments to advance. The solitude of her situation was new; the silence of the night awful, and every object inspired sensations which, till then, she never had felt. The affright of Gulchenrouz recurred to her mind, and she a thousand times turned to go back; but this luminous appearance was always before her. Urged on by an irresistible impulse, she continued to approach it, in defiance of every obstacle that opposed her progress.

At length she arrived at the opening of the glen; but, instead of coming up to the light, she found herself surrounded by darkness; excepting that, at a considerable distance, a

faint spark glimmered by fits. She stopped a second time: the sound of waterfalls mingling their murmurs, the hollow rustlings among the palm-branches, and the funereal screams of the birds from their rifted trunks, all conspired to fill her soul with terror. She imagined, every moment, that she trod on some venomous reptile. All the stories of malignant dives and dismal ghouls thronged into her memory; but her curiosity was, notwithstanding, more predominant than her fears. She therefore firmly entered a winding track that led towards the spark; but, being a stranger to the path, she had not gone far till she began to repent of her rashness. "Alas!" said she, "that I were but in those secure and illuminated apartments where my evenings glided on with Gulchenrouz! Dear child! how would thy heart flutter with terror wert thou wandering in these wild solitudes, like me!" Thus speaking, she advanced, and coming up to steps hewn in the rock, ascended them undismayed. The light, which was now gradually enlarging, appeared above her on the summit of the mountain, and as if proceeding from a cavern. At length, she distinguished a plaintive and melodious union of voices, that resembled the dirges which are

sung over tombs. A sound like that which arises from the filling of baths struck her ear at the same time. She continued ascending, and discovered large wax torches in full blaze planted here and there in the fissures of the rock. This appearance filled her with fear, whilst the subtile and potent odour which the torches exhaled caused her to sink almost lifeless at the entrance of the grot.

Casting her eyes within, in this kind of trance, she beheld a large cistern of gold filled with a water, the vapour of which distilled on her face a dew of the essence of roses. A soft symphony resounded through the grot. On the sides of the cistern she noticed appendages of royalty, diadems and feathers of the heron, all sparkling with carbuncles. Whilst her attention was fixed on this display of magnificence, the music ceased, and a voice instantly demanded: "For what monarch are these torches kindled, this bath prepared, and these habiliments which belong not only to the sovereigns of the earth, but even to the talismanic powers?" To which a second voice answered: "They are for the charming daughter of the Emir Fakreddin." "What," replied the first, "for that trifler, who consumes her time with a giddy child,

immersed in softness, and who, at best, can make but a pitiful husband?" "And can she," rejoined the other voice, "be amused with such empty toys, whilst the caliph, the sovereign of the world, he who is destined to enjoy the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans, a prince six feet high, and whose eyes pervade the inmost soul of a female, is inflamed with love for her? No! she will be wise enough to answer that passion alone that can aggrandise her glory. No doubt she will, and despise the puppet of her fancy. Then all the riches this place contains, as well as the carbuncle of Giamschid, shall be hers." "You judge right," returned the first voice; "and I haste to Istakhar to prepare the palace of subterranean fire for the reception of the bridal pair."

The voices ceased; the torches were extinguished; the most entire darkness succeeded; and Nouronihar, recovering with a start, found herself reclined on a sofa in the harem of her father. She clapped her hands, and immediately came together Gulchenrouz and her women; who, in despair at having lost her, had despatched eunuchs to seek her in every direction. Shaban appeared with the rest, and began to reprimand her with an air of consequence. "Little im-

pertinent," said he, "have you false keys, or are you beloved of some genius that hath given you a picklock? I will try the extent of your power: come to the dark chamber, and expect not the company of Gulchenrouz: be expeditious! I will shut you up, and turn the key twice upon you!" At these menaces, Nouronihar indignantly raised her head, opened on Shaban her black eyes, which, since the important dialogue of the enchanted grot, were considerably enlarged, and said: "Go, speak thus to slaves; but learn to reverence her who is born to give laws, and subject all to her power."

Proceeding in the same style, she was interrupted by a sudden exclamation of "The caliph! the caliph!" All the curtains were thrown open, the slaves prostrated themselves in double rows, and poor little Gulchenrouz went to hide beneath the couch of a sofa. At first appeared a file of black eunuchs trailing after them long trains of muslin embroidered with gold, and holding in their hands censers, which dispensed, as they passed, the grateful perfume of the wood of aloes. Next marched Bababalouk, with a solemn strut, and tossing his head, as not overpleased at the visit. Vathek came closely after, superbly robed;

his gait was unembarrassed and noble, and his presence would have engaged admiration though he had not been the sovereign of the world. He approached Nouronihar with a throbbing heart, and seemed enraptured at the full effulgence of her radiant eyes, of which he had before caught but a few glimpses: but she instantly depressed them, and her confusion augmented her beauty.

Bababalouk, who was a thorough adept in coincidences of this nature, and knew that the worst game should be played with the best face, immediately made a signal for all to retire; and no sooner did he perceive beneath the sofa the little one's feet, than he drew him forth without ceremony, set him upon his shoulders, and lavished on him, as he went off, a thousand unwelcome caresses. Gulchenrouz cried out, and resisted till his cheeks became the colour of the blossom of pomegranates, and his tearful eyes sparkled with indignation. He cast a significant glance at Nouronihar, which the caliph, noticing, asked: "Is that, then, your Gulchenrouz?" "Sovereign of the world!" answered she, "spare my cousin, whose innocence and gentleness deserve not your anger!" "Take comfort," said Vathek, with a smile: "he is in good hands. Bababalouk

is fond of children, and never goes without sweetmeats and comfits." The daughter of Fakreddin was abashed, and suffered Gulchenrouz to be borne away without adding a word. The tumult of her bosom betrayed her confusion, and Vathek, becoming still more impassioned, gave a loose to his frenzy; which had only not subdued the last faint strugglings of reluctance, when the emir suddenly bursting in, threw his face upon the ground at the feet of the caliph, and said: "Commander of the faithful! abase not yourself to the meanness of your slave." "No, emir," replied Vathek, "I raise her to an equality with myself: I declare her my wife; and the glory of your race shall extend from one generation to another." "Alas! my lord," said Fakreddin, as he plucked off a few grey hairs of his beard, "cut short the days of your faithful servant, rather than force him to depart from his word. Nouronihar is solemnly promised to Gulchenrouz, the son of my brother Ali Hassan: they are united, also, in heart; their faith is mutually plighted; and affiances so sacred cannot be broken." "What then!" replied the caliph bluntly; "would you surrender this divine beauty to a husband more womanish than herself; and can you imagine that I will

suffer her charms to decay in hands so inefficient and nerveless? No! she is destined to live out her life within my embraces: such is my will; retire, and disturb not the night I devote to the worship of her charms."

The irritated emir drew forth his sabre, presented it to Vathek, and, stretching out his neck, said, in a firm tone of voice: "Strike your unhappy host, my lord: he has lived long enough, since he hath seen the Prophet's vicegerent violate the rights of hospitality." At his uttering these words, Nouronihar, unable to support any longer the conflict of her passions, sank down in a swoon. Vathek, both terrified for her life and furious at an opposition to his will, bade Fakreddin assist his daughter, and withdrew, darting his terrible look at the unfortunate emir, who suddenly fell backward, bathed in a sweat as cold as the damp of death.

Gulchenrouz, who had escaped from the hands of Bababalouk, and was at that instant returned, called out for help as loudly as he could, not having strength to afford it himself. Pale and panting, the poor child attempted to revive Nouronihar by caresses; and it happened that the thrilling warmth of his lips restored her to life. Fakreddin beginning also

to recover from the look of the caliph, with difficulty tottered to a seat; and, after warily casting round his eye to see if this dangerous prince were gone, sent for Shaban and Sutlememe, and said to them apart: "My friends! violent evils require violent remedies; the caliph has brought desolation and horror into my family; and how shall we resist his power? Another of his looks will send me to the grave. Fetch, then, that narcotic powder which a dervish brought me from Araçan. A dose of it, the effect of which will continue three days, must be administered to each of these children. The caliph will believe them to be dead; for they will have all the appearance of death. We shall go as if to inter them in the cave of Meimouné, at the entrance of the great desert of sand, and near the bower of my dwarfs. When all the spectators shall be withdrawn, you, Shaban, and four select eunuchs, shall convey them to the lake, where provision shall be ready to support them a month: for one day allotted to the surprise this event will occasion, five to the tears, a fortnight to reflection, and the rest to prepare for renewing his progress, will, according to my calculation, fill up the whole time that Vathek

will tarry; and I shall, then, be freed from his intrusion."

"Your plan is good," said Sutlememe, "if it can but be effected. I have remarked that Nouronihar is well able to support the glances of the caliph, and that he is far from being sparing of them to her; be assured, therefore, that, notwithstanding her fondness for Gulchenrouz, she will never remain quiet while she knows him to be here. Let us persuade her that both herself and Gulchenrouz are really dead, and that they were conveyed to those rocks for a limited season, to expiate the little faults of which their love was the cause. We will add that we killed ourselves in despair, and that your dwarfs, whom they never yet saw, will preach to them delectable sermons. I will engage that everything shall succeed to the bent of your wishes." "Be it so!" said Fakreddin: "I approve your proposal: let us lose not a moment to give it effect."

They hastened to seek for the powder, which, being mixed in a sherbet, was immediately administered to Gulchenrouz and Nouronihar. Within the space of an hour both were seized with violent palpitations, and a general numbness gradually ensued. They arose from the floor where they had remained

ever since the caliph's departure, and, ascending to the sofa, reclined themselves upon it, clasped in each other's embraces. "Cherish me, my dear Nouronihar!" said Gulchenrouz: "put thy hand upon my heart; it feels as if it were frozen. Alas! thou art as cold as myself! Hath the caliph murdered us both, with his terrible look?" "I am dying!" cried she, in a faltering voice: "press me closer; I am ready to expire!" "Let us die, then, together," answered the little Gulchenrouz, whilst his breast laboured with a convulsive sigh: "let me, at least, breathe forth my soul on thy lips!" They spoke no more, and became as dead.

Immediately, the most piercing cries were heard through the harem; whilst Shaban and Sutlememe personated with great adroitness the parts of persons in despair. The emir, who was sufficiently mortified to be forced into such untoward expedients, and had now, for the first time, made a trial of his powder, was under no necessity of counterfeiting grief. The slaves, who had flocked together from all quarters, stood motionless at the spectacle before them. All lights were extinguished, save two lamps, which shed a wan glimmering over the faces of these lovely flowers, that

seemed to be faded in the spring-time of life. Funeral vestments were prepared, their bodies were washed with rose-water, their beautiful tresses were braided and incensed, and they were wrapped in symars whiter than alabaster.

At the moment that their attendants were placing two wreaths of their favourite jasmines on their brows, the caliph, who had just heard of the tragical catastrophe, arrived. He looked not less pale and haggard than the ghouls that wander at night among the graves. Forgetful of himself and every one else, he broke through the midst of the slaves, fell prostrate at the foot of the sofa, beat his bosom, called himself "atrocious murderer!" and invoked upon his head a thousand imprecations. With a trembling hand he raised the veil that covered the countenance of Nouronihar, and, uttering a loud shriek, fell lifeless on the floor. The chief of the eunuchs dragged him off, with horrible grimaces, and repeated as he went: "Ay, I foresaw she would play you some ungracious turn!"

No sooner was the caliph gone, than the emir commanded biers to be brought, and forbade that any one should enter the harem. Every window was fastened, all instruments of music were broken, and the imans began

to recite their prayers. Towards the close of this melancholy day, Vathek sobbed in silence; for they had been forced to compose with anodynes his convulsions of rage and desperation.

At the dawn of the succeeding morning, the wide folding-doors of the palace were set open, and the funeral procession moved forward for the mountain. The wailful cries of "La Ilah illa Alla!" reached the caliph, who was eager to cicatrise himself, and attend the ceremonial; nor could he have been dissuaded, had not his excessive weakness disabled him from walking. At the first few steps he fell on the ground, and his people were obliged to lay him on a bed, where he remained many days in such a state of insensibility as excited compassion in the emir himself.

When the procession was arrived at the grot of Meimouné, Shaban and Sutlememe dismissed the whole of the train, excepting the four confidential eunuchs, who were appointed to remain. After resting some moments near the biers, which had been left in the open air, they caused them to be carried to the brink of a small lake, whose banks were overgrown with a hoary moss. This was the great resort of herons and storks, who preyed continually

on little blue fishes. The dwarfs, instructed by the emir, soon repaired thither; and, with the help of the eunuchs, began to construct cabins of rushes and reeds, a work in which they had admirable skill. A magazine also was contrived for provisions, with a small oratory for themselves, and a pyramid of wood, neatly piled, to furnish the necessary fuel; for the air was bleak in the hollows of the mountains.

At evening two fires were kindled on the brink of the lake, and the two lovely bodies, taken from their biers, were carefully deposited upon a bed of dried leaves within the same cabin. The dwarfs began to recite the Koran with their clear shrill voices, and Shaban and Sutlememe stood at some distance, anxiously awaiting the effects of the powder. At length Nouronihar and Gulchenrouz faintly stretched out their arms, and gradually opening their eyes, began to survey, with looks of increasing amazement, every object around them. They even attempted to rise, but for want of strength fell back again. Sutlememe, on this, administered a cordial, which the emir had taken care to provide.

Gulchenrouz, thoroughly aroused, sneezed out aloud, and, raising himself with an effort



that expressed his surprise, left the cabin and inhaled the fresh air with the greatest avidity. "Yes," said he, "I breathe again! again do I exist! I hear sounds! I behold a firmament spangled over with stars!" Nouronihar, catching these beloved accents, extricated herself from the leaves, and ran to clasp Gulchenrouz to her bosom. The first objects she remarked were their long symars, their garlands of flowers, and their naked feet; she hid her face in her hands to reflect. The vision of the enchanted bath, the despair of her father, and, more vividly than both, the majestic figure of Vathek, recurred to her memory. She recollected, also, that herself and Gulchenrouz had been sick and dying; but all these images bewildered her mind. Not knowing where she was, she turned her eyes on all sides, as if to recognise the surrounding scene. This singular lake, those flames reflected from its glassy surface, the pale hues of its banks, the romantic cabins, the bulrushes that sadly waved their drooping heads, the storks, whose melancholy cries blended with the shrill voices of the dwarfs,—everything conspired to persuade her that the angel of death had opened the portal of some other world.

Gulchenrouz, on his part, lost in wonder, clung to the neck of his cousin. He believed himself in the region of phantoms, and was terrified at the silence she preserved. At length addressing her: "Speak," said he; "where are we? Do you not see these spectres that are stirring the burning coals? Are they Monker and Nekir who are come to throw us into them? Does the fatal bridge cross this lake, whose solemn stillness, perhaps, conceals from us an abyss, in which, for whole ages, we shall be doomed incessantly to sink?"

"No, my children," said Sutlememe, going towards them; "take comfort; the exterminating angel, who conducted our souls hither after yours, hath assured us that the chastisement of your indolent and voluptuous life shall be restricted to a certain series of years, which you must pass in this dreary abode, where the sun is scarcely visible, and where the soil yields neither fruits nor flowers. These," continued she, pointing to the dwarfs, "will provide for our wants; for souls so mundane as ours retain too strong a tincture of their earthly extraction. Instead of meats, your food will be nothing but rice; and your bread shall be moistened in the fogs that brood over the surface of the lake."

At this desolating prospect the poor children burst into tears, and prostrated themselves before the dwarfs; who perfectly supported their characters, and delivered an excellent discourse, of a customary length, upon the sacred camel, which, after a thousand years, was to convey them to the paradise of the faithful.

The sermon being ended, and ablutions performed, they praised Alla and the Prophet, supped very indifferently, and retired to their withered leaves. Nouronihar and her little cousin consoled themselves on finding that the dead might lie in one cabin. Having slept well before, the remainder of the night was spent in conversation on what had befallen them; and both, from a dread of apparitions, betook themselves for protection to one another's arms.

In the morning, which was lowering and rainy, the dwarfs mounted high poles, like minarets, and called them to prayers. The whole congregation, which consisted of Sutlememe, Shaban, the four eunuchs, and a few storks that were tired of fishing, was already assembled. The two children came forth from their cabin with a slow and dejected pace. As their minds were in a tender and melancholy

mood, their devotions were performed with fervour. No sooner were they finished than Gulchenrouz demanded of Sutlememe and the rest "how they happened to die so opportunely for his cousin and himself?" "We killed ourselves," returned Sutlememe, "in despair at your death." On this, Nouronihar, who, notwithstanding what had passed, had not yet forgotten her vision, said: "And the caliph! is he also dead of his grief? and will he likewise come hither?" The dwarfs, who were prepared with an answer, most demurely replied: "Vathek is damned beyond all redemption!" "I readily believe so," said Gulchenrouz; "and am glad, from my heart, to hear it; for I am convinced it was his horrible look that sent us hither, to listen to sermons, and mess upon rice." One week passed away on the side of the lake unmarked by any variety: Nouronihar ruminating on the grandeur of which death had deprived her, and Gulchenrouz applying to prayers and basket-making with the dwarfs, who infinitely pleased him.

Whilst this scene of innocence was exhibiting in the mountains, the caliph presented himself to the emir in a new light. The instant he recovered the use of his senses,

with a voice that made Bababalouk quake, he thundered out: "Perfidious Giaour! I renounce thee for ever! It is thou who hast slain my beloved Nouronihar! and I supplicate the pardon of Mahomet, who would have preserved her to me had I been more wise. Let water be brought to perform my ablutions, and let the pious Fakreddin be called to offer up his prayers with mine, and reconcile me to him. Afterwards, we will go together and visit the sepulchre of the unfortunate Nouronihar. I am resolved to become a hermit, and consume the residue of my days on this mountain, in hope of expiating my crimes." "And what do you intend to live upon there?" inquired Bababalouk. "I hardly know," replied Vathek; "but I will tell you when I feel hungry—which, I believe, will not soon be the case."

The arrival of Fakreddin put a stop to this conversation. As soon as Vathek saw him, he threw his arms around his neck, bedewed his face with a torrent of tears, and uttered things so affecting, so pious, that the emir, crying for joy, congratulated himself in his heart upon having performed so admirable and unexpected a conversion. As for the pilgrimage to the mountain, Fakreddin had

his reasons not to oppose it; therefore, each ascending his own litter, they started.

Nowithstanding the vigilance with which his attendants watched the caliph, they could not prevent his harrowing his cheeks with a few scratches, when on the place where he was told Nouronihar had been buried; they were even obliged to drag him away by force of hands from the melancholy spot. However, he swore, with a solemn oath, that he would return thither every day. This resolution did not exactly please the emir; yet he flattered himself that the caliph might not proceed farther, and would merely perform his devotions in the cavern of Meimouné. Besides, the lake was so completely concealed within the solitary bosom of those tremendous rocks, that he thought it utterly impossible any one could ever find it. This security of Fakreddin was also considerably strengthened by the conduct of Vathek, who performed his vow most scrupulously, and returned daily from the hill so devout and so contrite that all the greybeards were in a state of ecstasy on account of it.

Nouronihar was not altogether so content; for though she felt a fondness for Gulchenrouz, who, to augment the attachment, had been

left at full liberty with her, yet she still regarded him as but a bauble that bore no competition with the carbuncle of Giamschid. At times, she indulged doubts on the mode of her being, and scarcely could believe that the dead had all the wants and the whims of the living. To gain satisfaction, however, on so perplexing a topic, one morning, whilst all were asleep, she arose with a breathless caution from the side of Gulchenrouz; and, after having given him a soft kiss, began to follow the windings of the lake, till it terminated with a rock, the top of which was accessible, though lofty. This she climbed with considerable toil, and, having reached the summit, set forward in a run, like a doe before the hunter. Though she skipped with the alertness of an antelope, yet, at intervals, she was forced to desist, and rest beneath the tamarisks to recover her breath. Whilst she, thus reclined, was occupied with her little reflections on the apprehension that she had some knowledge of the place, Vathek, who, finding himself that morning but ill at ease, had gone forth before the dawn, presented himself, on a sudden, to her view. Motionless with surprise, he durst not approach the figure before him trembling and pale, but yet lovely

to behold. At length, Nouronihar, with a mixture of pleasure and affliction, raising her fine eyes to him, said: "My lord! are you then come hither to eat rice and hear sermons with me?" "Beloved phantom!" cried Vathek, "thou dost speak; thou hast the same graceful form, the same radiant features; art thou palpable likewise?" and, eagerly embracing her, added: "Here are limbs and a bosom animated with a gentle warmth! What can such a prodigy mean?"

Nouronihar with indifference answered: "You know, my lord, that I died on the very night you honoured me with your visit. My cousin maintains it was from one of your glances; but I cannot believe him; for to me they seem not so dreadful. Gulchenrouz died with me, and we were both brought into a region of desolation, where we are fed with a wretched diet. If you be dead also, and are come thither to join us, I pity your lot; for you will be stunned with the clang of the dwarfs and the storks. Besides, it is mortifying in the extreme, that you, as well as myself, should have lost the treasures of the subterranean palace."

At the mention of the subterranean palace, the caliph suspended his caresses (which

indeed, had proceeded pretty far), to seek from Nouronihar an explanation of her meaning. She then recapitulated her vision, what immediately followed, and the history of her pretended death; adding, also, a description of the place of expiation, from whence she had fled; and all in a manner that would have extorted his laughter, had not the thoughts of Vathek been too deeply engaged. No sooner, however, had she ended, than he again clasped her to his bosom and said: "Light of my eyes, the mystery is unravelled; we both are alive! Your father is a cheat, who, for the sake of dividing us, hath deluded us both: and the Giaour, whose design, as far as I can discover, is that we shall proceed together, seems scarce a whit better. It shall be some time at least before he finds us in his palace of fire. Your lovely little person, in my estimation, is far more precious than all the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans; and I wish to possess it at pleasure, and in open day, for many a moon, before I go to burrow underground, like a mole. Forget this little trifler, Gulchenrouz; and——" "Ah, my lord!" interposed Nouronihar, "let me entreat that you do him no evil." "No, no!" replied Vathek; "I have already bid you forbear to

alarm yourself for him. He has been brought up too much on milk and sugar to stimulate my jealousy. We will leave him with the dwarfs, who, by-the-bye, are my old acquaintances; their company will suit him far better than yours. As to other matters, I will return no more to your father's. I want not to have my ears dinned by him and his dotards with the violation of the rights of hospitality, as if it were less an honour for you to espouse the sovereign of the world than a girl dressed up like a boy."

Nouronihar could find nothing to oppose in a discourse so eloquent. She only wished the amorous monarch had discovered more ardour for the carbuncle of Giamschid; but flattered herself it would gradually increase; and, therefore, yielded to his will with the most bewitching submission.

When the caliph judged it proper, he called for Bababalouk, who was asleep in the cave of Meimouné, and dreaming that the phantom of Nouronihar, having mounted him once more on her swing, had just given him such a jerk that he, one moment, soared above the mountains, and the next, sank into the abyss. Starting from his sleep at the sound of his master, he ran, gasping for breath, and had

nearly fallen backward at the sight, as he believed, of the spectre by whom he had so lately been haunted in his dream. "Ah, my lord!" cried he, recoiling ten steps, and covering his eyes with both hands, "do you then perform the office of a ghoul? have you dug up the dead? Yet hope not to make her your prey; for, after all she hath caused me to suffer, she is wicked enough to prey even upon you."

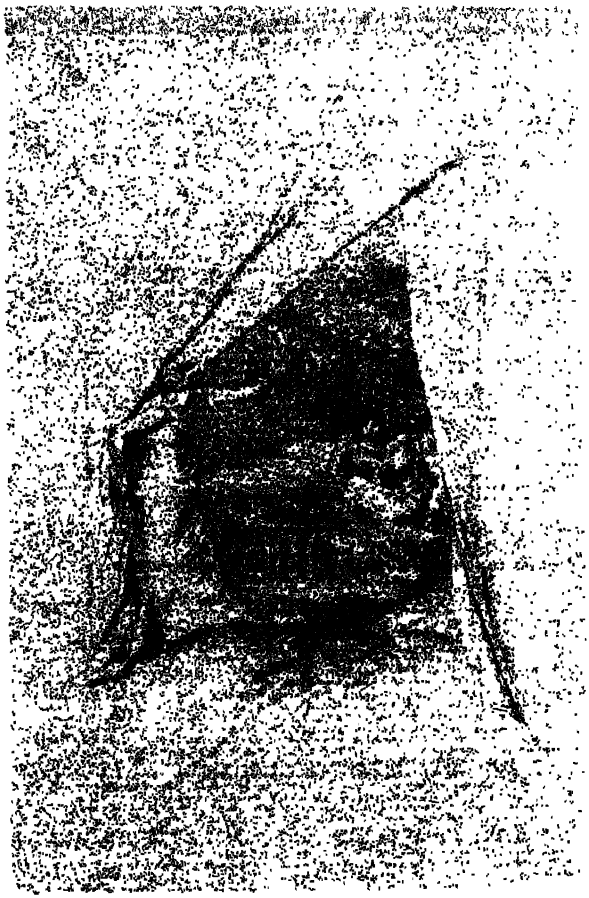
"Cease to play the fool," said Vathek, "and thou shalt soon be convinced that it is Nouronihar herself, alive and well, whom I clasp to my breast. Go and pitch my tents in the neighbouring valley. There will I fix my abode, with this beautiful tulip, whose colours I shall soon restore. There exert thy best endeavours to procure whatever can augment the enjoyments of life, till I shall disclose to thee more of my will."

The news of so unlucky an event soon reached the ears of the emir, who abandoned himself to grief and despair, and began, as did his old greybeards, to begrime his visage with ashes. A total supineness ensued; travellers were no longer entertained; no more plasters were spread; and, instead of the charitable activity that had distinguished

this asylum, the whole of its inhabitants exhibited only faces of half a cubit long, and uttered groans that accorded with their forlorn situation.

Though Fakreddin bewailed his daughter as lost to him for ever, yĕt Gulchenrouz was not forgotten. He despatched immediate instructions to Sutlememe, Shaban, and the dwarfs, enjoining them not to undeceive the child in respect to his state; but, under some pretence, to convey him far from the lofty rock at the extremity of the lake, to a place which he should appoint as safer from danger, for he suspected that Vathek intended him evil.

Gulchenrouz, in the meanwhile, was filled with amazement at not finding his cousin; nor were the dwarfs less surprised: but Sutlememe, who had more penetration, immediately guessed what had happened. Gulchenrouz was amused with the delusive hope of once more embracing Nouronihar in the interior recesses of the mountains, where the ground, strewed over with orange blossoms and jasmines, offered beds much more inviting than the withered leaves in their cabin; where they might accompany with their voices the sound of their lutes,



and chase butterflies. Sutlememe was far gone in this sort of description, when one of the four eunuchs beckoned her aside, to apprise her of the arrival of a messenger from their fraternity, who had explained the secret of the flight of Nouronihar, and brought the commands of the emir. A council with Shaban and the dwarfs was immediately held. Their baggage being stowed in consequence of it, they embarked in a shallop, and quietly sailed with the little one, who acquiesced in all their proposals. Their voyage procceded in the same manner, till they came to the place where the lake sinks beneath the hollow of a rock: but as soon as the bark had entered it, and Gulchenrouz found himself surrounded with darkness, he was seized with a dreadful consternation, and incessantly uttered the most piercing outcries; for he now was persuaded he should actually be damned for having taken too many little freedoms in his lifetime with his cousin.

But let us return to the caliph, and her who ruled over his heart. Bababalouk had pitched the tents, and closed up the extremities of the valley with magnificent screens of India cloth, which were guarded by Ethiopian slaves with drawn sabres. To preserve the verdure of

this beautiful enclosure in its natural freshness, white eunuchs went continually round it with gilt water-vessels. The waving of fans was heard near the imperial pavilion; where, by the voluptuous light that glowed through the muslins, the caliph enjoyed at full view all the attractions of Nouronihar. Inebriated with delight, he was all ear to her charming voice, which accompanied the lute; while she was not less captivated with his descriptions of Samarah and the tower full of wonders; but especially with his relation of the adventure of the ball, and the chasm of the Giaour, with its ebony portal.

In this manner they conversed the whole day, and at night they bathed together in a basin of black marble, which admirably set off the fairness of Nouronihar. Bababalouk, whose good graces this beauty had regained, spared no attention that their repasts might be served up with the minutest exactness: some exquisite rarity was ever placed before them; and he sent even to Shiraz for that fragrant and delicious wine which had been hoarded up in bottles prior to the birth of Mahomet. He had excavated little ovens in the rock, to bake the nice manchets which were prepared by the hands of Nouronihar, from whence

they had derived a flavour so grateful to Vathek that he regarded the ragouts of his other wives as entirely mawkish; whilst they would have died of chagrin at the emir's, at finding themselves so neglected, if Fakreddin, notwithstanding his resentment, had not taken pity upon them.

The Sultana Dilara, who, till then, had been the favourite, took this dereliction of the caliph to heart with a vehemence natural to her character; for during her continuance in favour she had imbibed from Vathek many of his extravagant fancies, and was fired with impatience to behold the superb tombs of Istakhar, and the palace of forty columns; besides, having been brought up among the Magi, she had fondly cherished the idea of the caliph's devoting himself to the worship of fire: thus his voluptuous and desultory life with her rival was to her a double source of affliction. The transient piety of Vathek had occasioned her some serious alarms; but the present was an evil of far greater magnitude. She resolved, therefore, without hesitation, to write to Carathis, and acquaint her that all things went ill; that they had eaten, slept, and revelled at an old emir's, whose sanctity was very formidable; and that, after all, the

prospect of possessing the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans was no less remote than before. This letter was entrusted to the care of two woodmen, who were at work in one of the great forests of the mountains; and who, being acquainted with the shortest cuts, arrived in ten days at Samarah.

The Princess Carathis was engaged at chess with Morakanabad, when the arrival of these woodfellers was announced. She, after some weeks of Vathek's absence, had forsaken the upper regions of her tower, because everything appeared in confusion among the stars, which she consulted relative to the fate of her son. In vain did she renew her fumigations, and extend herself on the roof, to obtain mystic visions; nothing more could she see in her dreams than pieces of brocade, nosegays of flowers, and other unmeaning gewgaws. These disappointments had thrown her into a state of dejection, which no drug in her power was sufficient to remove. Her only recourse was in Morakanabad, who was a good man, and endowed with a decent share of confidence; yet whilst in her company he never thought himself on roses.

No person knew aught of Vathek, and, of course, a thousand ridiculous stories were

propagated at his expense. The eagerness of Carathis may be easily guessed at receiving the letter, as well as her rage at reading the dissolute conduct of her son. "Is it so?" said she: "either I will perish, or Vathek shall enter the palace of fire. Let me expire in flames, provided he may reign on the throne of Soliman!" Having said this, and whirled herself round in a magical manner, which struck Morakanabad with such terror as caused him to recoil, she ordered her great camel Alboufaki to be brought, and the hideous Nerkes, with the unrelenting Cafour, to attend. "I require no other retinue," said she to Morakanabad. "I am going on affairs of emergency; a truce, therefore, to parade! Take you care of the people: fleece them well in my absence; for we shall expend large sums, and one knows not what may betide."

The night was uncommonly dark, and a pestilential blast blew from the plain of Catoul that would have deterred any other traveller, however urgent the call. But Carathis enjoyed most whatever filled others with dread. Nerkes concurred in opinion with her, and Cafour had a particular predilection for a pestilence. In the morning this accomplished caravan, with the woodfellers, who directed

their route, halted on the edge of an extensive marsh, from whence so noxious a vapour arose as would have destroyed any animal but Albufaki, who naturally inhaled these malignant fogs with delight. The peasants entreated their convoy not to sleep in this place. "To sleep," cried Carathis, "what an excellent thought! I never sleep but for visions; and, as to my attendants, their occupations are too many to close the only eye they have." The poor peasants, who were not overpleased with their party, remained open-mouthed with surprise.

Carathis alighted, as well as her negresses; and, severally stripping off their outer garments, they all ran to cull from those spots where the sun shone fiercest the venomous plants that grew on the marsh. This provision was made for the family of the emir, and whoever might retard the expedition to Istakhar. The woodmen were overcome with fear when they beheld these three horrible phantoms run; and, not much relishing the company of Albufaki, stood aghast at the command of Carathis to set forward, notwithstanding it was noon, and the heat fierce enough to calcine even rocks. In spite, however, of every remonstrance, they were forced implicitly to submit.

Alboufaki, who delighted in solitude, constantly snorted whenever he perceived himself near a habitation; and Carathis, who was apt to spoil him with indulgence, as constantly turned him aside, so that the peasants were precluded from procuring subsistence. For the milch goats and ewes, which Providence had sent towards the district they traversed to refresh travellers with their milk, all fled at the sight of the hideous animal and his strange riders. As to Carathis, she needed no common aliment; for her invention had previously furnished her with an opiate to stay her stomach, some of which she imparted to her mutes.

At dusk Alboufaki, making a sudden stop, stamped with his foot, which to Carathis, who knew his ways, was a certain indication that she was near the confines of some cemetery. The moon shed a bright light on the spot, which served to discover a long wall with a large door in it, standing ajar, and so high that Alboufaki might easily enter. The miserable guides, who perceived their end approaching, humbly implored Carathis, as she had now so good an opportunity, to inter them, and immediately gave up the ghost. Nerkes and Cafour, whose wit was of a style peculiar to

themselves, were by no means parsimonious of it on the folly of these poor people; nor could anything have been found more suited to their taste than the site of the burying-ground, and the sepulchres which its precincts contained. There were at least two thousand of them on the declivity of a hill. Carathis was too eager to execute her plan to stop at the view, charming as it appeared in her eyes. Pondering the advantages that might accrue from her present situation, she said to herself: "So beautiful a cemetery must be haunted by ghouls! they never want for intelligence: having heedlessly suffered my stupid guides to expire, I will apply for directions to them; and as an inducement, will invite them to regale on these fresh corpses." After this wise soliloquy, she beckoned to Nerkes and Cafour, and made signs with her fingers, as much as to say: "Go; knock against the sides of the tombs, and strike up your delightful warblings."

The negresses, full of joy at the behests of their mistress, and promising themselves much pleasure from the society of the ghouls, went with an air of conquest, and began their knockings at the tombs. As their strokes were repeated, a hollow noise was made in the earth;

the surface hove up into heaps; and the ghouls on all sides protruded their noses to inhale the effluvia which the carcases of the woodmen began to emit. They assembled before a sarcophagus of white marble, where Carathis was seated between the bodies of her miserable guides. The princess received her visitants with distinguished politeness; and supper being ended, they talked of business. Carathis soon learned from them everything she wanted to discover; and, without loss of time, prepared to set forward on her journey. Her negresses, who were forming tender connections with the ghouls, importuned her, with all their fingers, to wait at least till the dawn. But Carathis, being chastity in the abstract, and an implacable enemy to love intrigues and sloth, at once rejected their prayer, mounted Alboufaki, and commanded them to take their seats instantly. Four days and four nights she continued her route without interruption. On the fifth, she traversed craggy mountains and half-burnt forests, and arrived, on the sixth, before the beautiful screens which concealed from all eyes the voluptuous wanderings of her son.

It was daybreak, and the guards were snoring on their posts in careless security, when the rough trot of Alboufaki awoke them

in consternation. Imagining that a group of spectres, ascended from the abyss, was approaching, they all, without ceremony, took to their heels. Vathek was at that instant with Nouronihar in the bath, hearing tales, and laughing at Bababalouk, who related them; but no sooner did the outcry of his guards reach him, than he flounced from the water like a carp, and as soon threw himself back at the sight of Carathis; who, advancing with her negresses upon Alboufaki, broke through the muslin awnings and veils of the pavilion. At this sudden apparition, Nouronihar (for she was not at all times free from remorse) fancied that the moment of celestial vengeance was come, and clung about the caliph in amorous despondence.

Carathis, still seated on her camel, foamed with indignation at the spectacle which obtruded itself on her chaste view. She thundered forth without check or mercy: "Thou double-headed and four-legged monster! what means all this winding and writhing? Art thou not ashamed to be seen grasping this limber sapling, in preference to the sceptre of the pre-Adamite sultans? Is it, then, for this paltry doxy that thou hast violated the conditions in the parchment of our Giaour? Is it on her thou hast

lavished thy precious moments? Is this the fruit of the knowledge I have taught thee? Is this the end of thy journey? Tear thyself from the arms of this little simpleton; drown her in the water before me, and instantly follow my guidance."

In the first ebullition of his fury, Vathek had resolved to rip open the body of Alboufaki, and to stuff it with those of the negresses and of Carathis herself; but the remembrance of the Giaour, the palace of Istakhar, the sabres, and the talismans, flashing before his imagination with the simultaneousness of lightning, he became more moderate, and said to his mother in a civil but decisive tone: "Dread lady, you shall be obeyed; but I will not drown Nouronihar. She is sweeter to me than a Myrabolan comfit; and is enamoured of carbuncles, especially that of Giamschid, which hath also been promised to be conferred upon her: she, therefore, shall go along with us; for I intend to repose with her upon the sofas of Soliman: I can sleep no more without her." "Be it so," replied Carathis, alighting, and at the same time committing Alboufaki to the charge of her black women.

Nouronihar, who had not yet quitted her hold, began to take courage; and said, with

an accent of fondness, to the caliph: "Dear sovereign of my soul! I will follow thee, if it be thy will, beyond the Kaf, in the land of the afrits. I will not hesitate to climb, for thee, the nest of the Simurgh; who, this lady excepted, is the most awful of created beings." "We have here, then," subjoined Carathis, "a girl both of courage and science!" Nouronihar had certainly both; but, notwithstanding all her firmness, she could not help casting back a thought of regret upon the graces of her little Gulchenrouz, and the days of tender endearments she had participated with him. She even dropped a few tears, which the caliph observed; and inadvertently breathed out with a sigh: "Alas! my gentle cousin, what will become of thee?" Vathek, at this apostrophe, knitted up his brows, and Carathis inquired what it could mean. "She is preposterously sighing after a stripling with languishing eyes and soft hair, who loves her," said the caliph. "Where is he?" asked Carathis. "I must be acquainted with this pretty child; for," added she, lowering her voice, "I design, before I depart, to regain the favour of the Giaour. There is nothing so delicious, in his estimation, as the heart of a delicate boy palpitating with the first tumults of love."

Vathek, as he came from the bath, commanded Bababalouk to collect the women and other movables of his harem, embody his troops, and hold himself in readiness to march within three days; whilst Carathis retired alone to a tent, where the Giaour solaced her with encouraging visions: but at length waking, she found at her feet Nerkes and Cafour, who informed her, by their signs, that having led Alboufaki to the borders of a lake to browse on some grey moss that looked tolerably venomous, they had discovered certain blue fishes, of the same kind with those in the reservoir on the top of the tower. "Ah! ha!" said she, "I will go thither to them. These fish are, past doubt, of a species that, by a small operation, I can render oracular. They may tell me where this little Gulchenrouz is, whom I am bent upon sacrificing." Having thus spoken, she immediately set out with her swarthy retinue.

It being but seldom that time is lost in the accomplishment of a wicked enterprise, Carathis and her negresses soon arrived at the lake; where, after burning magical drugs with which they were always provided, they stripped themselves naked, and waded to their chins; Nerkes and Cafour waving torches around them, and Carathis pronouncing her barbarous

incantations. The fishes, with one accord, thrust forth their heads from the water; which was violently rippled by the flutter of their fins; and at length, finding themselves constrained by the potency of the charm, they opened their piteous mouths, and said: "From gills to tail we are yours; what seek ye to know?" "Fishes," answered she, "I conjure you, by your glittering scales, tell me where now is Gulchenrouz?" "Beyond the rock," replied the shoal in full chorus: "will this content you? for we do not delight in expanding our mouths." "It will," returned the princess: "I am not to learn that you are not used to long conversations: I will leave you therefore to repose, though I had other questions to propound." The instant she had spoken the water became smooth, and the fishes at once disappeared.

Carathis, inflated with the venom of her projects, strode hastily over the rock, and found the amiable Gulchenrouz asleep in an arbour, whilst the two dwarfs were watching at his side, and ruminating their accustomed prayers. These diminutive personages possessed the gift of divining whenever an enemy to good Mussulmans approached: thus they anticipated the arrival of Carathis, who, stop-

ping short, said to herself: "How placidly doth he recline his lovely little head! how pale and languishing are his looks! it is just the very child of my wishes!" The dwarfs interrupted this delectable soliloquy by leaping instantly upon her, and scratching her face with their utmost zeal. But Nerkes and Cafour, betaking themselves to the succour of their mistress, pinched the dwarfs so severely in return that they both gave up the ghost, imploring Mahomet to inflict his sorest vengeance upon this wicked woman and all her household.

At the noise which this strange conflict occasioned in the valley, Gulchenrouz awoke, and, bewildered with terror, sprang impetuously and climbed an old fig-tree that rose against the acclivity of the rocks; from thence he gained their summits, and ran for two hours without once looking back. At last, exhausted with fatigue, he fell senseless into the arms of a good old genius, whose fondness for the company of children had made it his sole occupation to protect them. Whilst performing his wonted rounds through the air, he had pounced on the cruel Giaour at the instant of his growling in his horrible chasm, and had rescued the fifty little victims which the im-

piety of Vathek had devoted to his voracity. These the genius brought up in nests still higher than the clouds, and himself fixed his abode in a nest more capacious than the rest, from which he had expelled the rocs that had built it.

These inviolable asylums were defended against the dives and the afrits by waving streamers on which were inscribed in characters of gold, that flashed like lightning, the names of Alla and the Prophet. It was there that Gulchenrouz, who as yet remained undeceived with respect to his pretended death, thought himself in the mansions of eternal peace. He admitted without fear the congratulations of his little friends, who were all assembled in the nest of the venerable genius, and vied with each other in kissing his serene forehead and beautiful eyelids. Remote from the inquietudes of the world, the impertinence of harems, the brutality of eunuchs, and the inconstancy of women, there he found a place truly congenial to the delights of his soul. In this peaceable society his days, months, and years glided on; nor was he less happy than the rest of his companions: for the genius, instead of burdening his pupils with perishable riches and vain sciences, conferred upon them the boon of perpetual childhood.

Carathis, unaccustomed to the loss of her prey, vented a thousand execrations on her negresses for not seizing the child, instead of amusing themselves with pinching to death two insignificant dwarfs from which they gained no advantage. She returned into the valley murmuring; and, finding that her son was not risen from the arms of Nouronihar, discharged her ill humour upon both. The idea, however, of departing next day for Istakhar, and of cultivating, through the good offices of the Giaour, an intimacy with Eblis himself, at length consoled her chagrin. But fate had ordained it otherwise.

In the evening, as Carathis was conversing with Dilara, who through her contrivance had become of the party, and whose taste resembled her own, Bababalouk came to acquaint her that the sky towards Samarah looked of a fiery red, and seemed to portend some alarming disaster. Immediately recurring to her astrolabes and instruments of magic, she took the altitude of the planets, and discovered by her calculations, to her great mortification, that a formidable revolt had taken place at Samarah, that Motavakel, availing himself of the disgust which was inveterate against his brother, had incited commotions amongst the populace,

made himself master of the palace, and actually invested the great tower, to which Morakanabad had retired, with a handful of the few that still remained faithful to Vathek.

"What!" exclaimed she: "must I lose, then, my tower, my mutes, my negresses, my mummies! and, worse than all, the laboratory, the favourite resort of my nightly lucubrations, without knowing, at least, if my hare-brained son will complete his adventure? No! I will not be duped! Immediately will I speed to support Morakanabad. By my formidable art, the clouds shall pour grape-shot in the faces of the assailant, and shafts of red-hot iron on their heads. I will let loose my stores of hungry serpents and torpedos from beneath them; and we shall soon see the stand they will make against such an explosion!"

Having thus spoken, Carathis hasted to her son, who was tranquilly banqueting with Nouronihar in his superb carnation-coloured tent. "Glutton that thou art!" cried she; "were it not for me, thou wouldst soon find thyself the mere commander of savoury pies. Thy faithful subjects have abjured the faith they swore to thee. Motavakel, thy brother, now reigns on the hill of Pied Horses; and, had I not some slight resources in the tower,

would not be easily persuaded to abdicate. But, that time may not be lost, I shall only add a few words: Strike tent to-night; set forward; and beware how thou loiterest again by the way. Though thou hast forfeited the conditions of the parchment, I am not yet without hope; for it cannot be denied that thou hast violated, to admiration, the laws of hospitality by seducing the daughter of the emir, after having partaken of his bread and his salt. Such a conduct cannot but be delightful to the Giaour; and if, on thy march, thou canst signalise thyself by an additional crime, all will still go well, and thou shalt enter the palace of Soliman in triumph. Adieu! Alboufaki and my negresses are waiting at the door."

The caliph had nothing to offer in reply: he wished his mother a prosperous journey, and ate on till he had finished his supper. At midnight, the camp broke up, amidst the flourishing of trumpets and other martial instruments; but loud indeed must have been the sound of the tymbals to overpower the blubbering of the emir and his grey-beards, who, by an excessive profusion of tears, had so far exhausted the radical moisture, that their eyes shrivelled up in their sockets, and their hair dropped off by

the roots. Nouronihar, to whom such a symphony was painful, did not grieve to get out of hearing. She accompanied the caliph in the imperial litter; where they amused themselves with imagining the splendour which was soon to surround them. The other women, overcome with dejection, were dolefully rocked in their cages, whilst Dilara consoled herself with anticipating the joy of celebrating the rites of fire on the stately terraces of Istakhar.

In four days they reached the spacious valley of Rocnabad. The season of spring was in all its vigour; and the grotesque branches of the almond-trees in full blossom, fantastically checkered with hyacinths and jonquils, breathed forth a delightful fragrance. Myriads of bees, and scarce fewer of santons, had there taken up their abode. On the banks of the stream, hives and oratories were alternately ranged; and their neatness and whiteness were set off by the deep green of the cypresses that spired up amongst them. These pious personages amused themselves with cultivating little gardens, that abounded with flowers and fruits, especially musk-melons of the best flavour that Persia could boast. Sometimes dispersed over the meadow, they entertained themselves with feeding peacocks

whiter than snow, and turtles more blue than the sapphire. In this manner were they occupied when the harbingers of the imperial procession began to proclaim, "Inhabitants of Rocnabad! prostrate yourselves on the brink of your pure waters; and tender your thanksgiving to Heaven, that vouchsafeth to show you a ray of its glory: for, lo! the Commander of the faithful draws near."

The poor santons, filled with holy energy, having bustled to light up wax torches in their oratories, and expand the Koran on their ebony desks, went forth to meet the caliph with baskets of honeycomb, dates, and melons. But, whilst they were advancing in solemn procession and with measured steps, the horses, camels, and guards wantoned over their tulips and other flowers, and made a terrible havoc amongst them. The santons could not help casting from one eye a look of pity on the ravages committing around them; whilst the other was fixed upon the caliph and heaven. Nouronihar, enraptured with the scenery of a place which brought back to her remembrance the pleasing solitudes where her infancy had passed, entreated Vathek to stop: but he, suspecting that these oratories might be deemed by the Giaour an

habitation, commanded his pioneers to level them all. The santons stood motionless with horror at the barbarous mandate, and at last broke out into lamentations; but these were uttered with so ill a grace, that Vathek bade his eunuchs to kick them from his presence. He then descended from the litter with Nouronihar. They sauntered together in the meadow, and amused themselves with culling flowers, and passing a thousand pleasantries on each other. But the bees, who were staunch Mussulmans, thinking it their duty to avenge the insult offered to their dear masters, the santons, assembled so zealously to do it with good effect, that the caliph and Nouronihar were glad to find their tents prepared to receive them.

Bababalouk, who in capacity of purveyor had acquitted himself with applause as to peacocks and turtles, lost no time in consigning some dozens to the spit, and as many more to be fricasseed. Whilst they were feasting, laughing, carousing, and blaspheming at pleasure, on the banquet so liberally furnished, the moullahs, the sheiks, the cadis, and imans of Shiraz (who seemed not to have met the santons) arrived; leading by bridles of riband, inscribed from the Koran, a train of asses

which were loaded with the choicest fruits the country could boast. Having presented their offerings to the caliph, they petitioned him to honour their city and mosques with his presence. "Fancy not," said Vathek, "that you can detain me. Your presence I condescend to accept, but beg you will let me be quiet, for I am not overfond of resisting temptation. Retire, then; yet, as it is not decent for personages so reverend to return on foot, and as you have not the appearance of expert riders, my eunuchs shall tie you on your asses, with the precaution that your backs be not turned towards me; for they understand etiquette." In this deputation were some high-stomached sheiks, who, taking Vathek for a fool, scrupled not to speak their opinion. These Bababalouk girded with double cords; and having well disciplined their asses with nettles behind, they all started, with a preternatural alertness, plunging, kicking, and running foul of one another in the most ludicrous manner imaginable.

Nouronihar and the caliph mutually contended who should most enjoy so degrading a sight. They burst out in peals of laughter to see the old men and their asses fall into the stream. The leg of one was fractured; the shoulder of

another dislocated; the teeth of a third dashed out; and the rest suffered still worse.

Two days more, undisturbed by fresh embassies, having been devoted to the pleasures of Rocnabad, the expedition proceeded, leaving Shiraz on the right, and verging towards a large plain, from whence were discernible, on the edge of the horizon, the dark summits of the mountains of Istakhar.

At this prospect the caliph and Nouronihar were unable to repress their transports. They bounded from their litter to the ground, and broke forth into such wild exclamations as amazed all within hearing. Interrogating each other, they shouted: "Are we not approaching the radiant palace of light, or gardens more delightful than those of Sheddad?" Infatuated mortals! they thus indulged delusive conjecture, unable to fathom the decrees of the Most High!

The good genii, who had not totally relinquished the superintendence of Vathek, repairing to Mahomet in the seventh heaven, said: "Merciful Prophet! stretch forth thy propitious arms towards thy vicegerent, who is ready to fall, irretrievably, into the snares which his enemies, the dives, have prepared to destroy him. The Giaour is awaiting his arrival in

the abominable palace of fire; where, if he once set his foot, his perdition will be inevitable." Mahomet answered with an air of indignation: "He hath too well deserved to be resigned to himself; but I permit you to try if one effort more will be effectual to divert him from pursuing his ruin."

One of these beneficent genii, assuming without delay the exterior of a shepherd, more renowned for his piety than all the dervishes and santons of the region, took his station near a flock of white sheep, on the slope of a hill, and began to pour forth from his flute such airs of pathetic melody as subdued the very soul, and, wakening remorse, drove far from it every frivolous fancy. At these energetic sounds the sun hid himself beneath a gloomy cloud; and the waters of two little lakes, that were naturally clearer than crystal, became of a colour like blood. The whole of this superb assembly was involuntarily drawn towards the declivity of the hill. With downcast eyes, they all stood abashed, each upbraiding himself with the evil he had done. The heart of Dilara palpitated, and the chief of the eunuchs, with a sigh of contrition, implored pardon of the women whom for his own satisfaction he had so often tormented.

Vathek and Nouronihar turned pale in their litter, and, regarding each other with haggard looks, reproached themselves—the one with a thousand of the blackest crimes, a thousand projects of impious ambition; the other, with the desolation of her family, and the perdition of the amiable Gulchenrouz. Nouronihar persuaded herself that she heard in the fatal music the groans of her dying father, and Vathek the sobs of the fifty children he had sacrificed to the Giaour. Amidst these complicated pangs of anguish, they perceived themselves impelled towards the shepherd, whose countenance was so commanding that Vathek, for the first time, felt overawed, whilst Nouronihar concealed her face with her hands. The music paused; and the genius, addressing the caliph, said: "Deluded prince! to whom Providence hath confided the care of innumerable subjects, is it thus that thou fulfillest thy mission? Thy crimes are already completed; and art thou now hastening towards thy punishment? Thou knowest that beyond these mountains Eblis and his accursed dives hold their infernal empire; and, seduced by a malignant phantom, thou art proceeding to surrender thyself to them! This moment is the last of grace allowed thee: abandon thy atrocious purpose: return: give

back Nouronihar to her father, who still retains a few sparks of life: destroy thy tower, with all its abominations: drive Carathis from thy councils: be just to thy subjects: respect the ministers of the Prophet: compensate for thy impieties by an exemplary life; and, instead of squandering thy days in voluptuous indulgence, lament thy crimes on the sepulchres of thy ancestors. Thou beholdest the clouds that obscure the sun: at the instant he recovers his splendour, if thy heart be not changed, the time of mercy assigned thee will be past for ever."

Vathek, depressed with fear, was on the point of prostrating himself at the feet of the shepherd, whom he perceived to be of a nature superior to man; but, his pride prevailing, he audaciously lifted his head, and, glancing at him one of his terrible looks, said: "Whoever thou art, withhold thy useless admonitions: thou wouldst either delude me, or art thyself deceived. If what I have done be so criminal as thou pretendest, there remains not for me a moment of grace. I have traversed a sea of blood to acquire a power which will make thy equals tremble: deem not that I shall retire when in view of the port; or that I will relinquish her who is dearer to me than either my

life or thy mercy. Let the sun appear! let him illume my career! it matters not where it may end." On uttering these words, which made even the genius shudder, Vathek threw himself into the arms of Nouronihar, and commanded that his horses should be forced back to the road.

There was no difficulty in obeying these orders, for the attraction had ceased. The sun shone forth in all his glory, and the shepherd vanished with a lamentable scream.

The fatal impression of the music of the genius remained, notwithstanding, in the heart of Vathek's attendants. They viewed each other with looks of consternation. At the approach of night almost all of them escaped; and of this numerous assemblage there only remained the chief of the eunuchs, some idolatrous slaves, Dilara, and a few other women, who, like herself, were votaries of the religion of the Magi.

The caliph, fired with the ambition of prescribing laws to the powers of darkness, was but little embarrassed at this dereliction. The impetuosity of his blood prevented him from sleeping; nor did he encamp any more, as before. Nouronihar, whose impatience, if possible, exceeded his own, importuned him

to hasten his march, and lavished on him a thousand caresses, to beguile all reflection. She fancied herself already more potent than Balkis, and pictured to her imagination the genii falling prostrate at the foot of her throne. In this manner they advanced by moonlight, till they came within view of the two towering rocks that form a kind of portal to the valley, at the extremity of which rose the vast ruins of Istakhar. Aloft on the mountain glimmered the fronts of various royal mausoleums, the horror of which was deepened by the shadows of night. They passed through two villages almost deserted, the only inhabitants remaining being a few feeble old men, who, at the sight of horses and litters, fell upon their knees, and cried out: "O Heaven! is it then by these phantoms that we have been for six months tormented? Alas! it was from the terror of these spectres, and the noise beneath the mountains, that our people have fled, and left us at the mercy of the malificent spirits!" The caliph, to whom these complaints were but unpromising auguries, drove over the bodies of these wretched old men, and at length arrived at the foot of the terrace of black marble. There he descended from his litter, handing down Nouronihar. Both with beating hearts

stared wildly around them, and expected, with an apprehensive shudder, the approach of the Giaour; but nothing as yet announced his appearance.

A death-like stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air; the moon dilated on a vast platform the shades of the lofty columns, which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds; the gloomy watch-towers, whose number could not be counted, were covered by no roof; and their capitals, of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of night, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.

The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled. "No," replied he, "there is no time left to think of such trifles. Abide where thou art, and expect my commands." Having thus spoken, he presented his hand to Nouronihar; and ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water, upon whose surface not a blade of grass ever dared to vegetate. On the right rose the watch-towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace, whose walls were

embossed with various figures. In front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures, composed of the leopard and the griffin, and, though but of stone, inspired emotions of terror. Near these were distinguished, by the splendour of the moon, which streamed full on the place, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, and which possessed the same virtue of changing every moment. These, after vacillating for some time, fixed at last in Arabic letters, and prescribed to the caliph the following words: "Vathek, thou hast violated the conditions of my parchment, and deserveth to be sent back; but in favour to thy companion, and as the meed for what thou hast done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened, and the subterranean fire will receive thee into the number of its adorers."

He scarcely had read these words, before the mountain against which the terrace was reared trembled, and the watch-towers were ready to topple headlong upon them; the rock yawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble, that seemed to approach the abyss. Upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision, the camphorated vapour of which

ascended, and gathered itself into a cloud under the hollow of the vault.

This appearance, instead of terrifying, gave new courage to the daughter of Fakreddin. Scarcely deigning to bid adieu to the moon and the firmament, she abandoned, without hesitation, the pure atmosphere, to plunge into these infernal exhalations. The gait of those impious personages was haughty and determined. As they descended by the effulgence of the torches, they gazed on each other with mutual admiration, and both appeared so resplendent that they already esteemed themselves spiritual intelligences. The only circumstance that perplexed them was their not arriving at the bottom of the stairs: on hastening their descent, with an ardent impetuosity they felt their steps accelerated to such a degree that they seemed not walking but falling from a precipice. Their progress, however, was at length impeded by a vast portal of ebony, which the caliph without difficulty recognised. Here the Giaour awaited them with the key in his hand. "Ye are welcome!" said he to them, with a ghastly smile, "in spite of Mahomet and all his dependants. I will now usher you into that palace where you have so highly merited a

place." Whilst he was uttering these words he touched the enamelled lock with his key, and the doors at once flew open with a noise still louder than the thunder of the dog-days, and as suddenly recoiled the moment they had entered.

The caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty, that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the surrounding objects, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished, till they terminated in a point radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean. The pavement, strewed over with gold dust and saffron, exhaled so subtile an odour as almost overpowered them. They, however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning. Between the several columns were placed tables, each spread with a profusion of viands, and wines of every species sparking in vases of crystal. A throng of genii, and other fantastic spirits, of either sex,

danced lasciviously at the sound of music which issued from beneath.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them: they had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other; and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert where no foot had trodden.

Vathek and Nouronihar, frozen with terror at a sight so baleful, demanded of the Giaour what these appearances might mean, and why these ambulating spectres never withdrew their hands from their hearts. "Perplex not yourselves with so much at once," replied he bluntly; "you will soon be acquainted with all; let us haste, and present you to Eblis." They

continued their way through the multitude; but, notwithstanding their confidence at first, they were not sufficiently composed to examine with attention the various prospective of halls and of galleries that opened on the right hand and left, which were all illuminated by torches and braziers, whose flames rose in pyramids to the centre of the vault. At length they came to a place where long curtains, brocaded with crimson and gold, fell from all parts in solemn confusion. Here the choirs and dances were heard no longer. The light which glimmered came from afar.

After some time, Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle hung round with the skins of leopards. An infinity of elders with streaming beards, and afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence; on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair: his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he

swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranbad, the afrits, and all the powers of the abyss to tremble. At his presence, the heart of the caliph sank within him, and he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis; for she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as penetrated the soul and filled it with the deepest melancholy, said: "Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire: ye are numbered amongst my adorers: enjoy whatever this palace affords: the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans, their fulminating sabres, and those talismans that compel the dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient objects to gratify it. You shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortresses of Aherman, and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence; and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the father of mankind."

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour: "Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans." "Come," answered this wicked dive, with his malignant grin, "come and possess all that my sovereign hath promised, and more." He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle; preceding them with hasty steps, and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached, at length, a hall of great extent, and covered with a lofty dome; around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron. A funereal gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the pre-Adamite kings, who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition. Their eyes retained a melancholy motion, they regarded one another with looks of the deepest dejection, each holding his right hand motionless on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes; Soliman Daki; and Soliman, called Gian Ben

Gian, who after having chained up the dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power. All these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud.

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome. He appeared to possess more animation than the rest. Though from time to time he laboured with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart, yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a cataract visible in part through one of the grated portals. This was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation. "Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositaries," said the Giaour to Vathek, "and avail thyself of the talismans which will break asunder all these gates of bronze, and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded."

The caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached the vases

with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded, a voice from the livid lips of the prophet articulated these words: "In my lifetime I filled a magnificent throne; having, on my right hand, twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrines; on my left, the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air, hovering over me, served as a canopy against the rays of the sun. My people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds. I erected a temple to the Most High, which was the wonder of the universe: but I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things. I listened to the counsels of Aherman and the daughter of Pharaoh, and adored fire and the hosts of heaven. I forsook the holy city, and commanded the genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istakhar and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star. There, for a while, I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure. Not only men but supernatural

beings were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep; when, at once, the thunder burst my structures asunder, and precipitated me hither: where, however, I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope; for an angel of light hath revealed that in consideration of the piety of my early youth my woes shall come to an end, when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow. Till then I am in torments, ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart."

Having uttered this exclamation, Soliman raised his hands towards heaven, in token of supplication; and the caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames. At a sight so full of horror, Nouronihar fell back, like one petrified, into the arms of Vathek, who cried out with a convulsive sob: "O Giaour! whither hast thou brought us! allow us to depart, and I will relinquish all thou hast promised. O Mahomet! remains there no more mercy?" "None! none!" replied the malicious dive. "Know, miserable prince! thou art now in the abode of vengeance and despair. Thy heart, also, will be kindled like those of the

other votaries of Eblis. A few days are allotted thee previous to this fatal period: employ them as thou wilt; recline on these heaps of gold; command the infernal potentates; range at thy pleasure through these immense subterranean domains: no barrier shall be shut against thee. As for me, I have fulfilled my mission: I now leave thee to thyself." At these words he vanished.

The caliph and Nouronihar remained in the most abject affliction. Their tears were unable to flow, and scarcely could they support themselves. At length, taking each other despondingly by the hand, they went faltering from this fatal hall, indifferent which way they turned their steps. Every portal opened at their approach. The dives fell prostrate before them. Every reservoir of riches was disclosed to their view; but they no longer felt the incentives of curiosity, of pride, or avarice. With like apathy they heard the chorus of genii, and saw the stately banquets prepared to regale them. They went wandering on, from chamber to chamber, hall to hall, and gallery to gallery; all without bounds or limit; all distinguishable by the same lowering gloom; all adorned with the same awful grandeur; all traversed by persons in search of repose and

consolation, but who sought them in vain, for every one carried within him a heart tormented in flames. Shunned by these various sufferers, who seemed by their looks to be upbraiding the partners of their guilt, they withdrew from them to wait, in direful suspense, the moment which should render them to each other the like objects of terror.

"What!" exclaimed Nouronihar; "will the time come when I shall snatch my hand from thine?" "Ah!" said Vathek, "and shall my eyes ever cease to drink from thine long draughts of enjoyment? Shall the moments of our reciprocal ecstasies be reflected on with horror? It was not thou that broughtest me hither; the principles by which Carathis perverted my youth have been the sole cause of my perdition! it is but right she should have her share of it." Having given vent to these painful expressions, he called to an afrit, who was stirring up one of the braziers, and bade him fetch the Princess Carathis from the palace of Samarah.

After issuing these orders, the caliph and Nouronihar continued walking amidst the silent crowd, till they heard voices at the end of the gallery. Presuming them to proceed from some unhappy beings who, like themselves, were

awaiting their final doom, they followed the sound, and found it to come from a small square chamber, where they discovered, sitting on sofas, four young men of goodly figure, and a lovely female, who were holding a melancholy conversation by the glimmering of a lonely lamp. Each had a gloomy and forlorn air; and two of them were embracing each other with great tenderness. On seeing the caliph and the daughter of Fakreddin enter, they arose, saluted, and made room for them. Then he who appeared the most considerable of the group addressed himself thus to Vathek: "Strangers! who doubtless are in the same state of suspense with ourselves, as you do not bear your hand on your heart, if you are come hither to pass the interval allotted, previous to the infliction of our common punishment, condescend to relate the adventures that have brought you to this fatal place; and we, in return, will acquaint you with ours, which deserve but too well to be heard. To trace back our crimes to their source, though we are not permitted to repent, is the only employment suited to wretches like us!"

The caliph and Nouronihar assented to the proposal; and Vathek began, not without tears and lamentations, a sincere recital of every cir-

cumstance that had passed. When the afflicting narrative was closed, the young man entered on his own. Each person proceeded in order; and when the third prince had reached the midst of his adventures, a sudden noise interrupted him, which caused the vault to tremble and to open.

Immediately a cloud descended, which, gradually dissipating, discovered Carathis on the back of an afrit, who grievously complained of his burden. She, instantly springing to the ground, advanced towards her son, and said: "What dost thou here, in this little square chamber? As the dives are become subject to thy beck, I expected to have found thee on the throne of the pre-Adamite kings."

"Execrable woman!" answered the caliph; "cursed be the day thou gavest me birth! Go, follow this afrit; let him conduct thee to the hall of the prophet Soliman: there thou wilt learn to what these palaces are destined, and how much I ought to abhor the impious knowledge thou hast taught me."

"Has the height of power to which thou art arrived turned thy brain?" answered Carathis: "but I ask no more than permission to show my respect for Soliman the prophet. It is, however, proper thou shouldst know that (as

the afrit has informed me neither of us shall return to Samarah) I requested his permission to arrange my affairs, and he politely consented. Availing myself, therefore, of the few moments allowed me, I set fire to the tower, and consumed in it the mutes, negresses, and serpents which had rendered me so much good service; nor should I have been less kind to Morakanabad, had he not prevented me by deserting at last to thy brother. As for Bababalouk, who had the folly to return to Samarah, to provide husbands for thy wives, I undoubtedly would have put him to the torture; but being in a hurry, I only hung him, after having decoyed him in a snare with thy wives, whom I buried alive by the help of my negresses, who thus spent their last moments greatly to their satisfaction. With respect to Dilara, who ever stood high in my favour, she hath evinced the greatness of her mind by fixing herself near in the service of one of the Magi, and, I think, will soon be one of our society."

Vathek, too much cast down to express the indignation excited by such a discourse, ordered the afrit to remove Carathis from his presence, and continued immersed in thoughts which his companions durst not disturb.

Carathis, however, eagerly entered the dome

of Soliman, and without regarding in the least the groans of the prophet, undauntedly removed the covers of the vases and violently seized on the talismans. Then, with a voice more loud than had hitherto been heard within these mansions, she compelled the dives to disclose to her the most secret treasures, the most profound stores, which the afrit himself had not seen. She passed, by rapid descents, known only to Eblis and his most favoured potentates; and thus penetrated the very entrails of the earth, where breathes the sansar, or the icy wind of death. Nothing appalled her dauntless soul. She perceived, however, in all the inmates who bore their hands on their heart a little singularity not much to her taste.

As she was emerging from one of the abysses, Eblis stood forth to her view; but notwithstanding he displayed the full effulgence of his infernal majesty, she preserved her countenance unaltered, and even paid her compliments with considerable firmness.

This superb monarch thus answered: "Princess, whose knowledge and whose crimes have merited a conspicuous rank in my empire, thou dost well to avail thyself of the leisure that remains; for the flames and

torments which are ready to seize on thy heart will not fail to provide thee soon with full employment." He said, and was lost in the curtains of his tabernacle.

Carathis paused for a moment with surprise; but resolved to follow the advice of Eblis, she assembled all the choirs of genii, and all the dives, to pay her homage. Thus marched she, in triumph, through a vapour of perfumes, amidst the acclamations of all the malignant spirits, with most of whom she had formed a previous acquaintance. She even attempted to dethrone one of the Solimans, for the purpose of usurping his place; when a voice, proceeding from the abyss of death, proclaimed: "All is accomplished!" Instantaneously the haughty forehead of the intrepid princess became corrugated with agony: she uttered a tremendous yell; and fixed, no more to be withdrawn, her right hand upon her heart, which was become a receptacle of eternal fire.

In this delirium, forgetting all ambitious projects, and her thirst for that knowledge which should ever be hidden from mortals, she overturned the offerings of the genii; and having execrated the hour she was begotten and the womb that had borne her, glanced

off in a rapid whirl that rendered her invisible, and continued to revolve without intermission.

Almost at the same instant the same voice announced to the caliph, Nouronihar, the four princes and the princess the awful and irrevocable decree. Their hearts immediately took fire, and they at once lost the most precious gift of Heaven — HOPE. These unhappy beings recoiled, with looks of the most furious distraction. Vathek beheld in the eyes of Nouronihar nothing but rage and vengeance; nor could she discern aught in his but aversion and despair. The two princes who were friends, and till that moment had preserved their attachment, shrank back, gnashing their teeth with mutual and unchangeable hatred. Kalilah and his sister made reciprocal gestures of imprecation; all testified their horror for each other by the most ghastly convulsions, and screams that could not be smothered. All severally plunged themselves into the accursed multitude, there to wander in an eternity of unabating anguish.

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious deeds! Such shall be the chastisement of that blind curiosity which would transgress

those bounds the wisdom of the Creator has prescribed to human knowledge; and such the dreadful disappointment of that restless ambition, which, aiming at discoveries reserved for beings of a supernatural order, perceives not, through its infatuated pride, that the condition of man upon earth is to be—humble and ignorant.

Thus the caliph Vathek, who for the sake of empty pomp and forbidden power had sullied himself with a thousand crimes, became a prey to grief without end and remorse without mitigation; whilst the humble, the despised Gulchenrouz passed whole ages in undisturbed tranquillity, and in the pure happiness of childhood.

NOTES

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PAGE 1.—*Caliph.*

THIS title, amongst the Mahometans, comprehends the concrete character of Prophet, Priest, and King, and is used to signify *The Vicar of God on Earth.* It is, at this day, one of the titles of the Grand Signior, as successor of Mahomet; and of the Sophi of Persia, as successor of Ali.—*Habesci's State of the Ottoman Empire*, p. 9. *D'Herbelot*, p. 985.

PAGE 1.—*one of his eyes became so terrible.*

The author of Nighiaristan hath preserved a fact that supports this account; and there is no history of Vathek in which his *terrible eye* is not mentioned.

PAGE 1.—*Omar Ben Abdalaziz.*

This caliph was eminent above all others for temperance and self-denial, insomuch that he is believed to have been raised to Mahomet's bosom, as a reward for his abstinence in an age of corruption.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 690.

PAGE 2.—*Samarah.*

A city of the Babylonian Irak; supposed to have stood on the site where Nimrod erected his tower. Khondemir relates, in his life of Motassem, that this prince, to terminate the disputes which were perpetually happening between the inhabitants of Bagdat and his Turkish slaves, withdrew from thence, and having fixed on a situation in the plain of Catoul,

there founded Samarah. He is said to have had in the stables of this city a hundred and thirty thousand *pied horses*, each of which carried, by his order, a sack of earth to a place he had chosen. By this accumulation an elevation was formed that commanded a view of all Samarah, and served for the foundation of his magnificent palace.—*D'Herbelot*, pp. 752, 808, 985. *Anecdotes Arabes*, p. 413.

PAGE 2.—*in the most delightful succession.*

The great men of the East have been always fond of music. Though forbidden by the Mahometan religion, it commonly makes a part of every entertainment. *Nitimur in vetitum semper.* Female slaves are generally kept to amuse them and the ladies of their harems. The Persian Khanyagere seems nearly to have resembled our old English minstrel, as he usually accompanied his barbut, or lute, with heroic songs. Their musicians appear to have known the art of moving the passions, and to have generally directed their music to the heart. Al Farabi, a philosopher, who died about the middle of the tenth century, on his return from the pilgrimage of Mecca, introduced himself, though a stranger, at the court of Seifeddoula, Sultan of Syria. Musicians were accidentally performing, and he joined them. The prince admired him, and wished to hear something of his own. He drew a composition from his pocket, and distributing the parts amongst the band, the first movement threw the prince and his courtiers into violent laughter, the next melted all into tears, and the last lulled even the performers asleep.—*Richardson's Dissertation on the Languages, &c., of Eastern Nations*, p. 211.

PAGE 3.—*Mani.*

This artist, whom Inatulla of Delhi styles *the far-famed*, lived in the reign of Schabur, or Sapor, the son of Ardschir Babegan, was founder of the sect of Manichæans, and was, by profession, a painter and sculptor. His pretensions, supported by an uncommon skill in mechanical contrivances, in-

duced the ignorant to believe that his powers were more than human. After having secluded himself from his followers, under the pretence of passing a year in Heaven, he produced a wonderful volume, which he affirmed to have brought from thence, containing images and figures of a marvellous nature.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 548. It appears, from the "Arabian Nights," that Haroun al Raschid, Vathek's grandfather, had adorned his palace and furnished his magnificent pavilion with the most capital performances of the Persian artists.

PAGE 4.—*Houris.*

The virgins of Paradise, called, from their large black eyes,* *Hur al oyun.* An intercourse with these, according to the institution of Mahomet, is to constitute the principal felicity of the faithful. Not formed of clay, like mortal women, they are deemed in the highest degree beautiful, and exempt from every inconvenience incident to the sex.—*Al Koran, passim.*

* Might not Akenside's expression,

"In the dark Heaven of Mira's eye,"

have been suggested by the eyes of the virgins of Paradise?

The enthusiasm of the acute Winckelmann for the statuary of the ancients was apt to mislead both his judgment and taste. What but such a bias could induce him to maintain—after asserting that Homer meant by the word βοῶπις, to characterise the beauty of Juno's eyes, and citing with approbation ΜΕΛΑΝΟΦΘΑΛΜΟΣ·—ΚΑΛΗ ΤΟ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΟΝ· as the gloss of the scholiast upon it, that the epithet the poet had selected was designed by him to express, not what it naturally imports, but a sense independent of it, and which it could only be supposed to imply from being placed in an absurd connection? The eye of the animal to which the term belongs is, no doubt, large, if referred to the human countenance; but not properly so in its own situation. Had Homer applied βοῶπις to the statue of Juno, βοῶπις (as the Abbé contends) must have been interpreted large-eyed: because in this relation no idea, except that of magnitude [unless we add prominence], could possibly be extorted from it; but it must be allowed, on the same principle, that an epithet taken from the eye of the ass, or any other creature's of equal size, whatever were its colour, would have become the statue of the

PAGE 5.—*it was not with the orthodox that he usually held.*

Vathek persecuted with extreme rigour all who defended the eternity of the Koran; which the Sonnites, or orthodox, maintained to be uncreated, and the Motazalites and Schiites as strenuously denied.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 85, &c.

PAGE 5.—*Mahomet in the seventh heaven.*

In this heaven the paradise of Mahomet is supposed to be placed, contiguous to the throne of Alla. Hagi Khalfah relates that Ben Iatmaiah, a celebrated doctor of Damascus, had the temerity to assert that, when the Most High erected his throne, he reserved a vacant place for Mahomet upon it.

PAGE 5.—*Genii.*

Genn, or *Ginn*, in the Arabic, signifies a Genius or Demon, a being of a higher order, and formed of more subtile matter than man. According to Oriental mythology, the Genii governed the world long before the creation of Adam. The Mahometans regarded them as an intermediate race between angels and men, and capable of salvation; whence Mahomet pretended a commission to convert them. Consonant to this, we read that, *when the* Servant of God *stood up to invoke him, it wanted little but that the* Genii *had pressed on him in crowds, to hear him rehearse the Koran.*—*D'Herbelot*, p. 375. *Al Koran*, ch. 72. It is asserted, and not without plausible

goddess as well, and signified precisely the same. On such commentators a poet might justly exclaim:

"——Pol, me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis!"

In their descriptions of female beauty, the poets of the East frequently use the same image with Homer; and exactly in his sense. Thus, in particular, Lebeid:

"A company of maidens were seated in their vehicles, with black eyes and graceful motions, like the wild heifers of Tudah."

reasons, that the words *Genn, Ginn—Genius, Genie, Gian, Gigas, Giant, Gaint* proceed from the same themes, viz. Γῆ, *the earth*, and Γάω, *to produce;* as if these supernatural agents had been an early production of the earth, long before Adam was modelled out from a lump of it. The Ὦντες and Ἐωντες of Plato bear a close analogy to these supposed intermediate creatures between God and man. From these premises arose the consequence that, boasting a higher order, formed of more subtile matter, and possessed of much greater knowledge than man, they lorded over this planet, and invisibly governed it with superior intellect. From this last circumstance they obtained in Greece the title of Δαίμονες, Demons, from Δαήμων, *Sciens*, knowing. The Hebrew word.

נפלים, Nephilim (Gen. vi. 4), translated by *Gigantes*, giants, claiming the same etymon with Νεφέλη, a cloud, seems also to indicate that these intellectual beings inhabited the void expanse of the terrestrial atmosphere. Hence the very ancient fable of men of enormous strength and size revolting against the gods, and all the mythological lore relating to that mighty conflict; unless we trace the origin of this important event to the ambition of Satan, his revolt against the Almighty, and his fall with the angels.

PAGE 5.—*Assist him to complete the tower.*

The Genii, who were styled by the Persians *Peris* and *Dives*, were famous for their architectural skill. The pyramids of Egypt have been ascribed to them; and we are told of a strange fortress which they constructed in the remote mountains of Spain, whose frontal presented the following inscription:—

"It is no light task to disclose the portal of this asylum:
The bolt, rash Passenger, is not of iron; but the tooth of a furious Dragon:
Know thou that no one can break this charm,
Till Destiny shall have consigned the key to his adventurous hand."

The Koran relates that the Genii were employed by Solomon in the erection of his magnificent temple.—*Bailly sur l'Atlantide*, p. 146. *D'Herbelot*, p. 8. *Al Koran*, ch. 34.

The reign of Gian Ben Gian over the Peris is said to have continued for two thousand years; after which EBLIS was sent by the Deity to exile them, on account of their disorders, and confine them in the remotest region of the earth. —*D'Herbelot*, p. 396. *Bailly sur l'Atlantide*, p. 147.

PAGE 7.—*the stranger displayed such rarities as he had never before seen.*

In the Tales of Inatulla we meet with a traveller who, like this, was furnished with trinkets and curiosities of an extraordinary kind. That such were much sought after in the days of Vathek may be concluded from the encouragement which Haroun al Raschid gave to the mechanic arts, and the present he sent by his ambassadors to Charlemagne. This consisted of a clock, which, when put into motion, by means of a clepsydra, not only pointed out the hours in their round, but also, by dropping small balls on a bell, struck them, and, at the same instant, threw open as many little doors, to let out an equal number of horsemen. Besides these, the clock displayed various other contrivances —*Ann. Reg. Franc. Pip. Caroli, &c., ad ann.* 807. *Weidler*, p. 205.

PAGE 8.—*characters on the sabres.*

Such inscriptions often occur in Eastern romances. We find, in the "Arabian Nights," a cornelian, on which *unknown characters* were engraven; and, also, a sabre, like those here described. In the French king's library is a curious treatise entitled *Sefat Alaclam*, containing a variety of alphabets, arranged under different heads; such as the *prophetic*, the *mystical*, the *philosophic*, the *magical*, the *talismanic*, &c., which seems to have escaped the research of the indefatigable Mr. Astle.—*Arabian Nights*, vol. ii., p. 246; vol. i., p. 143. *D'Herbelot*, p. 797.

PAGE 11.—*endeavoured by her conversation to appease and compose him.*

The same sanative quality is ascribed to soothing conversation both by Æschylus and Milton :—

Ὀργῆς νοσούσης εἰσιν ἰατροὶ λόγοι.
Prometh., v. 378.

"Apt words have power to swage
The tumours of a troubled mind;
And are as balm to fester'd wounds."
Samson Agon., v. 184

PAGE 13.—*beards burnt off.*

The loss of the beard, from the earliest ages, was accounted highly disgraceful. An instance occurs, in the Tales of Inatulla, of one being *singed off*, as a mulct on the owner, for having failed to explain a question propounded; and, in the "Arabian Nights," a proclamation may be seen similar to this of Vathek.—Vol. i., p. 268; vol. ii., p. 228.

PAGE 15.—*robes of honour and sequins of gold.*

Such rewards were common in the East.—See particularly *Arabian Nights*, vol. ii., pp. 72, 125; vol. iii., p. 64.

PAGE 16.—*The old man put on his green spectacles.*

This is an apparent anachronism; but such frequently occur in reading the Arabian writers. It should be remembered, the difficulty of ascertaining facts and fixing the dates of inventions must be considerable in a vast extent of country, where books are comparatively few, and the art of printing unpractised. Though the origin of *spectacles* can be traced back, with certainty, no higher than the thirteenth

century, yet the observation of Seneca—that letters appeared of an increased magnitude when viewed through the medium of convex glass—might have been noted also by others, and *a sort of spectacles* contrived in consequence of it. But however this might have been, the art of staining glass is sufficiently ancient to have suggested in the days of Vathek the use of *green*, as a protection to the eye from a glare of light.

PAGE 17.—*the stars, which he went to consult.*

The phrase of the original corresponds with the Greek expression, Ἄστρα ΒΙΑΖΕΣΘΑΙ· which, in another view, will illustrate St. Matthew xi. 12.

PAGE 20.—*to drink at will of the four fountains.*

Agathocles (cited by Athenæus, l. xi., p. 515) relates that "there were *certain fountains in these regions*, to the number of seventy, *whose* WATERS *were denominated* GOLDEN; and of which it was death for any one to drink, save *the* KING *and his eldest son.*" In this number, the four fountains were formerly reckoned; whose waters, as Vathek had no son, *were* sacred *to his own use.*

The citation from Agathocles may likewise explain the wish of King David for *water* from the *well* of *Bethlehem;* unless we suppose it to have arisen from a predilection, like that of the *Parthian monarchs*, for the water of Choaspes, which was carried with them wherever they went, and, from that circumstance, styled by Tibullus, *regia lympha*, and by Milton,

"The *drink* of *none* but *kings.*"

PAGE 20.—*bowls of rock crystal.*

In the "Arabian Nights," Schemselnihar and Ebn Thaher were served by three of their attendants, each bringing them *a goblet of rock crystal*, filled with curious wine.

PAGE 21.—*Accursed Giaour.*

Dives of this *kind* are frequently mentioned by Eastern writers. Consult their tales in general; and especially those of the Fishermen, Aladdin, and the Princess of China.

PAGE 21.—"*Drink this draught,*" *said the stranger, as he presented a phial.*

A phial of a similar potion is ordered to be instantaneously drunk off in one of the Tales of Inatulla. "These brewed enchantments" have been used in the East from the days of Homer. Milton, in his *Comus*, describes one of them, which greatly resembles the Indian's:—

"And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mixed
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power *to stir up joy as this:*
To *life* so *friendly*, or so *cool* to *thirst.*"

PAGE 22.—*The poets applied them as a chorus to all the songs they composed.*

Sir John Chardin, describing a public entertainment and rejoicing, observes, that the most ingenious poets in Persia (as is related of Homer) sung their own works; which, for the most part, are in praise of the king, whom they fail not to extol, let him be never so worthy of blame and oblivion. The songs of this day were adapted to the occasion of the festival, which was the restoration of the prime minister to

his office: he adds, I saw one that abounded in fine and witty turns, the burden of which was this:—

" Him set aside, all men but equals are;
E'en *Sol* survey'd the spacious realms of air,
To see if he could find another star:
A star, that like the *polar star* could reign;
And long he sought it, but he sought in vain." *

The ingenuity of the poet seems to consist in an allusion to the prime minister's title, *Ivon Medave*, or the Pole of Persia.

PAGE 23.—*Bababalouk, the chief of his eunuchs.*

As it was the employment of the *black eunuchs* to wait upon and guard the sultanas, so the general superintendence of the harem was particularly committed to their chief—*Habesci's State of the Ottoman Empire*, pp. 155, 156.

PAGE 24.—*the divan.*

This was both the supreme council and court of justice, at which the caliphs of the race of the Abassides assisted in person, to redress the injuries of every appellant.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 298

PAGE 24.—*The officers arranged themselves in a semicircle.*

Such was the etiquette, constantly observed, on entering the divan.—*Arabian Nights*, vol. iv., p. 36. *D'Herbelot*, p. 912.

PAGE 24.—*the prime vizir.*

Vazir, vezir, or, as we express it, vizir, literally signifies a *porter;* and, by metaphor, the minister who bears the principal burden of the state, generally called the Sublime Porte.

* See Lloyd's "Introduction to a Collection of Voyages and Travels, never before published in English," p. 21.

PAGE 26.—*The Indian, being short and plump, collected himself into a ball, &c.*

Happy as Horace has been in his description of the Wise Man, the figurative expressions which finish the character are literally applicable to our author's Indian :—

" In seipso totus, teres atque rotundus ;
Externi ne quid valeat per leve morari :
In quem manca ruit semper fortuna."

PAGE 27.—*The Muezins and their minarets.*

Valid, the son of Abdalmalek, was the first who erected a *minaret*, or turret ; and this he placed on the grand mosque at Damascus, for the *muezin*, or crier, to announce from it the hour of prayer. This practice has constantly been kept to this day.—*D'Herbelot*, p 576.

PAGE 32.—*The Palace of Subterranean Fire.*

Of this palace, which is frequently mentioned in Eastern romance, a full description will be found in the sequel.

PAGE 32.—*Soliman Ben Daoud.*

The name of *David* in Hebrew is composed of the letter ו *Vau* between two ד *Daleths* דוד ; and, according to the Masoretic points, ought to be pronounced *David*. Having no U consonant in their tongue, the Septuagint substituted the letter B for V, and wrote Δαβὶδ, *Dabid*. The Syriac reads *Dad* or *Dod ;* and the Arabs articulate *Daoud*.

PAGE 33.—*I require the blood of fifty of the most beautiful sons of the vizirs.*

Amongst the infatuated votaries of the powers of darkness, the most acceptable offering was *the blood of their children*. If the parents were not at hand to make an immediate offer,

the magistrates did not fail to select those who were most fair and promising, that the demon might not be defrauded of his dues. On one occasion, *two hundred of the prime nobility were sacrificed together.—Bryant's Observations*, p. 279, &c.

PAGE 38.—"*Give them me*," *cried the Indian.*

In the story of Codadad and his brother, we read of a *Black*, like this, *who fed upon human blood.—Arabian Nights*, vol. iii., p. 199.

PAGE 38.—*with the grin of an ogre.*

Thus, in the history of the punished vizir:—"The prince heard enough to convince him of his danger, and then perceived that the lady, who called herself the daughter of an *Indian* king, was an *ogress*; wife to one of those *savage demons* called an ogre, who stay in remote places, and make use of a thousand wiles to surprise and devour passengers."—*Arabian Nights*, vol. i., p. 56.

PAGE 38.—*bracelet.*

The bracelet, in the East, was an emblem of royalty.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 54. For want of a more proper term to denominate the ornament *serkhooj*, the word *aigret* is here used.

PAGE 41.—*mutes.*

It has been usual, in Eastern courts, from time immemorial, to retain a number of mutes. These are not only employed to amuse the monarch, but also to instruct his pages in an art to us little known of communicating everything by signs, lest the sounds of their voices should disturb the sovereign.—*Habesci's State of the Ottoman Empire*, p. 164. The mutes are also the secret instruments of his private vengeance, in carrying the fatal string.

PAGE 43.—*Prayer announced at break of day.*

The stated seasons of public prayer, in the twenty-four hours, were five: daybreak, noon, midtime between noon and sunset, immediately as the sun leaves the horizon, and an hour and a half after it is down.

PAGE 44.—*mummies.*

Mounia (from *moum*, wax and tallow) signifies the flesh of the human body preserved in the sand, after having been embalmed and wrapped in cerements. They are frequently found in the sepulchres of Egypt; but most of the Oriental mummies are brought from a cavern near Abin, in Persia.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 647.

PAGE 44.—*rhinoceros' horns.*

Of their extraordinary qualities and application, a curious account may be seen in the Bibliothèque Orientale, and the Supplement to it.

PAGE 45.—*skulls and skeletons.*

Both were usually added to the ingredients already mentioned. These magic rites sufficiently resemble the witch scenes of Middleton, Shakespeare, &c., to show their Oriental origin. Nor is it to be wondered if, amongst the many systems adopted from the East, this should have been in the number. It may be seen, from the Arabian tales, that magic was an art publicly taught; and Father Angelo relates of a rich enchanter, whom he knew at Bassora, that his pupils were so numerous as to occupy an entire quarter of the city.

PAGE 51.—*flagons of wine and vases of sherbet reposing on snow.*

Sir John Chardin speaks of a wine much admired in the East, and particularly in Persia, called *roubnar*; which is made from the juice of the pomegranate, and sent abroad in

large quantities. The Oriental sherbets, styled by St. Jerome *sorbitiuncula delicata*, consisted of various syrups (such as lemon, liquorice, capillaire, &c.) mixed with water. To these, Hasselquist adds several others, and observes that the sweet-scented violet is a flower greatly esteemed, not only for its smell and colour, but especially for its use in *sherbet;* which, when the Easterns intend to entertain their guests in an elegant manner, is made of a solution of violet-sugar. Snow, in the rinfrescos of a hot climate, is almost a constant ingredient. Thus, in the "Arabian Nights," Bedreddin Hassan, having filled a large porcelain bowl with sherbet of roses, put snow into it.

PAGE 51.—*a lamb stuffed with pistachios.*

The same dish is mentioned in the tale of the Barber's sixth brother.

PAGE 51.—*a parchment.*

Parchments of the like mysterious import are frequent in the writings of the Easterns. One in particular, amongst the Arabians, is held in high veneration. It was written by Ali and Giafar Sadek in mystic characters, and is said to contain the destiny of the Mahometan religion, and the great events which are to happen previous to the end of the world. This parchment is of *camel's skin;* but it was usual with Catherine of Medicis to carry about her person a legend, in cabalistic characters, inscribed on the skin of a dead-born infant.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 366. *Wraxall's House of Valois.*

PAGE 52.—*Istakhar.*

This city was the ancient Persepolis, and capital of Persia, under the kings of the three first races. The author of Lebtarikh writes, that Kischtab there established his abode, erected several temples to the element of fire, and hewed out, for himself and his successors, sepulchres in the rocks.

of the mountain contiguous to the city. The ruins of columns and broken figures, which still remain, defaced as they were by Alexander, and mutilated by time, plainly evince that those ancient potentates had chosen it for the place of their interment. Their monuments, however, must not be confounded with the superb palace reared by Queen Homai in the midst of Istakhar, which the Persians distinguish by the name of *Tchilminar*, or the forty watch-towers. The origin of this city is ascribed by some to Giamschid, and others carry it higher; but the Persian tradition is, that it was built by the *Peris*, or Faeries, when the world was governed by Gian Ben Gian.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 327.

PAGE 52.—*Gian Ben Gian.*

By this appellation was distinguished the monarch of that species of beings whom the Arabians denominate *Gian* or *Ginn;* that is, *Genii;* and the Tarikh Thabari, *Peris*, *Feez*, or *Faeries*. He was renowned for his warlike expeditions and stupendous structures. According to Oriental writers, the pyramids of Egypt were amongst the monuments of his power. The buckler of this mighty sovereign, no less famous than that of Achilles, was employed by three successive Solimans to achieve their marvellous exploits. From them it descended to Tahamurath, surnamed *Divbend*, or *Conqueror of the* GIANTS. This buckler was endowed with most wonderful qualities, having been fabricated by talismanic art, and was alone sufficient to destroy all the charms and enchantments of demons or giants; which, on the contrary, were wrought by magic. Hence we are no longer at a loss for the origin of the wonderful shield of Atlante.

The reign of Gian Ben Gian over the Peris is said to have continued for two thousand years, after which EBLIS was sent by the Deity to exile them, on account of their disorders, and confine them in the remotest region of the earth.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 396. *Bailly sur l'Atlantide*, p. 147.

PAGE 52.—*the talismans of Soliman.*

The most famous *talisman* of the East, and which could control even the arms and magic of the dives or giants, was *Mohur Solimani*, the seal or ring of Soliman Jared, fifth monarch of the world after Adam. By means of it the possessor had the entire command, not only of the elements, but also of demons and every created being.—*Richardson's Dissertat.*, p. 272. *D'Herbelot*, p. 820.

PAGE 52.—*pre-Adamite sultans.*

These monarchs, which were seventy-two in number, are said to have governed each a distinct species of rational beings, prior to the existence of Adam. Amongst the most renowned of them were SOLIMAN RAAD, SOLIMAN DAKI, and SOLIMAN DI GIAN BEN GIAN.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 820.

PAGE 52.—*beware how thou enterest any dwelling.*

Strange as this injunction may seem, it is by no means incongruous to the customs of the country. Dr. Pococke mentions his travelling with the train of the governor of Faiume, who, instead of lodging in a village that was near, passed the night in a grove of palm-trees.—*Travels*, vol. i., p. 56.

PAGE 52.—*every bumper he ironically quaffed to the health of Mahomet.*

There are innumerable proofs that the Grecian custom συμπιεῖν κυαθιζομένους prevailed amongst the Arabs; but, had these been wanted, Carathis could not be supposed a stranger to it. The practice was, to hail the gods in the first place, and then those who were held in the highest veneration. This they repeated as often as they drank. Thus St. Ambrose: "Quid obtestationes potantium loquar? quid memorem sacramenta, quæ violare nefas arbitrantur? Bibamus, inquiunt, pro salute imperatorum; et qui non biberit, sit reus indevotionis."

PAGE 53.—*the ass of Balaam, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, and the other animals admitted into the paradise of Mahomet.*

It was a tenet of the Mussulman creed that all animals would be raised again, and many of them honoured with admission to paradise. The story of the Seven Sleepers, borrowed from Christian legends, was this:—In the days of the Emperor Decius there were certain Ephesian youths of a good family, who, to avoid the flames of persecution, fled to a secret cavern, and there slept for a number of years. In their flight towards the cave they were followed by a dog, which, when they attempted to drive back, said: "*I love those who are dear unto God; go sleep, therefore, and I will guard you.*" For this dog the Mahometans retain so profound a reverence that their harshest sarcasm against a covetous person is, "He would not throw a bone to the dog of the Seven Sleepers." It is even said that their superstition induces them to write his name upon the letters they send to a distance, as a kind of talisman, to secure them a safe conveyance.—*Religious Ceremonies*, vol. vii., p. 74 n. *Sale's Koran*, ch. xviii., and notes.

PAGE 53.—*painting the eyes of the Circassians.*

It was an ancient custom in the East, and still continues, to tinge the eyes of women, particularly those of a fair complexion, with an impalpable powder, prepared chiefly from crude antimony, and called *surmeh*. Ebn'l Motezz, in a passage translated by Sir W. Jones, hath not only ascertained its *purple* colour, but also likened the *violet* to it:—

"Viola collegit folia sua, similia
Collyrio nigro, quod bibit lachrymas die discessus,
Velut si esset super vasa in quibus fulgent
Primæ ignis flammulæ in sulphuris extremis partibus." *

* [So the passage stands in Sir William Jones' Works, ii. 454; but the text is probably corrupt.]

This pigment, when applied to the inner surface of the lids, communicates to the eye (especially if seen by the light of lamps) so tender and fascinating a languor as no language is competent to express.* Hence the epithet, Ἰοβλέφαρος, violet-colour eyelids, attributed by the Greeks† to the goddess of beauty; and the Arabian comparison of "the *eyelids* of a fine woman bathed in tears, to violets dropping with dew." Perhaps, also, Shakespeare's—

"—— violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes"—

should be ultimately referred to the same origin. But however this may be, it is obvious (though his commentators have overlooked it) that Anacreon alluded to the same cosmetic, when he required of the painter that the *eyelids* of

* When Tasso represents love, as ambushed,

"—— sotto all' ombra
Delle palpebre"—

he allegorically alludes to that appearance in nature which the artifice here described was meant to counterfeit

† Both Homer and Hesiod have applied ΈΛΙΚΟΒΛΕΦΑΡΟΣ to Venus, in a synonymous sense, as is evident from Pliny, who, amongst other properties of the *Helix*, minutely specifies its purplish flowers. This ὑπογραφὴ ὀφθαλμῶν will likewise explain ΈΛΙΚΩΠΙΣ.

Winckelmann and Grævius have each given different interpretations; but let them both speak for themselves:—Ἑλικοβλεφαρος caractérise des yeux dont les paupières ont un mouvement ondoyant que le Poëte compare au jeune ceps de la vigne.—*Hist. de l'Art de l'Antiq.*, tom. ii., p. 135.——Ἑλικοβλεφαροι et ἑλικώπιδες puellæ Græcis dicuntur, qui sunt mobili oculorum petulantia, ut Petron. loquitur, sive quæ habent, ut idem dicit,—

"—— blandos oculos et inquietos,
Et quadam propria nota loquaces."

Qui hinc Ovidio dicuntur *arguti*. Alitei plerique sentiunt, et exponunt: *nigros oculos habentes*. Sed ea vera est quam dixi hujus vocis notio, quam facile pluribus confirmarem, nisi res ipsa loqueretur.—*Lectiones Hesiodeæ*, cap. i.

his mistress's portrait should, like her own, exhibit this appearance :—

> Ἐχέτω δ', ὅπως ἐκείνη,
> ΒΛΕΦΑΡΩΝ ΙΤΥΝ ΚΕΛΑΙΝΗΝ·

and her eye, both the bright citron * of Minerva's, and the dewy radiance † of Cytherea's :—

> Τὸ δὲ ΒΑΕΜΜΑ νῦν ἀληθῶς
> Ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποίησον·
> Ἅμα ΓΛΑΥΚΟΝ, ὡς ΑΘΗΝΗΣ·
> Ἅμα δ' ΥΓΡΟΝ, ὡς ΚΥΘΗΡΗΣ.‡

PAGE 54.—*Rocnabad.*

The stream thus denominated flows near the city of Shiraz. Its waters are uncommonly pure and limpid, and their banks swarded with the finest verdure. Its praises are celebrated by Hafez, in an animated song, which Sir W. Jones has admirably translated :-

> "Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
> And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
> Whate'er the frowning zealots say
> Tell them, their Eden cannot show
> A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
> A bower so sweet as Mosellay." §

* "Eyen, bright citrin."—Chaucer. No expression can be less exact than blue-eyed, when used as the characteristic of Minerva; nor any, perhaps, more so than Chaucer's :—unless γλαυκῶπις be literally rendered

† ΥΓΡΟΣ·—ὁ εὐκατάφορος, εἰς τὰς ἡδονὰς ῥευματιζόμενος.

Gloss. Bibl. Coislin. Tasso, in his *Jerusalem*, has well paraphrased the import of this epithet :—

> "Qual raggio in onda, le scintilla un riso
> Negli umidi occhj tremulo e lascivo."

‡ Ode xxviii. 18.—2 Kings ix. 30. Ezek. xxiii. 40. D'Herbelot, p 832. Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters, Let. xxix.

§ Mosella was an oratory on the banks of Rocnabad.

PAGE 54.—*Do you, with the advice of my mother, govern.*

Females in the East were not anciently excluded from power. In the story of Zeyn Alasnam and the King of the Genii, the mother of Zeyn undertakes, with the aid of his vizirs, to govern Bassora during his absence on a similar expedition.

PAGE 55.—*chintz and muslin.*

For many curious particulars relative to these articles consult Mr. Delaval's "Inquiry concerning the Changes of Colours," &c.; to which may be added, Lucret., lib. iv. 5; Petron., c. 37; Martial, viii. Ep. 28. 17, xiv. Ep. 150; Plutarch., *in Vitâ Catonis;* Plin. viii. 48.

PAGE 56.—*serpents and scorpions.*

Various accounts are given of the magical applications of these animals, and the power of sorcerers over them, to which even Solomon referred. Sir John Chardin relates that at Surat an Armenian, having seen some of these creatures crawl and twine over the naked bodies of children belonging to the charmers, daringly hazarded the same experiment; but it soon proved fatal to him, for he was bitten, and died in the space of two hours.

PAGE 50.—*she amused herself in curing their wounds.*

Clorin, in the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, possessed the like skill:—

"Of all green wounds I know the remedies,
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked art;
* * * *
These I can cure."

PAGE 56.—*moullahs.*

Those amongst the Mahometans who were bred to the law had this title, and from their order the judges of cities and provinces were taken.

PAGE 56.—*the sacred Cahaba.*

That part of the temple at Mecca which is chiefly revered, and, indeed, gives a sanctity to the rest, is a square stone building called the Caaba probably from its quadrangular form. The length of this edifice, from north to south, is twenty-four cubits, and its breadth, from east to west, twenty-three. The door is on the east side, and stands about four cubits from the ground, the floor being level with the threshold. The Caaba has a double roof, supported internally by three octangular pillars of aloes-wood, between which, on a bar of iron, hangs a row of silver lamps. The outside is covered with rich black damask, adorned with an embroidered band of gold. This hanging, which is changed every year, was formerly sent by the caliphs.—*Sale's Preliminary Discourse*, p. 152.

PAGE 58.—*the tapestry that hung before the door.*

This kind of curtain, at first restricted to the serail, or palace, was afterwards adopted by the great, and gradually became of general use. The author of Lebtarikh relates, that Lohorashb, King of Persia, having granted to the great officers of his household and army the privilege of giving audience on seats of gold, reserved to himself the right of the *serapendeh*, or curtain; which was hung before the throne to conceal him from the eyes of his subjects, and thereby preserve their reverence for his person. In later times, the daughter of a law professor, who occasionally, in her father's absence, filled his chair, had recourse to the same expedient, lest the charms of her face should distract her pupil's attention.—*Abbé de Sade's Mémoires de Pétrarque*, tom. i., p. 42.

PAGE 58.—*the supposed oratory.*

The dishonouring such places as had an appearance of being devoted to religious purposes, by converting them to the most abject offices of nature, was an Oriental method of expressing contempt, and hath continued from remote antiquity.—*Harmer's Observations*, vol. ii., p. 493.

NOTES

PAGE 59.—*regale these pious poor souls with my good wine from Shiraz.*

The prohibition of wine in the Koran is so rigidly observed by the conscientious, especially if they have performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, that they deem it sinful to press grapes for the purpose of making it, and even to use the morey arising from its sale.—*Chardin, Voy. de Perse*, tom. ii., p. 212. *Shiraz* was famous in the East for its wines of different sorts, but particularly for its *red*, which was esteemed more highly than even the white wine of *Kismische*.

PAGE 60.—*The caliph, to enjoy so flattering a sight, supped gaily on the roof.*

Dr. Pococke relates that he was entertained at Galilee by the steward of the Sheik, with whom he *supped on the top of the house*. From a similar motive to Vathek's, Nebuchalnezzar is represented by Daniel as contemplating his capital from the summit of his palace, when he uttered that exulting apostrophe, "*Is not this great Babylon, that I have built!*"

PAGE 62.—*the most stately tulips of the East.*

The tulip is a flower of Eastern growth, and there held in great estimation. Thus, in an ode of Mesihi:—"The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed: among the plants the fortunate *tulips* represent his companions."

PAGE 62.—*eunuchs in the rear.*

As the black eunuchs were the inseparable attendants of the ladies, the rear was, consequently, their post. So, in the argument to the poem of Amriolkais:—"One day, when her tribe had struck their tents, and were changing their station, the women, as usual, came behind the rest, with the servants and baggage, in carriages fixed on the backs of camels."

PAGE 62.—*certain cages of the ladies.*

There are many passages of the *Moallakat* in which these *cages* are fully described. Thus, in the poem of Lebeid :—

"How were thy tender affections raised, when the damsels of the tribe departed; when they hid themselves in carriages of cotton, like antelopes in their lair, and the tents as they were struck gave a piercing sound!

"They were concealed in vehicles, whose sides were well covered with awnings and carpets, with fine-spun curtains and pictured veils."

Again, Zohair :—

"—— Look, my friend! dost thou not discern a company of maidens seated on camels, and advancing over the high ground above the streams of Jortham?

"They leave on their right the mountains and rocky plains of Kenaan. Oh! how many of my bitter foes, and how many of my firm allies, does Kenaan contain!

"They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson andem-wood.

"They now appear by the valley of Subaan, and now they pass through it; the trappings of all their camels are new and large.

"When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloths, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety."—*Moallakat, by Sir W. Jones*, pp. 46, 35. See also *Lady M. W. Montagu*, Let. xxvi.

PAGE 62.—*wagging somewhat awry.*

Amriolkais, in the first poem of the *Moallakat*, hath related a similar adventure :—

"On that happy day I entered the carriage, the carriage of Onaiza, who said, 'Woe to thee! thou wilt compel me to travel on foot.'

"She added, while the vehicle was bent aside with our weight, 'O Amriolkais, descend, or my beast also will be killed!'

"I answered, 'Proceed, and loosen his rein; nor withhold

from me the fruits of thy love, which again and again may be tasted with rapture.

"'Many a fair one, like thee, though not like thee a virgin, have I visited by night.'"

PAGE 62.—*dislodged.*

Our language wants a verb, equivalent to the French *déniche*r, to convey, in this instance, the precise sense of the author.

PAGE 63.—*those nocturnal insects which presage evil.*

It is observable that, in the fifth verse of the 91st Psalm, the terror by night is rendered, in the old English version, the bugge by night.* In the first settled parts of North America, every nocturnal fly of a noxious quality is still generically named a bug; whence the term bugbear signifies one that carries terror wherever he goes. Beelzebub, or the Lord of Flies, was an Eastern appellative given to the Devil; and the nocturnal sound called by the Arabians *azif* was believed to be the howling of demons. Analogous to this is a passage in *Comus* as it stood in the original copy:—

> 'But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
> With all the grisly legions that troop
> Under the sooty flag of Acheron
> Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous buggs
> 'Twixt Africa and Inde, I'll find him out.'

PAGE 64.—*the locusts were heard from the thickets on the plain of Catoul.*

The insects here mentioned are of the same species with the τέττιξ of the Greeks, and the *cicada* of the Latins. The locusts are mentioned in Pliny, b. xi. 29. They were so

* Instances are not wanted, both in the English and Greek versions, where the translators have modified the sense of the original by their own preconceived opinions. To this source may be ascribed the **Bugge** of our old Bible, and (δαιμόνιον μεσημβρινὸν) the noon-day demon of the Seventy, unless the copies of the latter be supposed to have read,

called, from *loco usto*, because the havoc they made wherever they passed left behind the appearance of a place desolated by fire. How could, then, the commentators of Vathek say that they are called *locusts* from their having been so denominated by the first English settlers in America?

PAGE 64.—*halted on the banks of the Tigris.*

It is a practice in the East, and especially when large parties journey together, to halt, if possible, in the vicinity of a stream. Thus, Zohair:—

"They rose at daybreak. they proceeded at early dawn; they are advancing towards the valley of Ras directly and surely, as the hand to the mouth.

"Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents, like the Arab, in a settled mansion."

PAGE 64.—*the heavens looked angry, &c.*

This tempest may be deemed somewhat the more violent from a supposition that Mahomet interfered; which will appear the more probable, if the circumstance of its obliterating the road* be considered. William of Tyre hath recorded one of a similar kind, that visited Baldwin in his

not ישוד but ישד. If the terror by night be taken in connection with the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and both opposed to the arrow that flieth by day, and the destruction that wasteth at noon, it will seem to imply the dread of real evil only, which may be explained, in the language of the poet, by—

"Night and all her sickly dews";

but if the rendering of our old version, adopting that of the Seventy, be founded, it will, also, include the imaginary evils that follow:—

"Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry."

* Exclusive, however, of preternatural interference, it frequently happens that a sudden blast will arise on the vast deserts of the East, and sweep away, in its eddies, the tracks of the last passenger; whose camel, therefore, in vain, for the wanderer that follows,

Linquit hum pedibus vestigia pressa bisulcis.

expedition against Damascus:—"He, against whose will all projects are vain, suddenly overspread the sky with darkness; poured down such torrents of rain, and so entirely effaced the roads, that scarce any hope of escaping remained. These disasters were indeed portended by a gloominess in the air, lowering clouds, irregular gusts of winds, increasing thunders, and incessant lightnings: but, as the mind of man knows not what may befall him, these admonitions of Heaven were slighted and opposed."—*Gesta Dei per Francos*, p. 849.

PAGE 65.—*he determined to cross over the craggy heights, &c., to Roenabad.*

Oriental travellers have sometimes recourse to these expedients, for the sake of abridging the toils of their journeys. Hence, Amgrad, in the "Arabian Nights," who had himself been about six weeks in travelling from the Isle of Ebene, could not comprehend the possibility of coming in less time; unless by enchantment, or crossing the mountains, which, from the difficulty of the pass, were but seldom traversed.

PAGE 66.—*tigers and vultures.*

The ravages of these animals in the East are almost incredible.

> "Before them, Death with shrieks directs their way,
> Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.

From the earliest days they have been the constant attendants on scenes of carnage.

In the Sacred Writings, David threatens "to give the host of the Philistines to the fowls of the air and the wild beasts of the earth." Antara boasts, at the close of a conflict, of "having left the father of his foes, like a victim, to be mangled by the lions of the wood, and the eagles * ad-

* Finely as Gray conceived the idea of the eagle, awestruck at the corses of the bards, there is a languor in his expression that wants to be removed. Milton, as his best editor judiciously remarks, applied (he

vanced in years." And, in the narrative of the prisoners taken at Bendore, the author relates that many of them were devoured by tigers and vultures.

PAGE 66.—*Vathek, with two little pages.*

"All the pages of the seraglio are sons of Christians made slaves in time of war, in their most tender age. The incursions of robbers in the confines of Circassia afford the means of supplying the seraglio, even in times of peace."—*Habesci's State of the Ottoman Empire*, p. 157. That the pages here mentioned were *Circassians*, appears from the description of their complexion—"*more fair than the enamel of Franguistan.*"

PAGE 67.—*confectioners and cooks.*

What their precise number might have been in Vathek's establishment it is not now easy to determine; but in the household of the present Grand Seignor there are not fewer than a hundred and ninety.—*Habesci's State*, p. 145.

PAGE 68.—*torches were lighted, &c.*

Mr. Marsden relates, in his "History of Sumatra," that tigers prove most fatal and destructive enemies to the inhabitants, particularly in their journeys; and adds, that the numbers annually slain by those rapacious tyrants of the woods are almost incredible. As these tremendous enemies are alarmed at the appearance of fire, it is usual for the natives to carry a splendid kind of torch, chiefly to frighten them, and also to make a blaze with wood in different parts round their villages.—P. 149.

might have said confined) the verb *hurry* to preternatural motion or imaginary beings: adopting it, therefore, in a kindred sense, might we not (for passes) advantageously read:—

"The famish'd eagle screams, and hurries by"?

PAGE 68.—*One of the forests of cedar that bordered their way took fire.*

Accidents of this kind in Persia are not unfrequent. "It was an ancient practice with the kings and great men to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose the air and earth appeared one great illumination: and as those terrified creatures naturally fled to the woods for shelter, it is easy to conceive that conflagrations, which would often happen, must have been peculiarly destructive."—*Richardson's Dissertation*, p. 185. In the 83rd Psalm, v. 14, there is a reference to one of those fires, though arising from another cause; and Homer likewise has taken a simile from thence:—

Ἤυτε πῦρ ἈΙΔΗΛΟΝ ἐπιφλέγει ἄσπετον ὕλην,
Οὔρεος ἐν κορυφῇς· ἔκαθεν δέ τε φαίνεται αὐγή·
Il, β. 455.

PAGE 69.—*hath seen some part of our bodies; and, what is worse, our very faces.*

"I was informed," writes Dr. Cooke, "that the Persian women in general would sooner expose to public view any part of their bodies than their faces."—*Voyages and Travels*, vol. ii., p. 443.

PAGE 71.—*cakes baked in silver ovens for his royal mouth.*

Portable ovens were a part of the furniture of Eastern travellers. St. Jerome (on Lament. v. 10) hath particularly described them. The caliph's were of the same kind, only substituting silver for brass. Dr. Pococke mentions his having been entertained in an Arabian camp with cakes baked for him. In what the peculiarity of the royal bread consisted it is not easy to determine; but in one of the Arabian Tales a woman, to gratify her utmost desire, wishes

to become the wife of the sultan's baker, assigning for the reason that she might have her fill of that bread which is called the sultan's.—Vol. iv., p. 269.

PAGE 64.—*vases of snow, and grapes from the banks of the Tigris.*

It was customary in Eastern climates, and especially in the sultry season, to carry, when journeying, supplies of snow. These *æstivæ nives* (as Mamertinus styles them) being put into separate vases, were by that means better kept from the air, as no more was opened at once than might suffice for immediate use. To preserve the whole from solution the vessels that contained it were secured in packages of straw.—*Gesta Dei*, p. 1098. Vathek's ancestor, the CALIPH MAHADI, in the pilgrimage to Mecca, which he undertook from ostentation rather than devotion, loaded upon camels so prodigious a quantity as was not only sufficient for himself and his attendants amidst the burning sands of Arabia, but also to preserve in their natural freshness the various fruits he took with him, and to ice all their drink whilst he stayed at Mecca, the greater part of whose inhabitants had never seen snow till then.—*Anecdotes Arabes*, p. 326.

PAGE 71.—*roasted wolf, &c.*

In the poem of Amriolkais a repast is described which in manner of preparation resembles the present:—

"He soon brings us up to the foremost of the beasts, and leaves the rest far behind, nor has the herd time to disperse itself.

"He runs from wild bulls to wild heifers, and overpowers them in a single heat, without being bathed, or even moistened with sweat.

"Then the busy cook dresses the game, roasting part, baking part on hot stones, and quickly boiling the rest in a vessel of iron."

Disgusting as this refection of Vathek may be thought,

Atlante boasts to Ruggiero of having fed him from his infancy on a similar diet :—

" Di midolle già d' orsi e di leoni
Ti porsi io dunque li primi alimenti."

And we read that lion's flesh was prescribed to Vathek, but on a different occasion.—*Anecdotes Arabes*, p. 419.

The vegetables that made part of this entertainment were such as the Koran had ordained to be food for the damned.

PAGE 72.—*dropped their fans on the ground.*

Attendants for the same purpose are mentioned in the story of the King of the Black Isles :—" One day, while she was at bath, I found myself sleepy after dinner, and lay down upon a sofa. Two of her ladies, who were then in my chamber, came and sat down, one at my head and the other at my feet, with fans in their hands to moderate the heat and to hinder the flies from disturbing my slumber." The comfort of such an attendant in the hour of repose can be known only in the climes of intolerable day.

PAGE 72.—*horrible Kaf.*

This mountain, which in reality is no other than Caucasus, was supposed to surround the earth like a ring encompassing a finger. The sun was believed to rise from one of its eminences (as over Oeta, by the Latin poets), and to set on the opposite, whence *from Kaf to Kaf* signified from one extremity of the earth to the other. The fabulous historians of the East affirm that this mountain was founded upon a stone called *sakhrat*, one grain of which, according to Lokman, would enable the possessor to work wonders. This stone is further described as the pivot of the earth, and said to be one vast emerald, from the refraction of whose beams the heavens derive their azure. It is added that whenever God would excite an earthquake he commands the stone to move one of its fibres (which supply in it the office of nerves), and, that being moved, the part of the earth

connected with it quakes, is convulsed, and sometimes expands. Such is the philosophy of the Koran!

The Tarikh Tabari, written in Persian, analogous to the same tradition, relates that were it not for this emerald the earth would be liable to perpetual commotions, and unfit for the abode of mankind.

To arrive at the Kaf, a vast region,

"Far from the sun and summer gale,"

must be traversed. Over this dark and cheerless desert the way is inextricable without the direction of supernatural guidance. Here the dives or giants were confined after their defeat by the first heroes of the human race; and here, also, the Peris or Faeries are supposed in ordinary to reside. Sukrage, the giant, was king of Kaf, and had Rucail, one of the children of Adam, for his prime minister. The giant Argenk likewise, from the time that Tahamurath made war upon him, reigned here, and reared a superb palace in the city of Aherman, with galleries, on whose walls were painted the creatures that inhabited the world prior to the formation of Adam.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 230, &c., &c.

PAGE 72.—*the Simurgh.*

This is that wonderful bird of the East concerning which so many marvels are told: it was not only endowed with reason, but possessed also the knowledge of every language. Hence it may be concluded to have been a dive in a borrowed form. This creature relates of itself that it had seen the great revolution of seven thousand years twelve times commence and close; and that, in its duration, the world had been seven times void of inhabitants, and as often replenished. The Simurgh is represented as a great friend to the race of Adam, and not less inimical to the dives. Tahamurath and Aherman were apprised by its predictions of all that was destined to befall them, and from it they obtained the promise of assistance in every undertaking. Armed with the buckler of Gian Ben Gian, Tahamurath was borne by it

through the air, over the dark desert, to Kaf. From its bosom his helmet was crested with plumes, which the most renowned warriors have ever since worn. In every conflict the Simurgh was invulnerable, and the heroes it favoured never failed of success. Though possessed of power sufficient to exterminate its foes, yet the exertion of that power was supposed to be forbidden. Sadi, a serious author, gives it as an instance of the universality of Providence, that the Simurgh, notwithstanding its immense bulk, is at no less for sustenance on the mountain of Kaf. Inatulla hath described Getiafrose, queen of the Genii, as seated on a golden chariot, drawn by ten Simurghs, whose wings extended wide as the earth-shading bir,* and whose talons resembled the proboscis of mighty elephants: but it does not appear from any other writer that there ever was more than *one*, which is frequently called the *marvellous gryphon*, and said to be like that imaginary monster.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 810, 1017, &c. *Tales of Inatulla*, vol. ii., pp. 71, 72.

* —or *Banian*, to which the epithet of Inatulla most emphatically belongs. Milton hath accurately described this extraordinary tree, though by another name:—

"The *fig-tree*—not that kind for fruit renown'd;
But such as at this day to Indians known,
In Malabar or Deccan, spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree: a pillar'd shade
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between"

Was it not from hence that Warburton framed his hypothesis on the origin of Gothic architecture? At least, here were materials sufficient for a fancy less forgetive than his. Mr. Ives, in his "Journey from Persia," thus speaks of this vegetable wonder:—"This is the Indians sacred tree.—It grows to a prodigious height, and its branches spread a great way. The limbs drop down fibres, which take root and become another tree, united by its branches to the first; and so continue to do, until the trees cover a great extent of ground: the arches which those different stocks make are Gothic, like those we see in Westminster Abbey; the stocks not being single, but appearing as if composed of many stocks, are of a great circumference. There is a certain solemnity accompanying those trees; nor do I remember that I was ever under

As the *magic shield of Atlante* resembles the *buckler of Giau Ben Gian*, so his *Ippogrif* apparently came from the *Simargh*, notwithstanding the reference of Ariosto to the veridical Archbishop :—

> " Non ho veduto mai, nè letto altrove,
> Fuor che in Turpin, d'un si fatto animale."

the cover of any of them, but that my mind was at the time impressed with a reverential awe!"—P. 460. From the

> " ——— pillar'd shade
> High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between,"

as well as the

> " ——— highest woods, impenetrable
> To star, or sunlight,"

just before mentioned, and the name given to the tree, it is probable that the poet's description was principally founded on the account of Duret, who, in the Chapter *Du Figuier d'Inde* of his singular book (entitled "Histoire admirable des plantes et herbes esmerueillables et miraculeuses en nature, &c.," à Paris, 1605), thus writes :—"Sa grosseur est quelquefois telle, que trois hommes ne le sçauroient embrasser: quelquefois vn ou deux de ces figuiers font *vn bois assez grand, touffu, & ombrageux, dans lequel les rayons du* Soleil *ne peuuent aucunement* penetrer, *durant les chaleurs d'Este*, & font ces figuiers infinies *tonnes & cabinets si concaues & couuerts de feuilles & de sinuositez* [ailes and recesses, so arched over with foliage and embowed ramifications], *qu'il s'y forme des* Echos *ou reuerberations de voix & sons, jusques à trois fois*, & est telle *la moindre d'vn seul ombre de ses arbres, qu'elle peut contenir soubs soy à couuert huict cens ou mil personnes, & la plus grande ombre, trois mil hommes.*"—P. 124. This tree might well be styled the Earth-shading.*

Though the early architecture of our island be confessedly of a doubtful origin, it nevertheless deserves to be noted, that the resemblance between the columns of the ruined chancel at Orford and those of Tauk Kesserah on the banks of the Tigris is much too strict to be merely casual. It may be added, that the arches of this edifice, and their ornaments, are of the style we call the Early Norman.

* The following is an account of the dimensions of a remarkable Banyan tree, near Manjee, twenty miles west of Patna, in Bengal. Diameter 363 to 375 feet. Circumference of its shadow at noon, 1116 feet. Circumference of the several stems (in number 50 or 60), 921 feet. —*Marsden's History of Sumatra*, p. 131.

PAGE 73.—*palampores, &c.*

These elegant productions, which abound in all parts of the East, were of very remote antiquity. Not only are σινδόνας ΕΤΑΝΘΕΙΣ, *finely flowered linens*, noticed by Strabo, but Herodotus relates that the nations of Caucasus *adorned* their *garments* with *figures of various creatures*, by means of the sap of certain vegetables; which, when macerated and diluted with water, communicate colours that cannot be washed out, and are no less permanent than the texture itself.—*Strabo*, l. xv., p. 709. *Herodot.*, l. i., p. 96. The Arabian Tales repeatedly describe these "*fine linens of India, painted in the most lively colours*, and representing *beasts*, *trees*, *flowers*, &c."—*Arabian Nights*, vol. iv., p. 217, &c.

PAGE 73.—*afrits.*

These were a kind of Medusæ, or Lamiæ, supposed to be the most terrible and cruel of all the orders of the dives.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 66.

PAGE 73.—*tablets fraught with preternatural qualities.*

Mr. Richardson observes, "that in the East men of rank in general carried with them pocket astronomical tables, which they consulted on every affair of moment." These tablets, however, were of the *magical* kind, and such as often occur in works of romance. Thus, in Boiardo, Orlando receives, from the father of the youth he had rescued, "a book that would solve all doubts"; and, in Ariosto, Logistilla bestows upon Astolpho a similar directory. The books which Carathis turned over with Morakanabad were imagined to have possessed the like virtues.

PAGE 74.—*dwarfs.*

Such unfortunate beings as are thus "curtailed of fair proportion" have been for ages an appendage of Eastern grandeur. One part of their office consists in the instruction

of the pages; but their principal duty is the amusement of their master. If a dwarf happen to be a mute, he is much esteemed; but if he be also a eunuch, he is regarded as a prodigy, and no pains or expense are spared to obtain him.—*Habesci's State of the Ottoman Empire*, p. 164, &c.

PAGE 74.—*a cabin of rushes and canes.*

Huts of this sort are mentioned by Ludeke, in his "Expositio brevis Loc. Scrip.," p. 51:- "Tuguriola seu palis, fruticibus viridibus, vel junciis circumdatis et tectis, amboque quidem facillimè construuntur."

PAGE 74.—*a small spring supplies us with water for the Abdest, and we daily repeat prayers, &c.*

Amongst the indispensable rules of the Mahometan faith, ablution is one of the chief. This rite is divided into three kinds. The first, performed before prayers, is called *Abdest*. It begins with washing both hands, and repeating these words:—"Praise be Alla, who created clean water, and gave it the virtue to purify: he also hath rendered our faith conspicuous." This done, water is taken in the right hand thrice, and the mouth being washed, the worshipper subjoins:—"I pray thee, O Lord, to let me taste of that water which thou hast given to thy prophet Mahomet in paradise, more fragrant than musk, whiter than milk, sweeter than honey; and which has the power to quench for ever the thirst of him that drinks it." This petition is accompanied with sniffing a little water into the nose. The face is then three times washed, and behind the ears; after which water is taken with both hands, beginning with the right, and thrown to the elbow. The washing of the crown next follows, and the apertures of the ear with the thumbs; afterward the neck with all the fingers, and finally, the feet. In this last operation, it is held sufficient to wet the sandal only. At each ceremonial a suitable petition is offered, and the whole concludes with this.—"Hold me up firmly, O Lord,

and suffer not my foot to slip, that I may not fall from the bridge into hell." Nothing can be more exemplary than the attention with which these rites are performed. If an involuntary cough or sneeze interrupt them, the whole service is begun anew, and that as often as it happens.—*Habesci*, p. 91, &c.

PAGE 74.—*reading the holy Koran.*

The Mahometans have a book of stops or pauses in reading the Koran, which divides it into *seventeen* sections, and allows of no more.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 915.

PAGE 74.—*the bells of a cafila.*

A cafila, or caravan, according to Pitts, is divided into distinct companies, at the head of which an officer or person of distinction is carried in a kind of horse-litter and followed by a sumpter camel, loaded with his treasure. This camel hath a bell fastened to either side, the sound of which may be heard at a considerable distance. Others have bells on their necks and their legs, to solace them when drooping with heat and fatigue. Inatulla also, in his Tales, hath a similar reference:—"The belle of the cafila may be rung in the thirsty desert."—Vol. ii., p. 15. These small bells were known at Rome from the earliest times, and called from their sounds, *tintinnabulum*. Phædrus gives us a lively description of the mule carrying the fiscal monies: *clarumque collo jactans tintinnabulum*.—Book ii., fabl. vii.

PAGE 75.—*Deggial.*

This word signifies properly a liar and impostor, but is applied by Mahometan writers to their *Antichrist*. He is described as having but one eye and eyebrow, and on his forehead the radicals of *cafer* or *infidel* are said to be impressed. According to the traditions of the faithful, his first appearance will be between Irak and Syria, mounted on an ass. Seventy thousand Jews from Ispahan are expected to

follow him. His continuance on earth is to be forty days. All places are to be destroyed by him and his emissaries, except *Mecca* or *Medina*, which will be protected by angels from the general overthrow. At last, however, he will be slain by Jesus, who is to encounter him at the gate of Lud. —*D'Herbelot*, p. 282. *Sale's Prelim. Disc.*, p 106.

PAGE 75.—*dictated by the blessed Intelligence.*

That is, the angel *Gabriel*. The Mahometans deny that the Koran was composed by their prophet; it being their general and orthodox belief that it is of divine origin; nay, even eternal and uncreated, remaining in the very essence of God: that the first transcript has been from everlasting by his throne, written on a table of immense size, called the *preserved table;* on which are also recorded the divine decrees, past and future: that a copy was by the ministry of the angel *Gabriel* sent down to the lowest heaven, in the month of *Ramadan*, on the night of *power;* from whence *Gabriel* revealed it to Mahomet by parcels, some at Mecca, and some at Medina.—*Al Koran*, ch. ii., &c. *Sale's Prelim. Disc.*, p. 85.

PAGE 75.—*hath culled with his own hands these melons*, &c.

The great men of the East have ever been, what Herodotus* shrewdly styled them, δωροφάγοι, or *gift-eaters*: for no visitor can approach them with empty hands. In such a climate and situation, what present could be more acceptable to Vathek than this refreshing collation?

PAGE 76.—*to kiss the fringe of your consecrated robe.*

This observance was an act of the most profound reverence.—*Arabian Nights*, vol. iv., p. 236, &c.

* [Or rather Hesiod. The word does not occur in Herodotus.]

NOTES

PAGE 76.—*and implore you to enter his humble habitation*

It has long been customary for the Arabs to change their habitations with the seasons. Thus Antara :—

"Thou hast possessed thyself of my heart: thou hast fixed thy abode, and art settled there, as a beloved and cherished inhabitant.

"Yet how can I visit my fair one, whilst her family have their *vernal mansion* in Oneizatain, and mine are stationed in Ghailem?"

Xenophon relates, in his *Anabasis*, that it was customary for the kings of Persia *θερίζειν καὶ ἐαρίζειν*, to pass the *summer* and *spring* in Susa and Ecbatana; and Plutarch observes further, that their winters were spent in Babylon, their summers in Media (that is *Ecbatana*), and the pleasantest part of *spring* in Susa: Καίτοι τούσγε Περσῶν βασιλέας ἐμακάριζον ἐν Βαβυλῶνι τὸν χειμῶνα διάγοντας· ἐν δὲ Μηδίᾳ τὸ θέρος· ἐν δὲ Σούσοις, τὸ ἥδιστον τοῦ ἔΑΡΟΣ.—*De Exil.*, p. 604. This ΤΟ ΗΔΙΣΤΟΝ of the *vernal season* is exquisitely described by Solomon:—

"Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over, it is gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the season of singing is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away"

PAGE 76.—*an emerald set in lead.*

As nothing at the opening of spring can exceed the luxuriant vegetation of these irriguous valleys, so no term could be chosen more expressive of their verdure. The prophet Ezekiel, emblematising Tyre under the symbol of Paradise, hath described by the different gems of the East the flowers that variegate its surface, and particularly by the *emerald* its green:—"Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God: כל־אבן יקרה מסכתך—*thy carpet was an assemblage of every precious stone;* the ruby, the topaz, and the

diamond; the chrysolite, the onyx, and the jasper; the sapphire, the *emerald.*"*—Ch. xxviii. 13. It hath not, perhaps, hitherto been observed that the *Paradise* of Ariosto was copied from hence:—

"Zaffir, rubini, oro, topazj, e perle,
E diamanti, e chrysoliti, e giacinti
Potriano i fiori assimigliar, che per le
Liete piagge v' avea l' aura dipinti.
Si *verdi l' erbe*, che potendo averle
Qua giù, ne fuon gli *smeraldi* vinti."

Canto xxxiv., st. 49.

When Gray, in his description of Grasmere, spoke of its "*meadows green*, as an *emerald*," he might have added also the circumstance noted by our author, beset with mountains of the hue of *lead*. Shakespeare, in a similar comparison, hath denominated our *green* England,

"This *precious stone* set in the *silver* sea."

PAGE 76. —*sugar*.

Dr. Pococke mentions the sugar-cane as a great dessert in Egypt; and adds, that besides coarse loaf sugar and sugar-candy it yields a third sort, remarkably fine, which is sent to the Grand Seignor, and prepared only for himself.—*Travels*, vol. i., pp. 183, 204. The jeweller's son, in the Story of the Third Calender, desires the prince to fetch some *melon* and *sugar*, that he might refresh himself with them.—*Arabian Nights*, vol. i., p. 159.

* The same kind of imagery abounds in the Oriental poets. Thus, Abu Nawas:—

"Behold the gardens of the earth, and consider the emblems of those things which Divine power hath formed: *eyes of silver* (daisies) everywhere disclosed, with pupils like molten gold, united to an emerald stalk. these avouch that no one is equal to God."

So, likewise, Sadi:—

"He hath planted rubies and emeralds on the hard rock: the ruby rose on its emerald stem."

And Ebn Rumi, of the violet:—"It is not a flower, but an emerald bearing a purple gem."

NOTES

PAGE 76.—*red characters.*

The laws of Draco are recorded by Plutarch in his Life of Solon to have been written in blood. If more were meant by this expression than that those laws were of a sanguinary nature, they will furnish the earliest instance of the use of *red characters*, which were afterwards considered as appropriate to supreme authority, and employed to denounce some requisition or threatening design to strike terror. According to Suidas, this manner of writing was likewise practised in *magic rites*. Hence their application in the instance here mentioned.—Tiotz in *Herm. Hugonem*, pp. 106, 307. Suidas sub voc. Θεσταλὴ γυνή.

PAGE 77.—*thy body shall be spit upon.*

There was no mark of contempt amongst the Easterns so ignominious as this.—*Arabian Nights*, vol. i., p. 115; vol. iv., p. 275. It was the same in the days of Job. Herodotus relates of the Medes, ΠΤΤΕΙΝ ἀντίον ΑΙΣΧΡΟΝ ἐστί, and Xenophon relates, ΑΙΣΧΡΟΝ ἐστὶ Πέρσαις τὸ ΑΠΟΠΤΤΕΙΝ. Hence the reason is evident for spitting on our Saviour.

PAGE 77.—*bats will nestle in thy belly.*

Bats in these countries were very abundant, and both from their numbers and nature held in abhorrence. See what is related of them by Thevenot, part i., pp. 132, 133; Egmont and Hayman, vol. ii., p. 87; and other travellers in the East.

PAGE 78. —*the Bismillah.*

This word (which is prefixed to every chapter of the Koran except the ninth) signifies, "in the name of the most merciful God." It became not the initiatory formula of prayer till the time of Moez the Fatimite.—*D'Herbelot*, p 326.

Ablution is of an origin long prior to Mahomet. It is mentioned in Homer, and alluded to by the Psalmist:—"I

will *wash my hands in innocency*, and so will I compass thine altar, O Lord."

Again :—"Verily have I cleansed my heart in vain, and *washed my hands in innocency*."

PAGE 79 —*a vast wood of palm-trees.*

Perhaps the palm is nowhere more abundant than in this region, *that* only excepted to which Virgil refers, in a passage as yet not explained :—

"Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas."

If the ingenuousness and delicacy of a right reverend critic (who is said to have owed his present dignity to a note on the context) had not been long known,* an ordinary reader might be startled at the resemblance between his lordship's critique and Catrou's ; whilst a fastidious one in a splenetic mood might apply, like another Edwards, *the marks of imitation*, as so many *canons* to annoy their founder The hypothesis, however, of Hartley, Priestley, and those other physiologists, who have so clearly deduced the phenomena of mind from organisation, and traced back the coincidences of thought to predisposing motives and similar associations, will enable us, on the idea of an internal conformity between the critics, to account for their congruity of writing, without leaving room to surmise that the one ever heard of the other. Not a breath, then, of Achan and his wedge of gold !

Catrou, supposing that Virgil meditated the improvement of his writings, after an excursion to Greece and Asia, translates *ego in* patriam *rediens*, by *à mon retour en* ITALIE ; but the restricted sense in which the poet delights to apply *patria* (as in his first Eclogue :—

"Nos *patriæ* fines, et dulcia linquimus arva,
Nos *patriam* fugimus"),

as well as the mention of *Mantua* and *Mincius*, precludes

* See the Tract entitled "On the Delicacy of Friendship, a seventh dissertation, addressed to the author of the sixth."

this more extended construction. If, therefore, *ego in patriam rediens* be literally taken, it will rather mark the design of Virgil to retire from Rome to the sequestered scenes of his *native Mantua;* where he was first smitten with the love of song, and whither he purposes to bring the sisterhood of the Muses. But the clause least understood is that which immediately follows:—

"Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas"

Catrou hath inferred from it that Virgil actually projected a voyage to the Levant—to fetch palms, no doubt! The bishop, however, after remarking that the poet, having held himself forth as a conqueror, and declared the object of his conquest to have been bringing the Muses captive from Greece, subjoins "The *palmy* triumphal entry, which was usual to victors on their return from foreign successes, follows—

"'Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas.'"

But, with the deference due to so venerable a critic, will this explication suffice? for, may it not be asked, If, to celebrate a triumph for foreign successes, *palms* from Idumæa were requisite; if victors were accustomed to go thither for them, previous to their triumphal entry; or (allowing Idumæas to be sine mente sonum, a word without meaning*), how it could happen that the palmy triumphal entry should have been usual to victors, and yet Virgil the first, whose success was to be graced with it?

"Primus Idumæas referam—palmas."

It is observable that this book of the *Georgics* opens with

* Thus, also, Martyn, because Idumæa was famous for palms, interprets Idumæas palmas, "palms, in general;" and Heyne, *Idumæas autem palmas poetico plane epitheto appellabat, a nobili aliquo genere;*" yet, he immediately adds, "*Idumen* poetæ pro Idumæa ac *tota Judæa* dicunt, quam quidem palmis frequentem fuisse notum est:—arbusto palmarum dives Idume.—*Lucan.* iii. 216"

proposing its subject, the novelty of which induces the author to remark that, as the usual themes of the Roman poets were all become trite, it would be his aim to seek fame from foreign acquisitions, and his purpose to aggrandise the glory of his country by subjecting to its language the poetical beauties of Greece and Judæa.

If it be admitted that, under the allegory of leading the Muses (who were peculiar to Greece) from the summit of the Aonian mount, the poet intended to characterise the loftiest flights of Grecian poetry, or the Epic,* it follows from parity of reason that, under the symbol of their country,† he equally designed the prophetic strains of the Hebrews:—

"Primus ego in patriam mecum, modo vita supersit,
Aonio rediens deducam vertice Musas;
Primus Idumæas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas."

The verb *referam* in connection with *tibi Mantua* implies that Virgil had already brought Idumæan palms to his natal soil, and what these meant is abundantly plain. For, whoever will compare the Fourth Eclogue with the prophecy of Isaiah, must perceive too close an agreement to suppose that the same images, under similar combinations, and both new

* It was in this light that the Æneis was regarded by Propertius, who exclaims in reference to it (B. II. El. xxxiv. v. 65):—

"——— Cedite Græi,
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade."

The author of an elegant and masterly pamphlet, entitled "Critical Observations on the Sixth Book of the Æneid" (published by Elmsly, 1770), supposes Propertius, in the contest, to have had his eye on the shield of Æneas; but, from comparing the passage itself with the sixth elegy of the fourth book, it appears more likely that he alluded to the battle of Actium, as described in *Æn.* viii. 704. (But the battle of Actium is only described as one of the scenes represented on the shield of Æneas.)

† It was by this emblem that the Romans, on their coins, represented Judæa; and particularly on the medal, to signalise its reduction—

"Beneath her Palm here sad Judæa weeps."

to a Roman poet, should have occurred to Virgil rather from chance, than a previous perusal of the prophet* in Greek.

It only remains, then, to be inquired, whether Virgil, after having introduced in his pastorals some of the prophetic traits of Hebrew poetry, any further availed himself of it in the Epic here projected? For a satisfactory answer to this question, it might suffice to reply, that if there be any characteristic which discriminates the *Æneid* more than another, it is the prophetic

"In medio mihi Cæsar erit, templumque tenebit."

As in the Pollio, the images employed by the prophet to prefigure the birth of the Messiah, and the blessings of his reign, were applied by the Roman poet to the birth of the expected son of Augustus,† and the return of the golden age under his auspices; so, in the *Æneid*, he resumes the prediction, and applies it to Augustus himself:—

"Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis
Augustus Cæsar, divi genus; aurea condet
Sæcula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam; super et Garamantas et Indos
Proferet Imperium. Jacet extra sidera tellus
Extra anni solisque vias," &c.

Æn. vi. 792.

PAGE 79.—*inscription.*

Inscriptions of this sort are still retained. Thus, Ludeke:—"Interni non solum Divani pluriumque conclavium parietes, sed etiam frontispicia super portas inscriptiones habent."—*Expositio*, p. 54. In the history of Amine, we find an inscription over a gate, in letters of gold, analogous to this of Fakreddin:—"Here is the abode of everlasting pleasures and content."—*Arabian Nights*, vol. i., p. 193.

* Tacitus mentions the ancient scriptures of the Jewish priests as containing the prediction which Virgil is here supposed to have adopted.—*Hist.*, l. v. § 13

† By Scribonia, then pregnant of the infamous Julia. See Bishop Chandler's Vindication, and Masson's Dissertation subjoined.

PAGE 79.—*a magnificent tecthtrevan.*

This kind of *moving throne*, though more common at present than in the days of Vathek, is still confined to persons of the highest rank.

PAGE 80.—*her light brown hair floated in the hazy breeze of the twilight.*

Literally, hyacinthine. The metaphor taken from this flower, expressed by the word *Sunbul*, is familiar to the Arabians. Thus, in Sir William Jones's *Solima*, an eclogue made up of Eastern images :—

> " The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
> That wanton with the laughing summer air."

Nor was it less common to the Greeks. Perhaps Milton, in the following lines,—

> " Hyacinthin locks
> Round from his parted forelock manly hung
> Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad "—

adopted it from Lucian. The term *manly*, with the restriction at the close, gives full scope for this conjecture; as in Lucian, the descriptions relate only to *women*. The poet may be further traced upon the snow of the classics in the use of the term clustering; an equivalent expression being appropriated by the ancients to that disposition of the curls which resembles the growth of grapes, and may be observed on gems, coins, and statues.—*Plutarch Consol. Apoll.*, p. 196.

It is singular that both lexicographers and critics should have considered βοτρυοχάιτης and βοτρυόκοσμος as synonymous. This confusion, however, appears to have arisen from both being attributes of Bacchus, whose hair was not only adorned with clusters from the vine, but, like

the locks of Apollo (πλοχμοὶ ΒΟΤΡΤΟΕΝΤΕΣ. Apollon, Αργον., B. 677), was itself clustering.*

Sir William Jones acutely conjectures that Solomon alluded to the hair in that elliptical speech of the Shulamite, Song i. 14 :—

אשכל הכפר דודי לי
בכרמי צין גדי

"A cluster of grapes, &c."

The like epithet, though adopted from a different fruit, occurs in the poem of Amriolkais : —

"Her long coal-black hair decorated her back, thick and diffused, like bunches of dates, clustering on the palm-tree."

The diffusion of hair here noticed, and its floating as described by our author, are circumstances so frequent in the works of Hafez and Jami that there is scarce a page of them in which the idea of the breeze playing with the tresses of a beautiful girl is not agreeably and variously expressed.† An instance from Petrarch, resembling their manner, may be seen in the lines that follow :—

"Aura, che quelle chiome bionde e crespe
Circondi, e movi, e se' mossa da loro
Soavemente, e spargi quel dolce oro,
E poi l raccogli, e'n bei nodi l rincrespe."

Son. cxci.

PAGE 80.—*your ivory limbs.*

The Arabians compare the skin of a beautiful woman to the egg of the ostrich, when preserved unsullied.‡ Thus, Amriolkais .—

* Winckelmann hath strangely fixed upon the reverse of this character as an exclusive property of these divinities ; and so infallible a criterion does he make it, as even from it alone to ascertain their mutilated statues —*Hist. de l'Art d'Antiq.*, tom. ii., p. 146 However, in another part of his work, he refers to Plutarch, as cited above.

† Preface to Jones's Poems, p xii.

‡ A fair skin is likened by the Italian poets to curd. Thus Bracciolini : —

"Delicate was her shape; fair her skin; and her body well proportioned: her bosom was as smooth as a mirror—

"Or like the pure egg of an ostrich, of a yellowish tint blended with white."

Also the Koran:—"Near them shall lie the virgins of Paradise, refraining their looks from beholding any beside their spouses, having large black eyes, and resembling the eggs of an ostrich, covered with feathers from dust."—*Moallakat*, p. 8. *Al Koran*, ch. 27.

But though the Arabian epithet be taken from thence, yet the word ivory is substituted, as more analogous to European ideas and not foreign from the Eastern. Thus, Amru:—

"And two sweet breasts, smooth and white as vessels of ivory, modestly defended from the hand of those who presume to touch them."—*Moallakat*, p. 77.

PAGE 80.—*baths of rose-water.*

The use of perfumed waters for the purpose of bathing is of an early origin in the East, where every odoriferous plant sheds a richer fragrance than is known to our more humid climates. The rose which yields this lotion is, according to Hasselquist, of a beautiful pale bluish colour, double, large as a man's fist, and more exquisite in scent than any other species. The quantities of this water distilled annually at Fajhum and carried to distant countries is immense. The mode of conveying it is in vessels of copper coated with

"—— i suoi teneri membri un latte sieno
Che tremolante, ma non rotto ancora,
Pose accorto Pastor su i verdi giunchi."
Amoroso Sdegno, iii

Likewise, Tasso:—

"—— egli rivolse
I cupidi occhi in quelle membra belle,
Che, come suole tremolare, il latte
Ne giunchi, si parean morbide, e bianche"
Aminta, iii. 1

wax.—*Voyag.*, p. 248. Ben Jonson makes Volpone say to Celia :—

> "Their bath shall be the juyce of gilleflowres,
> Spirit of roses, and of violets."

PAGE 80.—*amuse you with tales.*

Thus, in the story of Alraoui : – "There was an emir of Grand Cairo, whose company was no less coveted for his genius than his rank. Being one day in a melancholy mood, he turned towards a courtier, and said : 'Alraoui, my heart is dejected, and I know not the cause ; relate to me some pleasant story, to dispel my chagrin.' Alraoui replied : 'The great have with reason regarded tales as the best antidote to care ; if you will allow me, I will tell you my own.'"—Translated from one of the unpublished MSS. mentioned in the Preface. "The 'Arabian Nights,'" saith Colonel Capper, in his "Observations on the Passage to India through Egypt and across the Great Desert," "are by many people supposed to be a spurious production, and are therefore slighted in a manner they do not deserve. They are written by an Arabian, and are universally read and admired throughout Asia by persons of all ranks, both old and young. Considered, therefore, as an original work, descriptive as they are of the manners and customs of the East in general, and also of the genius and character of the Arabians in particular, they surely must be thought to merit the attention of the curious ; nor are they, in my opinion, entirely destitute of merit in other respects ; for although the extravagance of some of the stories is carried too far, yet, on the whole, one cannot help admiring the fancy and invention of the author in striking out such a variety of pleasing incidents. Pleasing, I call them, because they have frequently afforded me much amusement ; nor do I envy any man his feelings who is above being pleased with them ; but, before any person decides on the merit of these books, he should be eye-witness of the effects they produce

on those who best understand them. I have, more than once, seen the Arabians on the Desert, sitting round a fire, listening to these stories with such attention and pleasure as totally to forget the fatigue and hardship with which an instant before they were totally overcome. In short, they are held in the same estimation all over Asia as the adventures of Don Quixote are in Spain."

If the observation of the Knight of La Mancha, respecting translation in general, be just—"me parece, que el traducir de una lengua en otra, es como quien mira los tapices flamencos por el reves, que aunque se ven las figuras, son llenas de hilos que las escurecen, y no se ven con la lisura y tez de la haz,"—the wrong side of the tapestry will represent more truly the figures on the right, notwithstanding the floss that blurs them, than any version the precision and smoothness of the Arabian surface. The prospect of a rich country in all the glories of summer is not more different from its November appearance than the original of those tales when opposed to the French translation, of which, it may be added, our version is, at best, but a moonlight view:—

"——— pallida la luna
Tingea d'un lume scolorito e incerto
La vasta solitudine terrena."

PAGE 81.—lamb *à la crême.*

No dish among the Easterns was more generally admired. The caliph Abdolmelek, at a splendid entertainment, to which whoever came was welcome, asked Amrou, the son of Hareth, what kind of meat he preferred to all others. The old man answered: "An ass's neck, well seasoned and roasted." "But what say you," replied the caliph, "to the leg or shoulder of a LAMB *à la crême?*" and added:—

"How sweetly we live if a shadow would last!"

—*M. S. Laud. Numb.*, 161. *A. Ockley's Hist. of the Saracens*, vol. ii., p. 277.

PAGE 81.—*made the dwarfs dance against their will.*

Ali Chelebi al Moufti, in a treatise on the subject, held that dancing, after the example of the dervishes, who made it a part of their devotion, was allowable. But in this opinion he was deemed to be heterodox; for Mahometans in general place dancing amongst the things that are forbidden. —*D'Herbelot*, p. 98.

PAGE 81.—*durst not refuse the commander of the faithful.*

The mandates of Oriental potentates have ever been accounted irresistible. Hence the submission of these devotees to the will of the caliph —*Esther* i. 19. *Daniel* vi. 8. *Ludeke*, *Expos. brevis*, p. 60.

PAGE 81.—*he spread himself on the sofa.*

The idiom of the original occurs in Euripides, and is from him adopted by Milton :—

Ἴδετε τὸν Γέροντ' ἀ-
μαλὸν ἐπὶ πέδῳ
ΧΤΜΕΝΟΝ· ὦ τάλας.

Heraclidæ, v. 75.

" See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
With languish'd head unpropt,
As one past hope, abandon'd
And by himself given over."

Samson, v. 118.

PAGE 81.—*properly lubricated with the balm of Mecca.*

Unguents, for reasons sufficiently obvious, have been of general use in hot climates. According to Pliny, "at the time of the Trojan war, they consisted of oils perfumed with the odours of flowers, and chiefly of ROSES,"—whence the ΡΟΔΟΕΝ ἔλαιον of Homer. Hasselquist speaks of oil impregnated with the tuberose and jessamine; but the

unguent here mentioned was preferred to every other. Lady M. W. Montagu, desirous to try its effects, seems to have suffered materially from having improperly applied it.

PAGE 81.—*if their eyebrows and tresses were in order.*

As perfuming and decorating the hair of the sultanas was an essential duty of their attendants, the translator hath ventured to substitute the term *tresses* for another more exact to the original. In Don Quixote, indeed, a waiting-woman of the duchess mentions the same services with our author, but as performed by persons of her own sex:—"Hay en Candaya mugeres que andan de casa en casa á quitar el vello, y á pulir las cejas, y hacer otros menjurges tocantes á mugeres, nosotras las dueñas de mi señora por jamas quisímos admitirlas, porque las mas olıscan á tarceras."—Tom. iv., cap. xl., p. 42.

Other offices of the dressing-room and toilet may be seen in Lucian, vol. ii. *Amor.* 39, p. 441. The Arabians had a preparation of antimony and galls, with which they tinged the eyebrows of a beautiful black; and great pains were taken to shape them into regular arches. In combing the hair, it was customary to sprinkle it with perfumes, and to dispose it in a variety of becoming forms.—*Richardson's Dissertat.*, p. 481. *Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters.*

PAGE 82.—*the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time.*

The Mahometans boast of a doctor who is reported to have read over the Koran not fewer than twenty thousand times.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 75.

PAGE 82.—*black eunuchs, sabre in hand.*

In this manner the apartments of the ladies were constantly guarded. Thus, in the Story of the Enchanted Horse, Firouz Schah, traversing a strange palace by night, entered a room, "and by the light of a lantern saw that the persons he had heard snoring were black eunuchs with

naked sabres by them, which was enough to inform him that this was the guard-chamber of some queen or princess"—*Arabian Nights*, vol. iv., p. 189.

PAGE 83.—*Nouronihar, daughter of the emir, was sprightly as an antelope, and full of wanton gaiety.*

Solomon has compared his bride to "a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots"; Horace, a sportive young female to an untamed filly; Sophocles, a delicate virgin to a wild heifer; Ariosto, Angelica to a fawn or kid; and Tasso, Erminia to a hind; but the object of resemblance adopted by our author is of superior beauty to them all.

PAGE 83.—*to let down the great swing.*

The swing was an exercise much used in the apartments of the Eastern ladies, and not only contributed to their health, but also to their amusement.—*Tales of Inatulla*, vol. i., p. 259.

PAGE 84.—*I accept the invitation of your honied lips.*

Uncommon as this idiom may appear in our language, it was not so either to the Hebrew or the Greek. Compare Proverbs xvi. 24 —

צוף־דבש אמרי־נעם

with Homer, *Iliad* α. 249—

Τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης ΜΕΛΙΤΟΣ γλυκίων ῥέεν αὐδή.

Theocritus, Idyl. xx. 26—

——Ἐκ ΣΤΟΜΑΤΩΝ δὲ
Ἐῤῥεέ μοι ΦΩΝΑ γλυκερωτέρα ἢ ΜΕΛΙΚΗΡΩ.

And Solomon's Song iv. 11—

נפת תטפנה שפתותיך כלה
——— דבש

with Moschus, Idyl. i. 8, 9—

—— —— ἀδὺ ΛΑΛΗΜΑ·
—— —— ὡς ΜΕΛΙ, *φωνά.*

An Arabian fabulist, enumerating the charms of a consummate beauty, hath used the identical expression of our author; but, probably, in an extended sense, as—

"——— from her lip
Not words alone pleased him."

PAGE 84.—*my senses are dazzled with the radiance that beams from your charms.*

Or (to express an idiom for which we have no substitute), "thy countenance, rayonnante de beautés et de graces." Descriptions of this kind are frequent in Arabian writers; thus, Tarafa:—

"Her face appears to be wrapped in a veil of sunbeams."

And in the "Arabian Nights":—"Schemselniha came forward amongst her attendants with a majesty resembling the sun amidst the clouds; which receive his splendour without concealing his lustre." To account for this compliment in the mouth of Babalouk, we should remember that he was, *ex officio*, *elegans formarum Spectator*.

PAGE 85.—*melodious Philomel, I am thy rose.*

The passion of the nightingale for the rose is celebrated over all the East. Thus Mesihi, as translated by Sir W. Jones:—

"Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of spring.
Love bids him sing, and love will be obey'd,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade."

PAGE 86.—*oil spilt in breaking the lamps.*

It appears from Thevenot that illuminations were usual on the arrival of a stranger, and he mentions, on an occasion of this sort, two hundred lamps being lighted. The quantity of oil, therefore, spilt by Babalouk may be easily accounted for from this custom.

NOTES

PAGE 86.—*reclining on down.*

See Lady M. W. Montagu. Let. xxvi.

PAGE 87.—*calenders.*

These were a sort of men amongst the Mahometans who abandoned father and mother, wife and children, relations and possessions, to wander through the world, under a pretence of religion, entirely subsisting on the fortuitous bounty of those they had the address to dupe.—*D'Herbelot, Suppl.* p. 204.

PAGE 87.—*santons.*

A body of religionists, who were also called *abdals*, and pretended to be inspired with the most enthusiastic raptures of divine love. They were regarded by the vulgar as *saints.* —*Olearius*, tom. i., p. 971. *D'Herbelot*, p. 5.

PAGE 87.—*dervishes.*

The term *dervish* signifies a *poor man*, and is the general appellation by which a religious amongst the Mahometans is named. There are, however, discriminations that distinguish this class from the others already mentioned. They are bound by no vow of poverty, they abstain not from marriage, and, whenever disposed, they may relinquish both their blue shirt and profession.—*D'Herbelot, Suppl.* 214. It is observable, that these different orders, though not established till the reign of Nasser al Samani, are notwithstanding mentioned by our author as coeval with Vathek, and by the author of the "Arabian Nights" as existing in the days of Haroun al Raschid; so that the Arabian fabulists appear as inattentive to chronological exactness in points of this sort as our immortal dramatist himself.

PAGE 88.—*Brahmins.*

These constituted the principal caste of the Indians, according to whose doctrine *Brahma*, from whom they are

called, is the first of the three created beings by whom the world was made. This Brahma is said to have communicated to the Indians four books, in which all the sciences and ceremonies of their religion are comprised. The word Brahma, in the Indian language, signifies *pervading all things*. The Brahmins lead a life of most rigid abstinence, refraining not only from the use, but even the touch, of animal food; and are equally exemplary for their contempt of pleasures and devotion to philosophy and religion.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 212. *Bruckeri Hist. Philosoph.*, tom. i., p. 194.

PAGE 88.—*faquirs.*

This sect were a kind of religious anchorets, who spent their whole lives in the severest austerities and mortification. It is almost impossible for the imagination to form an extravagance that has not been practised by some of them to torment themselves. As their reputation for sanctity rises in proportion to their sufferings, those amongst them are reverenced the most who are most ingenious in the invention of tortures, and persevering in enduring them. Hence some have persisted in sitting or standing for years together in one unvaried posture, supporting an almost intolerable burden, dragging the most cumbrous chains, exposing their naked bodies to the scorching sun, and hanging with the head downward before the fiercest fires.—*Relig. Cerem.*, vol. iii., p. 264, &c. *White's Sermons*, p. 504

PAGE 88.—*some that cherished vermin.*

In this attachment they were not singular. The Emperor Julian not only discovered the same partiality, but celebrated, with visible complacency, the shaggy and *populous* beard which he fondly cherished; and even "The Historian of the Roman Empire" affirms, "that the little animal is a beast familiar to man, and signifies love."—Vol. ii., p. 343.

NOTES

PAGE 88.— *Visnow and Ixhora.*

Two deities of the East Indians, concerning whose history and adventures more nonsense is related than can be found in the whole compass of mythology besides. The traditions of their votaries are, no doubt, allegorical; but without a key to disclose their mystic import, they are little better than senseless jargon.

PAGE 89.—*talapoins.*

This order, which abounds in Siam, Laos, Pegû, and other countries, consists of different classes, and both sexes, but chiefly of men.—*Relig. Ceremon.*, vol. iv., p. 62, &c.

PAGE 89.—*objects of pity were sure to swarm round him.*

Ludeke mentions the practice of bringing those who were suffering under any calamity, or had lost the use of their limbs, &c., into public, for the purpose of exciting compassion. On an occasion, therefore, of this sort, when Fakreddin, like a pious Mussulman, was publicly to distribute his alms, and the commander of the faithful to make his appearance, such an assemblage might well be expected. The Eastern custom of regaling a convention of this kind is of great antiquity, as is evident from the parable of the king in the Gospels, who entertained the maimed, the lame, and the blind; nor was it discontinued when Dr. Pococke visited the East.—Vol. i., p. 182.

PAGE 90.—*horns of an exquisite polish.*

Jacinto Polo de Medina, in one of his epigrams, has as unexpected a turn on the same topic:—

"Cavando un sepulcro un hombre
Sacó largo, corvo y grueso,
Entre otros muchos, un hueso,
Que tiene cuerno por nombre;

Volviólo al sepulchro al punto ·
Y viéndolo un cortesano.
Dijo : bien haceis, hermano,
Que es hueso de ese defunto."

PAGE 90.—*small plates of abominations.*

The Koran hath established several distinctions relative to different kinds of food, in imitation of the Jewish prescriptions, and many Mahometans are so scrupulous as not to touch the flesh of any animal over which, *in articulo mortis*, the butcher had omitted to pronounce the *Bismillah.*— *Relig. Cerem.*, vol. vii., p. 110.

PAGE 90.—*fish, which they drew from a river*

According to Le Bruyn, the Oriental method of fishing with a line is by winding it round the finger, and when the fisherman feels that the bait is taken, he draws in the string with alternate hands : in this way, he adds, a good dish of fish is soon caught. —Tom. i., p. 564. It appears, from a circumstance related by Galand, that Vathek was fond of this amusement.—*D'Herbelot, Suppl.* p. 210.

PAGE 91.—*Sinai.*

This mountain is deemed by Mahometans the noblest of all others, and even regarded with the highest veneration, because the divine law was promulgated from it.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 812.

PAGE 91.—*Peris.*

The word *Peri*, in the Persian language, signifies that beautiful race of creatures which constitutes the link between angels and men The Arabians call them *Ginn*, or *Genii*, and we (from the Persian, perhaps) *Faeries:* at least, the Peris of the Persian romance correspond to that imaginary class of beings in our poetical system. The Italians de-

nominate them *Fata*, in allusion to their power of charming and enchanting; thus the *Manta** *Fatidica* of Virgil is rendered in Orlando, *La Fata Manto*. The term *Ginn* being common to both Peris and Dives, some have erroneously fancied that the Peris were female Dives. This appellation, however, served only to discriminate their common nature from the angelic and human, without respect to their qualities, moral or personal. Thus, the Dives are hideous and wicked, whilst the Peris are beautiful and good. Amongst the Persian poets, the beauty of the Peris is proverbial: insomuch that a woman superlatively handsome is styled by them, *the offspring of a Peri*.

PAGE 92.—*butterflies of Cachemire*.

The same insects are celebrated in an unpublished poem of Mesihi, another of the MSS. mentioned in the Preface. Sir Anthony Shirley relates that it was customary in Persia "to hawke after butterflies with sparrows, made to that use, and stares." It is, perhaps, to this amusement that our author alludes in the context.

PAGE 93.—*I had rather that his teeth should mischievously press my finger*.

These *molles morsiunculæ* remind one of Lesbia and her sparrow:—

> "Passer, deliciæ meæ puellæ,
> Quicum ludere, quem in sinu tenere,
> Quoi primum digitum dare adpetenti,
> Et acres solet incitare morsus."

In the Story of the Sleeper Awakened (which the induction to *The Taming of the Shrew* greatly resembles), Abon Hassan thus addresses the lady that was brought him: "Come

* [Manto —*Æn.* x. 199]

hither, fair one, and bite the end of my finger,* that I may feel whether I am asleep or awake."—*Arabian Nights*, vol. iii. p. 157. Lady Percy, with all the fondness of insinuation, practises on her wayward Hotspur a blandishment similar to that here instanced by Nouronihar :—

> " Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
> Directly to this question that I ask.
> In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
> An if thou wilt not tell me all things true."

PAGE 95.—*Megnoun and Leilah.*

These personages are esteemed amongst the Arabians as the most beautiful, chaste, and impassioned of lovers, and their amours have been celebrated with all the charms of verse in every Oriental language. The Mahometans regard them and the poetical records of their love in the same light as the Bridegroom and Spouse and the Song of Songs are regarded by the Jews.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 573.

PAGE 95.—*they still detained him in the harem.*

Noureddin, who was as old as Gulchenrouz, had a similar indulgence of resorting to the harem, and no less availed himself of it.—*Arabian Nights*, vol. iii., pp. 9, 10.

PAGE 95.—*dart the lance in the chase.*

Throwing the lance was a favourite pastime with the young Arabians; and so expert were they in this practice (which prepared them for the mightier conflicts, both of the chase and of war), that they could bear off a ring on the points of their javelins.—*Richardson's Dissertat.*, pp. 198, 281. Though

* Ἀλλ' ἐπι λέκτρον ἰὼν, ἄκρυν δάκτυλον καταδάκνω.
Homer, Batrach v. 45

the ancients had various methods of hunting, yet the two which chiefly prevailed were those described by Virgil,* and alluded to by Solomon.†—*Prov.* vii. 22.

PAGE 95.—*nor curb the steeds.*

Though Gulchenrouz was too young to excel in horsemanship, it nevertheless was an essential accomplishment amongst the Arabians. Hence the boast of Amriolkais :—

* Dum trepidant ALÆ, saltusque indagine cingunt.—*Æn* iv., 121.

Notwithstanding the explanations of *alæ* which have been given by Servius, Burman, and others, there can scarce be a doubt but that Virgil referred to the custom of scaring deer into holts with feathers fastened on lines ; a practice so effectual to the purpose, that Linnæus characterised the Dama, or Fallow Deer, from it *arcetur filo horizontali*. The same stratagem is mentioned in the *Georgics*, iii. 371 [372] :—

"Puniceæve agitant pavidos formidine Pinnæ."

and again in the *Æneid*, xii. 749 :—

"Inclusum veluti si quando flumine nactus
Cervum, aut Puniceæ septum formidine Pinnæ."

It is observable, however, that the poet, in these instances, hath studiously varied his mode of expression. The sportsmen of Italy used pinion feathers, which, the better to answer their purpose, they dyed of a Lybian red ;* but, as Africa abounded in birds whose wings were impregnated with the spontaneous and glossy tincture of nature, such an expedient in that country must have been needless. If we advert, then, to the scene of Dido's chase, the reason will be obvious why Virgil omitted *puniceæ*, and for *pinnæ* substituted *alæ*.

There is a passage in *Nemesianus* which will at once confirm the interpretation here given, and illustrate the judgment of the poet in the choice of his terms :—

"Hinc (sc. ex Africa) mage Puniceas nativo munere sumes :
Namque illic sine fine, greges florentibus alis
Invenies avium, suavique rubescere luto."—*Cynegeticon*, v. 317.

† The wide region of conjectural emendation cannot produce a happier instance of critical skill than was discovered by that accurate and

* "Lybico fucantur sandyce pinnæ."—*Gratii Cyneg.* v. 86.

"Often have I risen at early dawn, while the birds were yet in their nests, and mounted a hunter with smooth short hair, of a full height; and so fleet as to make captive the beasts of the forests.

"Ready in turning, quick in pursuing, bold in advancing, firm in backing, and performing the whole with the strength

judicious scholar, the late Dr. Hunt,* who, when the sense of the passage referred to had for ages been lost, sagaciously restored it by curtailing a letter.—*Proverbs* vii 22.

"As an hart (אייל for אויל) boundeth into the toils, till a dart strike through his liver."

When the game, driven together, were either circumvented, as described by Virgil, or ensnared by the foot (ποδοστραβη), as alluded to by Solomon, the hunters despatched them with their missile weapons. Thus Xenophon (as cited in Dr. Hunt's Dissertation): Χρὴ δ' ἐὰν οὕτως

* The correction, with the context, is this.—

22 He goeth after her straightway,
As an ox goeth to the slaughter,
23 Or as an hart boundeth into the toils,
Till a dart strike through his liver:
24 As a bird hasteth to the snare,
And knoweth not that it is for his life.

Dr Jebb well imagined (though he hath ill rendered חטתן in the 21st verse, *Irretivit illum*) that the heedless haste of the bird towards the snare might be caused by the lure of a female's call; and adduced from Oppian an apposite example:—

Ὡς δέ τις οἰωνοῖσι μόρον δολόεντα φυτεύων
Θήλειαν θάμνοισι κατακρύπτει λασίοισιν
Ὄρνιν, ὑμογλωσσοίο συνύμπορον ἠθάδα θήρης·
Ἡ δὲ λίγα κλάζει ξουθὸν μέλος, οἱ δ' αἰόντες
Πάντες ἐπισπέρχουσι, καὶ ἐς βρόχον αὐτοὶ ἵανται
Θηλυτέρης ἐνοπῇσι παραπλαγχθέντες ἰωῆς.—*Halieut.*, iv. 130.

"As when the fowler to the fields resorts,
His caged domestic partner of his sports
Behind some shade-projecting bush he lays,
And wreaths the wily cell with blooming sprays.
The pretty captive to the groves around
Warbles her practised care-deluding sound
The attentive flocks pursue with ravish'd ear
The female music of the feather'd fair,
Forget to see, and rush upon the snare"—JONES.

and swiftness of a vast rock which a torrent has pushed from its lofty base.

"A bright bay steed, from whose polished back the trappings slide, as drops of rain slide hastily down the slippery marble.

* * * *

"He makes the light youth slide from his seat, and violently shakes the skirts of a heavier and more stubborn rider."—*Moallakat*, p. 10.

The stud of Fakreddin consisted, no doubt, of as noble a breed, though sprung neither from "the mighty Tartar horse" (whose gigantic rider was slain by Codadad), nor the size* of Clavileño, "and the wondrous horse of brass." Milton's allusion to the *last* having occasioned much fruitless inquiry concerning his pedigree,† it shall here be made out, with that of his brother :—

The principal qualities of "the Horse of Brass" were that he was brought before the Tartar king after the third course of a feast which was solemnised at the commencement of spring; that he was

The particulars of Clavileño are that he was the production of an enchanter, was capable of rising into the air with the velocity of an arrow, and carrying his rider to any distance; was put into motion

ἕλῃ—ἐὰν μὲν ᾖ ἄῤῥην μὴ προσίεναι ἐγγύς· τοῖς γὰρ κέρασι παίει, καὶ τοῖς ποσίν· ἄποθεν οὖν ΑΚΟΝΤΙΖΕΙΝ.— 'When the animal is thus caught, you must not, if it be a male, advance within his reach, for they are apt to strike with their horns and their heels; it will be proper therefore to *pierce* him at a distance"

* [Is not this a misprint in the original for "sire"?]

† "Among the MSS. at Oriel College in Oxford is an old Latin treatise, entitled "Fabula de æneo caballo." Here I imagined I had discovered the origin of Chaucer's Squier's Tale, so replete with marvellous imagery, and evidently an Arabian fiction of the middle ages. But I was disappointed; for, on examination, it appeared to have not even a distant connection with Chaucer's story. I mention this, that others, on seeing such a title in the catalogue, might not be flattered with specious expectations of so curious a discovery, and misled, like myself, by a fruitless inquiry."—*Warton's edit. of Milton's Poems*, p. 82.

able, within the compass of a natural day, to carry his rider wherever he might choose, that he could mount into the air as high as an eagle, and with as equable and easy a motion, that by turning one pin, fixed in his ear, his course might be directed to a destined spot, and, by means of another, he might be made to alight, or return to the place from whence he set out.

by the turning of a pin on his neck, and directed in his course by another in his forehead; that he fleeted so steadily through the air as not to spill a drop from a cup full of water in the hand of his rider; that, being lent by his owner, Pierres made a long voyage upon him, and brought off the fair Magalona, who alighted to become a queen, that Don Quixote, when high in the air, knew not the management of the pin, to prevent his rising; and that he, at last, vanished amidst rockets and crackers.

The resemblances here specified are evidently too strong to have resulted from accident; and it will appear, on further inquiry, that "the Enchanted Horse," in the "Arabian Nights," was not only possessed of those qualities which were common to them both, but also of such as were peculiar to each. Thus:—

He was presented to the king of Persia at the close of a festival which was celebrated on the opening of spring: could transport his rider, and in the space of a day, wherever he listed; moved so smoothly as to cause no shock, even on coming on the ground; could soar above the ken of every beholder; might be guided, by turning a pin in the hollow of his neck, to any point his rider should choose; and by means of another behind his right ear, be made to descend, or return whence he came; was the production of an enchanter; passed through the air with the speed of an arrow; having been lent by his owner to Firouz Schah, carried him a considerable distance, and brought back behind him the Princess of Bengal, to whom the prince was afterwards married; that Firouz Schah, when high in the air,

was unable to manage the pin so as to prevent him from rising; and, finally, that he made his last exit in an explosion of fireworks and smoke.*

PAGE 95.—*The bow, however, he drew with a certain aim.*

This, as well as the other accomplishments mentioned before, was a constituent part of an Eastern education. Thus, in the Story of the Sisters who envied their Sister:—"When the princes were learning to mount the managed horse and to ride, the princess could not permit them to have that advantage over her, but went through all their exercises with them, learning to ride the great horse, dart the javelin, and bend the bow."—*Arabian Nights*, vol. iv., p. 276.

PAGE 95.—*The two brothers had mutually engaged their children to each other.*

Contracts of this nature were frequent amongst the Arabians. Another instance occurs in the Story of Noureddin Ali and Bedreddin Hassan.

PAGE 95.—*Nouronihar loved her cousin more than her own beautiful eyes.*

This mode of expression occurs not only in the sacred writers, but also in the Greek and Roman. Thus, Moschus:—

Τὸν μὲν ἐγὼ ΤΙΕΣΚΟΝ ἼΣΟΝ ΦΑΕΕΣΣΙΝ ἩΜΟΙΣΙΝ.

and Catullus says:—

"Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat."

* It may not be impertinent to subjoin, on a kindred subject, as no mention has hitherto been made of him, that the author of "The Touchstone, or Paradoxes brought to the test of a rigorous and fair examination, printed for Noon, 1734," appears to have been the original projector of sailing through the air in a boat appended to a ball. [He merely plagiarised from the Jesuit Lana, who wrote in 1670.—K. G.]

PAGE 96.—*The same long, languishing looks.*

So Ariosto :—

" ——— negri occhi,———
Pietosi a riguardare, a mover parchi."

The lines which follow, from Shakespeare and Spenser, may serve as a comment upon the brief but beautiful description of our author.

Winter's Tale :—

" ——— never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes."

Faerie Queen :—

" ———Her eyes, sweet smiling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
Fraile hearts, yet quenched not, like starry light,
Which sparkling on the silent waves does seeme more bright."

PAGE 96.—*with all the bashfulness of a fawn.*

The fawn, as better known, is here substituted for the gazal of the Arabians, an animal uncommonly beautiful and shy.

PAGE 96.—*take refuge in the fond arms of Nouronihar.*

Ample scope is here left to the imagination of the reader, and Tasso will assist him to fill up the picture.

" Sovra lui pende : ed ei nel grembo molle
Le posa il capo, e'l volto al volto attolle "
—*La Gerus.*, xvi. 18.

Spenser seems to have copied this simile from Tasso :—

" Quall raggio in onda, le scintilla un riso
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo."

PAGE 96.—*Shaddukian and Amberabad.*

These were two cities of the Peris in the imaginary region of *Ginnistan:* the former signifies *pleasure* and *desire*, the latter *the city of Ambergris.*—See *Richardson's Dissertat.*, p. 169.

PAGE 99.—*a spoon of cocknos.*

The cocknos is a bird whose beak is much esteemed for its beautiful polish, and sometimes used as a spoon. Thus in the History of Atalmulck and Zelica Begum it was employed for a similar purpose:—"Zelica having called for refreshment, six old slaves instantly brought in and distributed *Mahramas*, and then served about in a great basin of Martabam, a salad *made of herbs of various kinds, citron juice, and the pith of cucumbers.* They served it first to the princess in a *cocknos beak;* she took a beak of the salad, eat it, and gave another to the next slave that sat by her on her right hand, which slave did as her mistress had done."

PAGE 102.—*ghouls.*

Ghoul, or *ghul* in Arabic, signifies any terrifying object which deprives people of the use of their senses. Hence it became the appellative of that species of monster which was supposed to haunt forests, cemeteries, and other lonely places; and believed not only to tear in pieces the living, but to dig up and devour the dead.—*Richardson's Dissertat.*, pp. 174, 274.

That kind of insanity called by the Arabians *Kutrub* (a word signifying not only a *wolf*, but likewise a *male ghoul*), which incites such as are afflicted with it to roam howling amidst those melancholy haunts, may cast some light on the nature of the possession recorded by St. Mark, ch. v. 1, &c.

PAGE 103.—*feathers of the heron, all sparkling with carbuncles.*

Panaches of this kind are amongst the attributes of Eastern royalty.—*Tales of Inatulla*, vol. ii., p. 205.

PAGE 104.—*whose eyes pervade the inmost soul of a female.*

The original in this instance, as in the others already noticed, is more analogous to the French than the English idiom:—"*Dont l'œil pénetre jusqu'à la moelle des jeunes filles.*"

PAGE 104.—*the carbuncle of Giamschid.*

This mighty potentate was the fourth sovereign of the dynasty of the Pischadians, and brother or nephew to Tahamurath. His proper name was *Giam* or *Gem*, and *Schid*, which in the language of the ancient Persians denominated the sun: an addition ascribed by some to the majesty of his person, and by others to the splendour of his actions. One of the most magnificent monuments of his reign was the city of Istakhar, of which Tahamurath had laid the foundations. This city, at present called *Gihil-* or *Tchil-minar*, from the forty columns reared in it by Homai, or (according to our author and others*) by Soliman Ben Daoud, was known to the Greeks by the name of Persepolis; and there is still extant in the East a tradition that when Alexander burnt the edifices of the Persian kings seven stupendous structures of Giamschid were consumed with his palace. This prince, after having subjected to his empire seven vast provinces of Upper Asia, and enjoyed in peace a long reign (which some authors have protracted to 700 years), became intoxicated with his greatness, and, foolishly fancying it would have no end, arrogated to himself divine honours. But the Almighty raised up, even in his own house, a terrible instrument to abase his pride, by whom he was easily overcome, and driven into exile

The author of *Giame al tavatikh* mentions the cup or concave mirror of Giamschid, formed of a gem, and called the cup of the sun. To this vessel the Persian poets often refer, and allegorise it in different ways. They attribute to it the

* "Examen Critique des Anciens Historiens d'Alexandre le Grand," p. 287.

property of exhibiting everything in the compass of nature, and even some things that are preternatural. The gem it consisted of appears to be the carbuncle, or Oriental ruby; which, from its resemblance to a burning coal, and the splendour it was supposed to emit in the dark, was called Schebgerag, or the torch of the night. According to Strabo, it obtained its high estimation amongst the Persians, who were worshippers of fire, from its igneous qualities, and perhaps those virtues for which it hath been styled "the first of stones."

Milton had a learned retrospect to its fabulous powers in describing the Old Serpent :—

"——— his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes."

—*D'Herbelot*, pp. 392, 395, 780, &c. *Brighte on Melancholie*, p. 321. *Paradise Lost*, ix. 499.

PAGE 104.—*the torches were extinguished.*

From the emblems of royalty in the vision, and the closing declaration of the last voice, it is evident that these torches, λαμπάδας 'ΑΝΤΙ ΤΩΝ ΝΥΜΦΙΚΩΝ τοῦ ΔΑΙΜΟΝΟΣ ἀψαντος, were lighted by the dive to prognosticate* the destined union of which the water in the bath was a further omen. Thus Lactantius :—"A veteribus institutum est, ut sacramento ignis et aquæ nuptiarum fœdera sanciantur, quod fœtus animantium calore et humore corporentur atque animentur ad vitam. Unde aqua et igne uxorem accipere dicitur."—*Ovid*, *Fast.* iv. 792. *Var. de Ling. Lat.*, iv. 10. *Serv. ad Virg.*, *Æn.* iv. 167.

Of the union here prefigured, the sequel will allow to be added :—

"Non *Hymenæus* adest non illi gratia lecto;
Eumenides tenuere faces, de funere raptas:
Eumenides stravere torum."†

* Mihi deductæ fax omen prætulit —*Propert.*, iv iii. 13.
† See the "History of Vathek," pp 148, 165.

PAGE 104.—*She clapped her hands.*

This was the ordinary method in the East of calling the attendants in waiting.—See *Arabian Nights*, vol. i., pp. 5, 106, 193, &c.

PAGE 105.—*Have you false keys? Come to the dark chamber.*

It was the office of Shaban, as chief eunuch, to keep the key of the ladies' apartment. In the story of Ganem Haroun al Raschid commands Mefrour, the chief of the eunuchs, "to take the perfidious Fetnah, and shut her up in the dark tower." That tower was within the enclosure of the palace, and commonly served as a prison for the favourites who might chance to disgust the caliph.

PAGE 106.—*set him upon his shoulders.*

The same mode of carrying boys is noted by Sandys; and Ludeke has a passage still more to the purpose:—"Liberos dominorum suorum *grandiusculos ita humeris portant* servi, ut illi lacertis suis horum collum, pedibus vero latera amplectantur, sicque illorum facies super horum caput emineat."—*Expositio brevis*, p. 37.

PAGE 106.—*his cheeks became the colour of the blossom of pomegranates.*

The modest blush of an ingenuous youth (which a Grecian lady of admired taste averred to be the finest colour in nature) is denominated by the Arabians from this very flower. Solomon, in his exquisite Idyllium, hath adopted the same comparison.—Ch. iv., 3.

"כפלח הרמון רקתך Thy cheeks are like the opening bloom * of the pomegranate."

* Simon interprets פלח by *eruptio floris*, and Guarini by *balaustium*, senses which the following passage from Pliny will support:—"Primus pomi hujus partus flore incipientis, *Cytinus* vocatur Græcis.

But a more apposite use of this similitude occurs in an ode by a poet of Damascus:—

"The blossom of the pomegranate brings back to my mind the blushes of my beloved, when her cheeks are coloured with a modest resentment."

PAGE 107.—*their faith is mutually plighted.*

When females in the East are betrothed, their palms and fingers are tinged of a crimson colour, with the herb hinnah. This is called "the crimson of consent."—*Tales of Inatulla*, vol. ii., p. 15.

PAGE 108.—*violate the rights of hospitality.*

So high an idea of these rights prevails amongst the Arabians, that "a bread and salt traitor" is the most opprobrious invective with which one person can reproach another.—*Richardson's Dissertat.*, p. 219 See also the Story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves in the *Arabian Nights*, vol. iv., p. 166.

PAGE 109.—*narcotic powder.*

A drug of the same quality, mixed in lemonade, is given to Zobeide, in the Story of Ganem.

In hoc ipso cytino flosculi sunt, antequam scilicet malum ipsum prodeat, erumpentes, quos balaustium vocari diximus."—*Nat. Hist.*, Lib. xxiii. 59, 60. According to Dioscorides, I. 132, the balaustium was the blossom of the wild, and the citynus of the cultivated, pomegranate.

Dr. Durell, justly dissatisfied with the versions before him, hath rendered the hemistich thus:—"Thy cheeks are like a piece of pomegranate;" and adds, "The cheeks are compared to a piece of this fruit, because the pomegranate, when whole, is of a dull colour; but when cut up of a lively beautiful vermilion." But, if this interpretation and reasoning be allowed, Solomon was less pat at a simile than Sancho: for, whether the cheeks of a blooming bride—or the inwards of a man, "just cleft from noddle down to nock,"—be more like a split pomegranate? "let the forest judge"—*Durell's Critical Remarks*, p 293. *Don Quixote*, tom. iii., p. 282.

PAGE 112.—*Funeral vestments were prepared, their bodies washed, &c.*

The rites here practised had obtained from the earliest ages. Most of them may be found in Homer and the other poets of Greece. Lucian describes the dead in his time as washed, perfumed, vested, and crowned, ὡραίοις ἄνθεσιν, with the flowers most in season; or, according to other writers, those in particular which the deceased were wont to prefer. The elegant editor of the "Ruins of Palmyra" mentions the fragments of a mummy found there, the hair of which was plaited exactly in the manner as worn at present by the women of Arabia.

The burial dress from the days of Homer hath been commonly white, and amongst Mahometans is made without a seam, that it may not impede the ceremonial of kneeling in the grave, when the dead person undergoes examination.—*Homer, Euripides, &c., passim. Lucian*, tom. ii., p. 927. *Paschal de Coron.*, p. 225. *Ruins of Palmyra*, pp. 22, 23. *Iliad*, xviii., 352. *Relig. Cerem.*, vol. vii., p. 117.

PAGE 112.—*all instruments of music were broken.*

Thus, in the "Arabian Nights":—"Haroun al Raschid wept over Schemselnihar, and, before he left the room, ordered all the musical instruments to be broken."—Vol. ii. p. 196.

PAGE 112.—*imans began to recite their prayers.*

An iman is the principal priest of a mosque. It was the office of the imans to precede the bier, praying as the procession moved on.—*Relig. Cerem.*, vol. vii., p. 117.

PAGE 113.—*The wailful cries of "La Ilah illa Alla!"*

This exclamation, which contains the leading principle of Mahometan belief, and signifies *there is no God but God*, was commonly uttered under some violent emotion of mind. The

Spaniards adopted it from their Moorish neighbours, and Cervantes hath used it in "Don Quixote":—"En esto llegáron corriendo con grita, LILILIES [literally *professions of faith in Alla*], y algazara los de las libreas, adonde Don Quixote suspenso y atónito estava."—Parte Segunda, cap. lxi., tom. iv., p. 241.

The same expression is sometimes written by the Spaniards *Lilaila*, and *Hila hilahaila*.

PAGE 115.—*the angel of death had opened the portal of some other world.*

The name of this exterminating angel is *Azrael*, and his office is to conduct the dead to the abode assigned them, which is said by some to be near the place of their interment. Such was the office of Mercury in the Grecian mythology.—*Sale's Prelim. Disc.*, p. 101. *Hyde in notis ad Bobov.*, p. 19. *R. Elias, in Tishbi. Buxtorf Synag. Jud. et Lexic. Talmud. Homer, Odyss.*

PAGE 116.—*Monker and Nekir.*

These are two black angels of a tremendous appearance, who examine the departed on the subject of his faith: by whom, if he give not a satisfactory account, he is sure to be cudgelled with maces of red-hot iron, and tormented more variously than words can describe.—*Kelig. Cerem.*, vol. vii., pp. 59, 68, 118; vol. v., p. 290. *Sale's Prelim. Disc.*, p. 101, and one of the MSS. specified in the Preface.

PAGE 116.—*the fatal bridge.*

This bridge, called in Arabic *al Sirat*, and said to extend over the infernal gulf, is represented as narrower than a spider's web, and sharper than the edge of a sword. Though the attempt to cross it be

> "More full of peril, and adventurous spirit,
> Than to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
> On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

yet the paradise of Mahomet can be entered by no other avenue. Those, indeed, who have behaved well need not be alarmed; mixed characters will find it difficult; but the wicked soon miss their standing, and plunge headlong into the abyss.—*Pococke in Port. Mos.*, p. 282, &c. Milton apparently copied from this well-known fiction, and not, as Dr. Warton conjectured, from the poet Sadi, his way

> "Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
> Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
> From hell continued, reaching the utmost orb
> Of this frail world."

PAGE 116.—*a certain series of years.*

According to the tradition from the Prophet, not less than nine hundred, nor more than seven thousand.

PAGE 117.—*the sacred camel.*

It was an article of the Mahometan creed that all animals would be raised again, and some of them admitted into paradise. The animal here mentioned appears to have been one of those *white-winged* CAMELS * *caparisoned with gold*, which Ali affirmed had been provided to convey the faithful. —*Relig. Cerem*, vol vii., p. 70. *Sale's Prelim. Disc.*, p. 112, *Al Jauheri*. *Ebno'l Athir*, &c.

PAGE 118.—*basket-making.*

This sort of basket work hath been long used in the East, and consists of the leaves of the date-bearing palm. Panniers of this texture are of great utility in conveying fruits, bread, &c., whilst heavier articles, or such as require a more compact covering, are carried in bags of leather, or skin.— *Hasselquist's Voyage*, p. 261.

* Tarafa, amongst other circumstances in the description of his camel, notices her "bushy tail, which appears as if the two wings of a large white eagle were transfixed by an awl to the bone, and hung waving round both her sides."—*Moallakat*, p 19.

NOTES

PAGE 118.—*the caliph presented himself to the emir in a new light.*

The propensity of a vicious person, in affliction, to seek consolation from the ceremonies of religion, is an exquisite trait in the character of Vathek.

PAGE 128.—*the waving of fans.*

These fans consisted of the trains of peacocks or ostriches, whose quills were set in a long stem, so as to imbricate the plumes in the gradations of their natural growth. Fans of this fashion were formerly used in England.

To judge from the language of Burton ("if he get any remnant of hers, a buske-point, a feather of her fanne, a shoo-tye, a lace"), these fans soon after became common. It was, however, to this kind that Milton alluded in a passage of *Paradise Lost*, the collocation of which, though disjointed through the mistake of his amanuensis, may, by transposing a word, be restored :—

> "—— his sleep
> Was aery light, from pure digestion bred,
> And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound
> Of fuming rills, and leaves, Aurora's fan,
> Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song,
> Of birds on ev'ry bough."

Trees, whose branches are well covered with leaves, may be not improperly styled feathering,* and, in the language of Milton, form the fan of Aurora, which, when waved by the breeze of the morning, occasions the rustling that constitutes a third in the complex sound referred to.

* Thus, Mr. Whateley, the first authority in the language of picturesque description :—"Large boughs, feathering down, often intercept the sight."

PAGE 128.—*wine hoarded up in bottles prior to the birth of Mahomet.*

The prohibition of wine by the Prophet materially diminished its consumption within the limits of his own dominions. Hence a reserve of it might be expected of the age here specified. The custom of hoarding wine was not unknown to the Persians, though not so often practised by them as by the Greeks and the Romans.

"I purchased," says Lebeid, "the old liquor, at a dear rate in dark leathern bottles, long reposited; or in casks black with pitch, whose seals I break, and then fill the cheerful goblet."—*Moallakat*, p. 53.

PAGE 128.—*excavated ovens in the rock.*

As substitutes for the portable ovens, which were lost.

PAGE 128.—*manchets prepared by Nouronihar.*

Herodotus mentions a lady of equal rank performing a similar office :—ἡ δὲ ΓΥΝΗ τοῦ ΒΑΣΙΛΗΟΣ αὐτὴ τὰ ΣΙΤΙΑ σφι ἔπεσσε·* and the cakes which Tamar made for Amnon are well known.

PAGE 131.—*her great camel Alboufaki.*

There is a singular and laboured description of a camel in the poem of Tarafa; but Alboufaki possessed qualities appropriate to himself, and which rendered him but little less conspicuous than the deformed dun camel of Aad.

PAGE 132.—*to set forward, notwithstanding it was noon.*

The employment of wood-fellers was accounted of all others the most toilsome, as those occupied in it were

* Lib. viii. p 685. That σιτία is to be understood in the sense above given, is certain from what immediately follows

compelled to forego that mid-day cessation with which other labourers were indulged. Inatulla speaks proverbially of "woodmen in the meridian hour, scarce able to raise the arms of languor." The guides of Carathis being of this occupation, she adroitly availed herself of it to urge them forward, without allowing them that repose during the mid-day fervour which travellers in these climates always enjoyed,* and which was deemed so essential to the preservation of their health.

PAGE 133.—*the confines of some cemetery.*

Places of interment in the East were commonly situated in scenes of solitude. We read of one in the History of the First Calender, abounding with so many monuments that four days were successively spent in it without the inquirer being able to find the tomb he looked for; and from the Story of Ganem, it appears that the doors of these cemeteries were often left open.—*Arabian Nights*, vol. ii., p. 112; vol. iii., p. 135.

PAGE 137. —*a Myrabolan comfit.*

The invention of this confection is attributed by M. Cardonne to Avicenna, but there is abundant reason, exclusive of our author's authority, to suppose it of a much earlier origin. Both the Latins and Greeks were acquainted with the balsam, and the tree that produced it was indigenous in various parts of Arabia.

* Psalm xci. 5. The explanatory iteration of the subsequent verse points out a congruity between the Hebrew poet and Homer. As the contagion amongst the Greeks produced by the excessive heat of the sun was assigned in the *Iliad* to the arrows of the God of light; so, the destruction that wasteth at noon is attributed in the Psalm to the arrow that flieth by day. It has been observed by a nobleman of many accomplishments that this verse should be added to the other passages of Scripture which have been noted in the writings ascribed to Zoroaster.

PAGE 139.—*blue fishes.*

Fishes of the same colour are mentioned in the "Arabian Nights," and, like these, were endowed with the gift of speech.

PAGE 142.—*nests still higher than the clouds.*

The metaphor of a nest for a secure habitation occurs in the Sacred Writings. Thus Habakkuk:—"Woe to him that coveteth an evil covetousness to his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil." And Obadiah:—"Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars," &c. The genius here mentioned seems to have been adopted from the Jewish notion of Guardian Angels, to whom the superintendence of children is supposed to be committed, and to which our Saviour himself hath referred (Matt. xviii. 10); whilst the original possessors of the nest may be presumed to have been some of those marvellous birds so frequently mentioned in Eastern romance.

PAGE 142 —*waving streamers on which were inscribed the names of Alla and the Prophet.*

The position that "there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet," pervades every part of the Mahometan religion. Banners, like those here described, are preserved in the several mosques, and on the death of extraordinary persons are borne before the bier in solemn state.—*Relig. Cerem.*, vol. vii., pp. 119, 120.

PAGE 143.—*astrolabes.*

The mention of the astrolabe may be deemed incompatible at first view with chronological exactness, as there is no instance of any being constructed by a Mussulman till after the time of Vathek. It may, however, be remarked, to go no higher, that Synesius, Bishop of Ptolemais, invented one

in the fifth century; and that Carathis was not only herself a Greek, but also cultivated those sciences which the good Mussulmans of her time all held in abhorrence.—*Bailly, Hist. de l'Astronom. Moderne*, tom. i., pp. 563, 573.

PAGE 146.—*On the banks of the stream, hives and oratories.*

The bee is an insect held in high veneration amongst the Mahometans, it being pointed out in the Koran "for a sign unto the people that understand." It has been said in the same sense, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard."—*Prov.* vi. 6. The santons, therefore, who inhabit the fertile banks of Rocnabad, are not less famous for their hives than their oratories.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 717.

PAGE 147.—*harbingers of the imperial procession began to proclaim.*

This circumstance of sending heralds to announce the approach of a sovereign reminds us of "the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

PAGE 148.—*sheiks, cadis.*

Sheiks are the chiefs of the societies of dervishes; cadis are the magistrates of a town or city.

PAGE 148.—*Asses in bridles of ribband inscribed from the Koran.*

As the judges of Israel in ancient days rode on white asses, so, amongst the Mahometans, those that affect an extraordinary sanctity use the same animal in preference to the horse. Sir John Chardin observed, in various parts of the East, that their reins, as here represented, were of silk, with the name of God or other inscriptions upon them.—*Ludeke, Expos. brevis*, p. 49. *Chardin's MS.*, cited by Harmer.

PAGE 151.—*One of these beneficent genii, assuming the exterior of a shepherd, &c., began to pour from his flute, &c.*

The flute was considered as a sacred instrument, which Jacob and other holy shepherds had sanctified by using.—*Relig. Cerem.*, vol. vii., p. 110.

PAGE 151.—*involuntarily drawn towards the declivity of the hill.*

A similar instance of attraction may be seen in the Story of Prince Ahmed and the Peri Parabanon.—*Arabian Nights*, vol. iv., p. 243.

PAGE 152.—*Eblis.*

D'Herbelot supposes this title to have been a corruption of the Greek Διάβολος, *diabolos*. It was the appellation conferred by the Arabians upon the prince of the apostate angels, whom they represent as exiled to the infernal regions, for refusing to worship Adam at the command of the Supreme, and appears more likely to originate from the Hebrew הבל, *hebel*, vanity, pride.—See *below*, *the note p.* 262, "*creatures of clay*"

PAGE 153.—*compensate for thy impieties by an exemplary life.*

It is an established article of the Mussulman creed that the actions of mankind are all weighed in a vast unerring balance, and the future condition of the agents determined according to the preponderance of evil or good. This fiction, which seems to have been borrowed from the Jews, had probably its origin in the figurative language of Scripture. Thus, Psalm lxii. 9:—"Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity;" and in Daniel the sentence against the king of Babylon inscribed

on the wall:—"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

PAGE 155.—*Balkis.*

This was the Arabian name of the Queen of Sheba, who went from the south to hear the wisdom and admire the glory of Solomon. The Koran represents her as a worshipper of fire. Solomon is said not only to have entertained her with the greatest magnificence, but also to have raised her to his bed and his throne.—*Al Koran*, ch. xxvii., and *Sale's notes*. *D'Herbelot*, p. 182.

PAGE 156.—*of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth—an immense palace, whose walls were embossed with various figures, &c.*

Thus, Pellegrino Gaudenzi, in his description of the palace of sin:—

"Enorme pondo al suolo, immensa mole
D'aspri macigni intesta e negri marmi
Per cui serpeggian di sanguigna tinta
Lugubri vene: l'atterito sguardo
Muto s'arresta sull' altera fronte
Ch' entro le nubi si sospinge, e s' alza
Superbamente a minacciar le stelle.
Sotto grand' archi su marmoree basi
Fan di sè mostra simulacri orrendi
Che in faccia ad essa i Demon fabbri alzaro."

La Nascita di Cristo, c. I.

PAGE 156.—*The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled.*

Ἧτορ ΠΑΧΝΟΤΤΑΙ, the very heart of Bababalouk is congealed with apprehension. Where can a more exquisite trait both of nature and character be found than this request of the eunuch presents?

PAGE 158.—*they seemed not walking but falling.*

A similar kind of progression is described by Milton :—

"——by the hand he took me raised;
And over fields and waters, as in air,
Smooth-sliding without step last led me."

PAGE 159.—*The pavement, strewed over with saffron.*

There are several circumstances in the Story of the Third Calender that resemble those here mentioned, particularly a pavement strewed with saffron, and the burning of ambergris and aloes-wood.

PAGE 159.—*A throng of genii and other fantastic spirits danced, &c.*

A dance of the same kind, and by similar performers, occurs in the History of Ahmed and the Peri Parabanon.

PAGE 160.—*let us haste, and present you to Eblis.*

If our author's description of the arch-apostate be examined by the criterion of Arabian faith, and in reference to the circumstances of the story, there can be no difficulty in appreciating its merit. Gaudenzi, in the poem already cited, hath described the appearance of Satan previous to the birth of Christ in a manner that deserves to be noticed though the poem itself were less scarce :—

"Fra questo orror da sue radici scosso
Trema repente il suolo, e all' Oriente
Ardua montagna con rimbombo estremo
S' apre per mezzo: immensa foce oscura
Mugghia dal fondo, e fumo, e fiamme, e lamp
Sboccano a un tratto, i sfracellati massi
Rotando ardenti nel sulfureo flutto
Stampan la piaggia di profonda traccia.
Dai neri gorghi del dolente regno
Con furibondo orribile muggito

Rimonta per l'aperta ampia voragO
L' Angiol d' abisso a funestar la terra.
Come dell' ocean sola tiranna
Sconcia Balena per gli ondosi campi
Move animosa, e coll' enorme petto
L' ampia spezzando rimugghiante massa
Alzasi al giorno, e nel turbato fondo
Il muto armento di sua mole adombra.
Tale Satan per vasto mar di fiamme
Ergesi a nuoto: immense ali protese
Alto flagellan con sonoro scroscio
L'onda infernal, che in rosseggianti righe
Sbalza stridente, e il ciel veste di foco.
Sotto grand' archi di vellute ciglia,
Quasi comete sanguinose erranti
Per tenebrose vie, di rabbia pregni
Volvonsi gli occhi, e in cavernoso speco
Orrida s' apre l' infiammata bocca
Aure spirante di veleno infette.*
Egli s' avanza, e il suol guatando e il cielo,
Impaziente con le negre braccia
Le upi aflera, e d' un immenso slancio
Balza al confin della frapposta arena
Mille del suo furor seguaci Spirti
Ch' erangli sotto per gl igniti gorgbi
Sfilangi dietro, e coll' intento sguardo
In lui rivolti gli si fanno al fianco.
In sua possanza alteramente fiera

* Several expressions in this passage appear to have been imitated from the following of Tasso :—

Orrida maestà nel fero aspetto
Terrore accresce, e più superbo il rende :
Rossegian gli occhj, e di veneno infetto,
Come infausta cometa, il guardo splende :
Gl' involve il mento, e su l' irsuto petto
Ispida e folta la gran barba scende :
E in guisa di voragine profonda,
S' apre la bocca d' atro sangue immonda.

La Gerus, c. iv., st. 7

Stassi l' oste d'Averno, e adombra il piano,
Siccome mille e mille annose quercie
Che a' piè d' un' alta ferrugmea rupe
Aride e negre al cielo ergon le teste.
S' addopian l' ombre della notte, e sola
Al folgorar degl' infernali sguardi
Arde da lungi la solinga piaggia,
Come sperzata da funeste vampe
Massa di nembi."

PAGE 162.—*Ourambad.*

This monster is represented as a fierce-flying hydra, and belongs to the same class with the *rakshe*, whose ordinary food was serpents and dragons; the *soham*, which had the head of a horse, with four eyes, and the body of a flame-coloured dragon; the *syl*, a basilisk with a face resembling the human, but so tremendous that no mortal could bear to behold it; the *ejdeh*, and others. See these respective titles in *Richardson's Persian, Arabic, and English Dictionary.*

PAGE 162.—*she expected to have seen some stupendous giant.*

Such is the representation which Dante hath given of this infernal sovereign:—

"Lo 'mperador del doloroso regno
Da mezzo 'l petto uscía fuor della ghiaccia.
E più con un gigante i' mi convegno,
Che i giganti non fan con le sue braccia."

It is more than probable (though it has not been noticed) that Don Quixote's mistake of the windmills for giants was suggested to Cervantes by the following simile, in which the tremendous personage above-mentioned is so compared:—

"————————però dinanzi mua
Disse 'l maestro mio, se tu 'l discerni.
Come quando una grossa nebbia spira,
O quando l' emisperio nostro annotta
Par da lungi un mulin che 'l vento gira,
Veder mi parve un tal dificio allotta."

What confirms this conjecture is the reply to Sancho's question, "What Giants?" made by Don Quixote, in reference to the two last lines of the preceding citation :—

> "And nearer to a giant's is my size
> Than giants are when to his arms compar'd."

"Those thou seest yonder, with their vast arms; and some of them there are, that reach nearly two leagues."—*Don Quixote*, parte prim., cap. viii., p. 52. *Dante dell' Inferno*, canto xxxiv. It may be added, that a rising wind is mentioned in both

PAGE 162.—*Creatures of clay.*

Nothing could have been more appositely imagined than this compellation. Eblis, according to Arabian mythology, had suffered a degradation from his primeval rank, and was consigned to these regions, for having refused to worship Adam in obedience to the supreme command; alleging, in justification of his refusal, that himself had been formed of ethereal fire, whilst Adam was only a creature of clay.—*Al Koran*, c. lv., &c.

PAGE 162.—*the fortress of Aherman.*

In the mythology of the Easterns, Aherman was accounted *the Demon of Discord.* The ancient Persian romances abound in descriptions of this fortress, in which the inferior demons assemble, to receive the behests of their prince, and from whom they proceed to exercise their malice in every part of the world.—*D'Herbelot*, p. 71.

PAGE 162.—*the halls of Argenk.*

The halls of this mighty dive, who reigned in the mountains of Kaf, contained the statues of the seventy-two Solimans, and the portraits of the various creatures subject to them; not one of which bore the slightest similitude to man. Some

had many heads, others many arms, and some consisted of many bodies. Their heads were all very extraordinary, some resembling the elephant's, the buffalo's, and the boar's; whilst others were still more monstrous —*D'Herbelot*, p. 820. Some of the idols worshipped to this day in Hindostan answer to this description.

Ariosto, who owes more to Arabian fable than his commentators have hitherto supposed, seems to have been no stranger to the halls of Argenk, when he described one of the fountains of Merlin :—

" Era una della fonti di Merlino
Delle quattro di Francia da lui fatte;
D' intorno cinta di bel marmo fino,
Lucido, e terso, e bianco più che latte
Quivi d' intaglio con lavor divino
Avea Merlino immagini ritratte.
Direste che spiravano, e se prive
Non fossero di voce, ch' eran vive.

" Quiva una Bestia uscir della foresta
Parea di crudel vista, odiosa, e brutta,
Che avea le orecchie d'asino, e la testa
Di lupo, e i denti, e per gran fame asciutta,
Branche avea di leon, l'altro, che resta,
Tutto era volpe."

PAGE 163.—*holding his right hand motionless on his heart.*

Sandys observes that the application of the right hand to the heart is the customary mode of Eastern salutation; but the perseverance of the votaries of Eblis in this attitude was intended to express their devotion to him both heart and hand.

PAGE 165.—*In my lifetime I filled, &c.*

This recital agrees perfectly with those in the Koran and other Arabian legends.

PAGE 166.—*an unrelenting fire preys on my heart.*

Hariri, to convey the most forcible idea of extreme anxiety, represents the heart as tormented by fierce burning coals. This form of speech, it is observed, is *proverbial:* but do we not see whence the proverb arose?—*Chappelow's Six Assemblies*, p. 106.

PAGE 166.—*in the abode of vengeance and despair.*

Thus, Dante's inscription over the gate of hell:—

"Per me si va nella città dolente.
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore:
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto fattore
Fecemi la divina potestate,
La somma sapienza, e 'l primo amore.
Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro
Lasciate ogne speranza, voi che 'ntrate."

Canto III.

"Through me you pass to Mourning's dark domain,
Through me to scenes where Grief must ever pine;
Through me to Misery's devoted train
Justice and power in my Great Founder join,
And love and wisdom all his fabrics rear;
Wisdom above control, and love divine!
Before me Nature saw no works appear,
Save works eternal: such was I ordained.
Quit every hope, all ye who enter here."

* * * *

(How much have the public to regret, after the specimen given, that Mr. Hayley did not complete the *Inferno!*)

PAGE 170.—*Carathis on the back of an afrit.*

The expedition of the afrit in fetching Carathis is characteristic of this order of dives. We read in the Koran that another of the fraternity offered to bring the Queen of Saba's

throne to Solomon before he could rise from his place.—Ch. xxvii.

PAGE 174.—*glanced off in a rapid whirl that rendered her invisible.*

It was not ill conceived to punish Carathis by a rite, and one of the principal characteristics of that science in which she so much delighted, and which was the primary cause of Vathek's perdition and of her own. The circle, the emblem of eternity and the symbol of the sun, was held sacred in the most ancient ceremonies of incantations, and the whirling round deemed as a necessary operation in magical mysteries. Was not the name of the greatest enchantress in fabulous antiquity, Circe, derived from Κίρκος, a circle, on account of her magical revolutions, and of the circular appearance and motion of the Sun, her father? The fairies and elves used to arrange themselves in a ring on the grass; and even the augur, in the liturgy of the Romans, whirled round to encompass the four cardinal points of the world. It is remarkable that a derivative of the verb rendered *to whirl in a magical manner* (see p. 131), which corresponds to the Hebrew סחר, and is interpreted *vagare, secare se in orbem, inde notio circumeundi, mox gyrandi, et hinc à motu versatili, fascinavit, incantavit*, signifies, in the Koran, *the glimmering of twilight*: a sense deducible from the shapeless glimpses of objects when hurried round with the velocity here described, and very applicable to the sudden disappearance of Carathis, who, like the stone in a sling, by the progressive and rapid increase of the circular motion, soon ceased to be perceptible. Nothing can impress a greater awe upon the mind than does this passage in the original.

PAGE 174.—*they at once lost the most precious gift of Heaven—Hope.*

It is a soothing reflection to the bulk of mankind that the commonness of any blessing is the true test of its value. Hence, Hope is justly styled "the most precious of the gifts

of Heaven," because, as Thales long since observed—ἐλπὶς ἄλλο μηδὲν, αὐτὴ πάρεστιν—it abides with those who are destitute of every other. Dante's inscription over the gate of hell was written in the same sense, and perhaps in allusion to the saying of the Grecian sage.

Strongly impressed with this idea, and in order to complete his description of the infernal dungeon, Milton says:—

——— where
——————— hope never comes,
That comes to all."

Paradise Lost, i. 66.

THE END

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